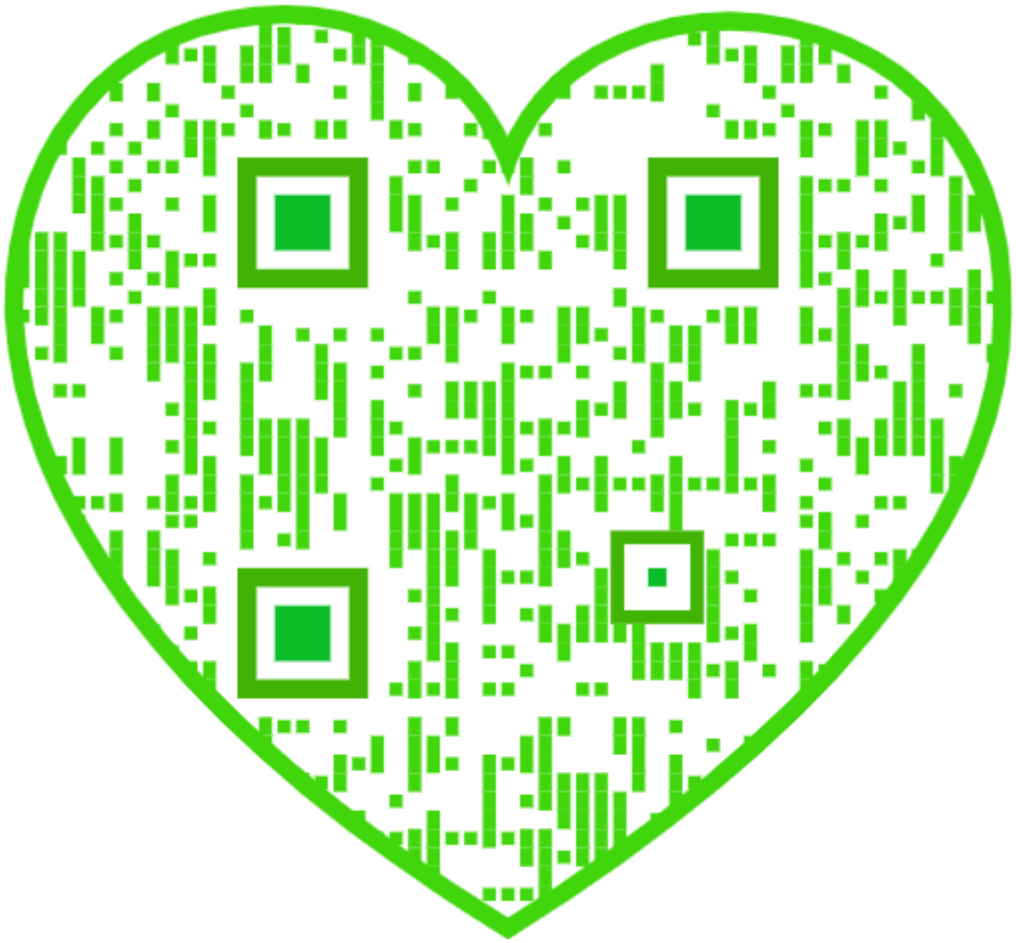

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CATHCART'S

LITERARY READER

A Manual of English Literature

BEING TYPICAL SELECTIONS FROM SOME OF THE BEST BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS FROM SHAKESPEARE TO THE PRESENT TIME, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCHES, AND NUMEROUS NOTES, Etc.

By GEORGE R. CATHCART

WITH PORTRAITS

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PREFACE

IT is now more than seventeen years since the first edition of the "LITERARY READER" was presented to the public. At that time the Compiler declared that he had not designed to make the work a compendium of English literature, but rather to provide a means of acquiring a fair knowledge of that literature for those who might not be able to pursue a special course of study in it. It was recognized that in the catalogue of school studies, literature then held but a humble place; its value to the mass of scholars had been undervalued, — it had long been esteemed a branch of knowledge really useful only to the few who aspire to a liberal education. Public sentiment had, fortunately, undergone a change touching this matter within a few years, and the book was prepared in the avowed hope of furthering that change, and of confirming literature in its true place among school studies.

It is no small satisfaction to be able to record that the success of the "Literary Reader" in its original edition was such as to justify this hope; and a new edition is now put forth, embodying such changes and improvements as the higher and severer demands of the time seem to make necessary. This work, not less than the former edition of the "Literary Reader," is intended

for the use of schools as a text-book, by the means of which the learner may acquire, simultaneously, proficiency in reading and no inconsiderable familiarity with some of the best pages of English literature. Still, it is believed that, even more than in its former shape, the book will be found serviceable by the general reader.

The recognition of distinctively scientific writers as contributors to letters is continued. In its early days science was dry and almost repellent to all save its favored students; but its modern exponents have not failed to see the importance of presenting it in attractive guise, and the writings of Agassiz, Gray, Dana, Lyell, Tyndall, Huxley, and others abound in passages of great beauty even when judged by the standards of pure literature.

Among the leading features of this revision are the Definitions and Outline of Study, which form the introduction to the book; the chapter on the Beginnings of English Literature, which covers the period previous to the time when our language took its permanent form; and the subdivision of our literature into the four great periods of Elizabethan Literature, the Literature of the Commonwealth and Restoration, the Literature of the Eighteenth Century, and the Literature of the Nineteenth Century. The biographical and critical notices have been rewritten and much extended, and an introductory chapter has been prepared to each of the four grand divisions of our literature. Each one of these periods is marked by distinct and definite outlines; each one has its own character, and arranges itself in something like systematic order around certain great central names. It has therefore been possible to make the book orderly and continuous in its character, and to give it an historical

perspective which shows forth the masters and masterpieces of our literature in their true proportions.

The portraits which adorn the volume have been drawn by Mr. Jacques Reich. They form a series remarkable for fullness, authenticity, and artistic merit.

The Compiler acknowledges, as formerly, his obligations to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, and Messrs. J. R. Osgood and Company, and their successors, for their courtesy in permitting the use of selections from their copyright editions of American writers.

He also acknowledges his many obligations to his friend Mr. Henry D. Harrower for the editorial supervision of the work, which has been entirely in his charge; to him are to be credited in large measure such improvements as may appear in the revision.

G. R. C.

NEW YORK, January, 1892.

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Cathcart's Literary Reader

DEFINITIONS AND OUTLINE OF STUDY

I

THE **literature** of any language is the whole body of its written productions, both of knowledge and of imagination.

The term **belles-lettres** (elegant letters) is applied to that part of literature which consists of works of taste, sentiment and imagination. It therefore includes poetry and eloquence, and excludes works of science and of mere research.

Literature divides itself into the two forms of expression, — prose and poetry.

Prose is the direct, ordinary, unmetrical form of speech and writing.

Poetry is elevated or impassioned expression, in metrical and verse form. It is of two types, — **rhymed verse**, and **blank** (unrhymed) **verse**.

Verse is a term frequently used as synonymous with poetry, but in its technical sense a verse (Lat. *versa*, turned) is one line of a poem.

Rhythm is an harmonious succession of vocal sounds, and is, therefore, a necessary characteristic of poetry. It is often found

in lofty and imaginative prose. "If Burke and Bacon were not poets," said Thomas Moore, "then I know not what poetry means."

Literature may be **narrative**, **descriptive**, **expository**, or **persuasive**; or it may be all of these.

Thus, in their main features, history, biography, and books of travel are both narrative and descriptive; the essay, the formal treatise, and works of science are expository, and, generally, descriptive; oratory and poetry are persuasive, and may partake of the other qualities above-named.

II

Style is the method of expressing thought in language. The characteristics of good style are (1) **clearness**, (2) **force**, and (3) **elegance**.

These characteristics depend upon —

1. *the choice of words*,
   (*a*) as to their derivation,
   (*b*) as to their shades of meaning,
   (*c*) as to their mutual fitness of association;
2. *the order of words in the sentence*,
   (*a*) as direct, or grammatical,
   (*b*) as indirect, or rhetorical;

Thus, "Thy dying eyes were closed by foreign hands," is a sentence arranged in the usual or "grammatical" order; while the same sentence rhetorically arranged is, "By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed" (p. 113).

3. *the construction of the sentence*, —
   (*a*) the loose sentence,
   (*b*) the period;

Thus, "We came to our journey's end, at last, with no small difficulty, after much fatigue, through deep roads and bad

weather," is a loose sentence; that is, it can be brought to a close at any of the points marked by the comma. Herbert Spencer reconstructs the sentence into a period as follows: "At last, with no small difficulty, and after much fatigue, we came, through deep roads and bad weather, to our journey's end."

4. *devices of arrangement* of the parts of the sentence,

(*a*) **simple devices**, such as *repetition*, *antithesis*, *simile*, *suspense*, *climax*,

(*b*) the **oblique devices** that are afforded by the figures of speech, the more important of which are *metaphor*, *personification*, *metonymy*, and *synecdoche*.

(a) **Repetition** may be of words or phrases, and often adds greatly to force. Thus:

> "*By foreign hands* thy dying eyes were closed,
> *By foreign hands* thy decent limbs composed,
> *By foreign hands* thy humble grave adorned;
> *By strangers* honored, and *by strangers* mourned."

Antithesis is the balancing of opposites in a sentence, affording by the contrast a powerful emphasis. Thus: "He was a learned man among lords, and a lord among learned men." — JOHNSON.

Simile is the formal and direct likening of one thing to another, and is chiefly used for purposes of ornament. It is direct comparison, — as:

> "Flowers are lovely; *love is flower-like*" (p. 238).

Suspense is that arrangement of words which holds the attention of the reader by leaving the sense incomplete until the sentence is closed, — as:

> "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
> Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
> *Sat gray-haired Saturn*." — KEATS.

Climax (Lat. *climax*, a ladder) is such an arrangement of the parts of a sentence that these rise step by step in importance and dignity, — as:

> "The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve." — *Tempest* IV. I.

Anticlimax is the reverse of climax, and produces, by a series of descending steps, an impression of absurdity. It may be employed for purposes of ridicule, as in Waller's lines:

> "And thou, Dalhousie, thou great god of war,
> Lieutenant-colonel to the Earl of Mar!"

(b) A **figure of speech** (oblique device) is the use of a word or expression in a different sense from that which properly belongs to it, for the sake of giving life or emphasis to an idea.

Metaphor is equivalent to simile, with the words of likeness omitted, — as:

> (*simile*) "Flowers are lovely; *love is flower-like;*
> (*metaphor*) Friendship *is* a sheltering tree."

Metaphors should never be mixed. That is, the image raised in the mind must not, until it is completed, be broken in upon by another. Thus, in the frequently cited couplet of Addison:

> "I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
> That longs to launch into a nobler strain,"

the first line is not open to objection, since the word "Muse" is used by metonymy (see below) for Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses; but the introduction, in the second line, of a new figure, that of a ship, confuses the sense and violates good taste.

The metaphor can always be converted into simile.

Personification is that figure which attributes the characteristics of a living being to inanimate things, — as:

"Righteousness and peace have kissed each other;"
"The sea saw it, and fled." — *Psalms.*

Apostrophe, vision, allegory, and *fable* are figures of speech which may all be considered as varieties of personification.

APOSTROPHE is *direct address* to the thing personified, — generally to something absent as though present:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place." — BYRON.

"O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"
1 *Cor.* xv. 55.

VISION speaks of absent or past things *indirectly,* and as though present:

"'T is she! but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?" (p. 112.)

ALLEGORY is a prolonged personification in narrative form. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Spenser's "Faerie Queen," are allegories.

The FABLE is a brief allegory.

Metonymy is that figure by which one thing is brought to mind under the name of another. Thus: "The pen is mightier than the sword." Here "the pen" stands for intellectual strength, and "the sword" for physical strength.

Synecdoche is that figure of speech by which a part is put for the whole, thus giving a more convenient or more accurate presentation of the idea. Thus, "A fleet of ten *sail*" offers a striking picture of a fleet at sea, and avoids the possible conception of ten ships in dock.

5. *varieties of thought and feeling that do not affect the arrangement of the parts of the sentence.*

Irony is the assertion of an opinion, or the expression of an emotion, in such a tone, or under such circumstances, as to imply the opposite. Thus:

"Here under leave of Brutus and the rest.
For Brutus is an *honorable man*,
So are they all, all *honorable men*,
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral."

SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2.

Satire and *sarcasm* are also types of expression that depend rather upon the spirit than upon the structure of the sentences in which they are conveyed.

Hyperbole is exaggerated expression, and is generally used to increase the impressiveness of what is said. Thus,

"And this man
Is now become a god! . . .
He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a colossus."

SHAKESPEARE *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2.

Allusion (Lat. *alludere*, to play with or about) is such a use of terms as brings to mind something not explicitly mentioned. Thus,

"So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might *of Him that walked the waves*" (p. 72).

Allusion is to be distinguished from *reference*, in which the thing brought to mind is directly mentioned.

III

The following **Outline of Study**[1] may be found helpful in the literary examination of the texts gathered together in this volume.

1. What is the **literary nature** of the piece? Is it prose, or poetry? Descriptive, expository, or what?

[1] The accounts of the several Periods of our literature, and the Sketches of the various authors, are intended to be merely informatory. While pupils ought to be possessed of the main features of these, the class exercise should be confined to literary study of the successive extracts.

2. What is the intent of the author, *i. e.*, what is the **central thought** of the piece? Does this thought find complete expression? Is it developed in an orderly progression?

3. Look closely into the **vocabulary** of the lesson. Which predominate in it, — words of Saxon, or words of Latin origin? (For any etymologies you do not know, consult Webster's International Dictionary.) In the —— sentence of paragraph —— substitute Saxon words for those of Latin origin. What is the resulting effect upon the style of the sentence? Is it clearer, or stronger, or more graceful? Reverse the process in the next sentence.

4. Consider the **meanings of terms**, especially in the case of qualifying words. Reconstruct the —— sentence of paragraph —— by substituting synonyms for all emphatic words. Are the changes of meaning for the better? Why? or why not? Are the rhythm and tastefulness of the sentence improved?

5. Invert the **grammatical order** of words, in the —— sentence of the —— paragraph, from direct to indirect. Is the rhetorical order the stronger? Is it suitable to the nature of the subject and to the context? In the —— sentence of paragraph —— reverse the process. Is the author's meaning made clearer by the change, or not?

6. Point out **a period** in paragraph ——. Can you convert it into a **loose sentence**? What is the effect of the change? Is the sentence clearer, or not? Stronger, or weaker?

If the piece is a poem it will afford exercise in reconstruction, both grammatical and rhetorical, by means of **paraphrasing**. This may be applied to the stanza, or to the whole selection, and will often make clear what would else seem obscure.

Paraphrase the poem on page ——. Is the composition lengthened? Why? Does fitness require that any of the poetic terms should find substitutes when reproduced in the prose form?

7. What **figures of speech** can you point out in paragraph —— page ——? Name them. Define them. Could the same thought in any instance be expressed with as much grace and force without the figure? Are the several figures well carried out?

Convert the *metaphor* in the —— sentence into a *simile*. Change the *allusion* in sentence —— to *direct reference*.

8. Note the **general qualities of the style** of the selection,

(*a*) as to *clearness*. Is the phraseology simple, or verbose? The treatment specific, or vague? Do you detect faults of tautology or circumlocution?

(*b*) as to *force*. Is any strength of the piece due to antitheses, repetitions, suspense, or climax?

(*c*) as to *elegance*. Is the arrangement of words and phrases harmonious, and therefore pleasurable to the ear? If not, express the same meaning in words of your own.

I

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

AN historical account of English literature would have for its outline a description of the best books of all kinds that have been written in the English language. It would therefore necessarily involve some account of the history of the language itself, — of its beginnings, so far as they can be traced, of its successive modifications, and of the several influences that have affected it.

The English language was formed and grew to its maturity in the British Islands. It is now spoken in our own country and in British colonies and dependencies throughout the world, — in all by more than one hundred millions of people. By the close of the twentieth century it will doubtless be the language of three times that number of men.

The speech from which our present English derives the greater part of its structural characteristics was spoken fourteen hundred years ago in the lowland countries bordering upon the Baltic and North seas. In Schleswig there is a district which still bears the name of *Angeln*. The speech of the inhabitants of this region was rough and guttural, and consisted at the most of about two thousand words. The language of the lowlanders of to-day is Teutonic, and so was that of their ancestors, the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, of whom we are speaking. It did not in those early times have the name English, but was most probably called *Deutsch*, or *Teutish*. About the middle

of the fifth century this speech was carried by adventurers and colonists across the North Sea to the shores of Britain.

These invaders from the mainland found the island that is now called Great Britain peopled by a race of men who spoke a strange language, and who were poor, half-barbarous, and unable to offer much resistance to the encroachments of the new-comers. Little by little the native Britons were driven southward and westward, until at last they found refuge in Cornwall and Wales, and their lands were possessed by their Teutonic conquerors. The language of the conquered Britons was Celtic; and it is noteworthy that very few words of it have found their way into the English vocabulary.

The three groups of Teutons who thus colonized the most of England settled themselves in different parts of the island. They used different dialects of the same language, and these dialects continued distinct from one another for several centuries. Then, by reason of growth of population, community of interest, and the closer relations which resulted, the three dialects merged into a common speech, — one which could for the first time properly be called English.

It is a familiar fact that the first literary utterances of every language take the form of verse, and accordingly the earliest Anglo-Saxon composition of which we have any record is the "Beowulf," the authorship of which is unknown. Its date has been variously placed in the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries; the doubt as to its period arising out of the fact that it was not committed to writing until about the beginning of the eighth century. It is a war-poem, composed to celebrate the heroic deeds of Beowulf, who, hearing that the Danish king was harassed by the attacks of a man-eating monster, set sail from Sweden to bring him succor. After many advent-

ures, Beowulf slays the monster, returns home, there to lead a long life of good deeds crowned with honor. The poem consists of several thousand lines, and is alliterative; that is, three or more accented words in each line begin with the same letter. Thus, an old poem has these lines: —

> "But in a *M*ay *m*orning on *M*alvern hills,
> I was *w*eary of *w*andering and *w*ent me to rest
> Under a *b*road *b*ank *b*y a *b*urn-side;
> And as I *l*ay and *l*eaned, and *l*ooked on the waters,
> I *s*lumbered in a *s*leeping, it *s*ounded so merry."

All early English verse is of this alliterative form, — the end-rhyme of poetry as we know it having a much later origin.

The earliest poem that may fairly be regarded as English is the metrical paraphrase of the Pentateuch and the New Testament by *Cædmon*, a monk of Whitby. According to the legend, Cædmon was employed in menial service about the stables of the ancient monastery. Obeying what he believed to be the behests of a supernatural vision, Cædmon set himself to sing of "Creation, and the Beginning of All Things." Report of his verse coming to the ears of his superiors, they caused him to be educated. His translation was put into writing, and was read, memorized, and recited for a thousand years. It was composed probably in the seventh century, but was not printed until the seventeenth. By general consent of critics, the most striking passages of this first English poem occur in the earlier part, where Cædmon sings of the revolt of the angels and the fall of man. These are the themes of Milton's great epic, and since Milton was well acquainted with the possessor of the Cædmon MS., we may fairly conjecture that the Puritan poet derived some inspiration from the work of his predecessor.

As Cædmon was the first English poet, so *Bæda*, or as he is generally called, the Venerable Bede, was the first writer of English prose. He also was a monk, and was born in the latter part of the seventh century. Bæda entered at an early age the monastery of Jarrow. He wrote voluminously, and mainly in Latin. He was, however, the author of one English book, — a translation of the Gospel of Saint John. Upon this, according to the tradition, Bæda was engaged up to the hour of his death. This first English prose work is unfortunately lost.

Two works of Old English, written later than the Norman invasion, deserve notice, because they show little evidence of the influence that the Norman-French was destined to have upon our language. These are Layamon's "Brut," and Ormin's "Ormulum." *Layamon* was a priest who, about the year 1200, translated from the French a poem entitled "Brut." It purports to be a chronicle of British events from the time of the Roman invasion to the end of the seventh century. In the whole course of this metrical translation there are only about two-score words of Latin origin, and even of these several were in familiar use in English before the Norman Conquest. The vocabulary of this translation is, accordingly, Saxon-English of a very pure type; and the work serves to show at once how much and how little our language was capable of in strength, amplitude, and beauty before it had absorbed the French-Latin element.

The "Ormulum," supposed to have been written, about the year 1225, by a monk named *Ormin*, is a rhythmic version of the Gospels. It is still freer than Layamon's work from words of Latin origin, and shows our language in a state of considerable advance over the English of any preceding writer. The following verses will give some notion of the nature of the vocabulary: —

Icc[1] hafe wennd inntill Ennglissh
I have wended[2] *into English*
Goddspelless hallghe lare
Gospel's holy lore
Affter thatt little witt tatt me
After the little wit that me
Min Drihhtin hafeththe lenedd.
My Lord hath lent.

It remains to speak of the most extensive prose work of the centuries immediately preceding and following the Conquest. This work, known as "The Saxon Chronicle," was written, not by one, but by a succession of monastic authors. It was, as its name denotes, an historical record of events; and as might be expected from the circumstances of its authorship, has a peculiar value as showing the changing conditions of our language, as respects both vocabulary and structure, throughout the long period of time covered by it. It is the first history of any Teutonic people written in language of their own.

From the date of the Norman invasion (1066) there was not, in two centuries and a half, any original English composition that is worthy of mention. The speech of our forefathers was, during this period, undergoing its greatest change. The rigorous administration of the Conqueror sufficed to insure political order, but unity of intellectual life was wanting. The very strength, however, of the monarchy, together with the absence of religious differences, worked powerfully for the interfusion of the two elements of the population. Those of the English who desired to move among the educated and titled classes, and to associate with persons of authority or influence, found it necessary to acquire some knowledge of the French tongue. Little

[1] Ormin, in his spelling, doubles every consonant that has a short vowel before it, thus affording useful clews to pronunciation in his time.

[2] turned

by little, Norman words began to creep into every-day English speech. French was the language of the court, of parliament, and of the colleges; and very soon a smattering of the new language became a badge of gentility. English had been in the main a spoken language, while the Norman-French was written extensively. Having to that extent the better chance of survival, it was only a question of time for a considerable element of French to become infused into the language of the common people. Old English inflections began to drop away, and to give place to the fixed and more rational forms of the French-Latin. Moreover, the common necessities of life demanded that the rulers and the ruled should have intelligible intercourse with one another when they met at church, at fairs, and in the market-place. The French wars were especially influential in the same way, because they brought into very close relations the Saxon bowman and his Norman lord. In all these cases men were obliged to talk with each other. "Every man turned himself into a walking phrase-book." The Norman used English synonyms for his French words; and whenever an Englishman spoke with a Norman, he sought in his turn French equivalents for the words of his vernacular. And so our language began to swarm with words that went in couples. The traces of this are to be seen in our present vocabulary, where we find such pairs of words as *will and testament*, *aid and abet*, *pray and beseech*, *acknowledge and confess*, and *dissemble and cloak*, most of which have come down to us in the set forms of expression of the church and the law of England.[1]

The English people held fast to their own speech, but

[1] In this way our language has come into possession of a wealth of synonyms such as no other tongue affords. These pairs of words, providing for the use of what Swift calls "proper words in proper places," enable us to give expression to the nicest shades of meaning.

they inevitably adopted many French words as time passed. This process went on for several hundred years; and then, about the middle of the fourteenth century, it seemed as if the English language would not absorb any more French.

The loss of Normandy in 1204 had given to the ruling class and the mass of the people of England a common political interest, and the whole tendency of religious teaching was to break down the barriers between them. Finally, by act of parliament (1362), both French and Latin were made to give place to English in the courts of law.

The Latin contribution to our language, which resulted from the Conquest, imparted to it a new quality, and gave it wider powers of expression. So true is this that we may say that until this element was thoroughly transfused into the original English the writings of Shakespeare were impossible. This is still truer of Milton. His most powerful thoughts are written in lines the most telling words in which are almost always Latin. This may be illustrated by the following verses from "Lycidas" (see page 69):

> "It was that *fatal* and *perfidious* bark,
> Built in the *eclipse*, and rigged with curses dark,
> That sunk so low that *sacred* head of thine."

On the other hand, it is to be observed that whole sentences can be made containing only words of English origin, while it is impossible to do this with Latin or other foreign words. In the following passage from "Macbeth" there is but one Romance word: —

> "Go bid thy *mistress*, when my drink is ready,
> She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed! —
> Is this a dagger which I see before me,
> The handle toward my hand? Come! let me clutch thee!
> — I have thee not; and yet I see thee still."

It is further to be noted that the names of classes of things and of generalizations are mainly of Latin origin; while the names of particular things are Anglo-Saxon. Thus *color* is a general term, and of Latin origin, while *red*, *yellow*, *black*, *white*, *green*, *brown*, are Saxon and particular; *number* is general, while *one*, *two*, *three*, *four*, *five*, *six*, etc., are particular; *move* is general, while *leap*, *spring*, *slip*, *slide*, *fall*, *walk*, *run*, *swim*, *ride*, *creep*, *crawl*, *fly*, are particular.

The first prose writer of the fourteenth century was *Sir John Mandeville* (1300–1372). He has been called the "Father of English Prose," since, though not the first of the writers of prose in our language, he is the first whose work survives. He was educated to be a physician, but from early manhood seems to have been seized with a passion to see "cities of men, manners, climates, councils, governments." He wrote a narrative of his travels, first in Latin, then in French, and finally in English, in order that, as he said, "every man of my nation may understand it." Many copies of this work were circulated in manuscript, but it was not put into type until the year 1499, — that is, about twenty-five years after Caxton set up his printing-press in London. Mandeville's narrative tells of his journeyings from one end to the other of the world as then known; and while it is probably authentic in general outline, the account is defaced by stories of marvelous scenes and preposterous adventures.[1]

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[1] Some notion of his style may be derived from the following passage in the introduction to his work: —

"And for als moche as it is long tyme passed, that ther was no generalle Passage ne Vyage over the See; and many Men desiren for to here speke of the holy Lond, and han thereof gret Solace and Comfort; I John Maundevylle, Knyght, alle be it I be not worthi, that was born in Englond, in the Town of Seynt Albones, passed the See, in the Zeer of our Lord Jesu Crist MCCCXXII, in the Day of Seynt Michelle; and hidre to [hitherto] have heen longe tyme over the See, and have seyn and gon thorghe manye dyverse Londes, and many Provynces and Kingdomes and Iles, and have passed thorghe Tartarye, Percye [Persia], Ermonye [Armenia] the litylle and

The most influential writer of prose was *John Wyclif* (1324–1384). His fame rests upon the translation of the Latin version of the Scriptures, in the making of which many hands were employed under his supervision. This work was completed only a short time before his death. The words and the style of Wyclif's translation were of permanent service in giving fixity to the best English usage of his day. This was the first translation of the whole Bible into our language.[1]

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the grete; thorghe Lybye, Caldee, and a gret partie of Ethiope; thorghe Amazoyne [Amazonia], Inde the lasse and the more, a gret partie; and thorghe out many othere Iles, that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many dyverse Folkes, and of dyverse Maneres and Lawes, and of dyverse Schappes of men. Of whiche Londes and Iles, I schalle speke more pleynly hereaftre."

[1] Comparing Wyclif's translation of the opening verses of St. Luke xxiv. with the latest English rendering, we may see some of the changes our language has undergone in a period of five hundred years.

1380

But in o day of the woke ful eerli thei camen to the grave, and broughten swete smelling spices that thei hadden arayed. And thei founden the stoon turnyd awey fro the grave. And thei geden in and foundun not the bodi of the Lord Jhesus. And it was don, the while thei weren astonyed in thought of this thing, lo twey men stodun bisidis hem in schynyng cloth. And whanne thei dredden and bowiden her semblaunt into erthe, thei seiden to hem, what seeken ye him that lyveth with deede men? He is not here; but he is risun: have ye minde how he spak to you whanne he was yit in Golilee, and seide, for it behoveth mannes sone to be bitakun into the hondis of synful men: and to be crucifyed: and the thridde day to rise agen? And thei bithoughten on hise wordis, and thei geden agen fro the grave: and teelden alle these thingis to the ellevene and to alle othere. And there was Marye Maudeleyn and Jone and Marye of James, and othere wymmen that weren with hem, that seiden to Apostlis these thingis.

1880

But on the first day of the week, at early dawn, they came unto the tomb, bringing the spices which they had prepared. And they found the stone rolled away from the tomb. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, while they were perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in dazzling apparel: and as they were affrighted, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying that the Son of man must be delivered up into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. And they remembered his words, and returned from the tomb, and told all these things to the eleven, and to all the rest. Now they were Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary *the mother* of James; and the other women with them told these things unto the apostles.

The greatest figure in the poetry of the fourteenth century was *Geoffrey Chaucer* (1328–1400). The accounts of his early life are not very full; but we know that, owing perhaps to his handsome presence, as well as to his powers and attainments, he early found favor at court. He traveled extensively on the Continent, especially in France and Italy, and had a most varied experience as soldier, ambassador, and member of parliament. Chaucer's greatest work is the "Canterbury Tales," which is a collection of stories in verse. The finest part of this work is the Prologue; the noblest story is the "Knightes Tale." The Prologue is the work of a great literary artist, drawing from nature with incomparable force, sureness, and freedom. It is worthy of note that in 1362, when Chaucer was a very young man, the session of the House of Commons was first opened with a speech in English; and thus he wrote at a time when our language was freshest and newest. He was closely familiar with Italian literature; and it is undoubtedly due to this that in his hands English was proved to be rich in sweetness and harmony, no less than in force. Tennyson thus refers to him: —

CHAUCER

> "Dan[1] Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
> Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still."

The lesser poets of this period were *William Langlande* (1332–1400), who used the alliterative form, and whose

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[1] a poetical title of honor = *master*

principal work was "The Vision of Piers the Plowman;" *John Gower* (1335–1408), author of a poem entitled "The Lover's Confession;" and *John Barbour* (1316–1396), a Scottish poet, whose best-remembered work is entitled "The Bruce." In the fourteenth century the English language attained a high degree of finish, force, and freedom, though the sentences of its prose writers are long and awkward.

Civil wars convulsed England in the fifteenth century, and the cultivation of letters met little encouragement. Accordingly we find in this period no great work in prose or verse. But if no new literature appeared, that which had already been produced took deeper root and spread wider its branches, mainly through the endeavors of *William Caxton* (1412–1492), the "Father of the English Press," as he has been called. He began to print books in London in the year 1474. This man, whose name has very great significance in the history of our literature, had long been a writer when he took up the business of printing. He was not only author and printer, but compositor, proof-reader, binder, and publisher as well. Caxton's press produced about fifty important works, nearly all of them in English. A number of his publications were translations, made by Caxton himself, of notable foreign books. He printed the poems of Chaucer and of Gower, and the "History of King Arthur," by Sir Thomas Malory. From the last-named work Tennyson has drawn the stories which form the groundwork of his "Idylls of the King." In the preface to his translation of the Æneid of Virgil (published in 1490), Caxton says that he can not understand old books that were written when he was a boy; that "the olde Englysshe is *more lyke to dutche* than englysshe," and that "our langage now used varyeth ferre from that whiche was used and spoken when I was borne."

The sixteenth century was remarkable for its production of anonymous ballads, which were widely circulated among the common people. "King Lear" and "The Babes in Wood" are the best known of these popular pieces. The first half of this century witnessed also the dawn of a new era in poetry, marked by the appearance of *Sir Thomas Wyatt* (1503–1542) and of the *Earl of Surrey* (1517–1547). Both these writers had passed many years in Italy. They had learned, like Chaucer, to appreciate the greatness of Italian literature, and they have been called "the first reformers of English meter and style." Surrey translated part of Virgil in blank verse, and he shares with Wyatt the credit of introducing the sonnet into our literature.

A generation later than these appeared *Edmund Spenser* (1552–1599), the "poet's poet," who, though the predecessor of Shakespeare by but a few years, must yet be reckoned, chiefly on account of his archaisms of style and the nature of his subjects, as belonging to an earlier epoch. He was the study of Shakespeare, and the poetical master of Cowley and of Milton. Spenser's earliest work was a set of twelve pastoral poems entitled "The Shepheard's Calendar;" but his fame rests on his great allegory of "The Faerie Queene." The propagation of the several moral virtues is the professed object of this poem. It is written in a stanza of nine lines, since known as the Spenserian stanza. This is so skillfully constructed, and so well adapted to our language, that it is much used by our later poets. Spenser is very fond of alliteration. Thus he has, —

SPENSER

"What man that sees the ever-whirling wheele" —

"To thee, O greatest goddesse, onely great" —

"Derived by due descent" —

and similar examples may be found in almost every stanza of the six books into which the poem is divided.

Two prose writers of this time deserve notice. *Sir Thomas More* (1480–1535) wrote in a plain, strong, nervous style, "The Life and Reign of Edward V." This is the first work deserving the name of history that appeared in our language, and is an admirable example of classic English prose. Hallam speaks of the language of this work as "pure and perspicuous, well-chosen, without vulgarisms, and without pedantry." The work, however, which comes first to mind at the mention of More's name is his "Utopia," — a description, as its title denotes, of the land of *Nowhere*. This favored country is a republic, the idea of which More borrowed from Plato, and in it there are no taverns, no fashions, no wars, and no lawyers.

William Tyndale (1484–1536) is famous for his translation of the New Testament and of parts of the Old. His English is remarkably pure and vigorous. Very few of the words used in his translation have become obsolete, and the work is therefore a landmark in the history of our language.

This brief sketch of the Beginnings of English Literature brings us to a consideration of the literature of the Elizabethan reign. Certain conditions and influences of the last quarter of the sixteenth century and the first years of the seventeenth strongly disposed English letters to the dramatic form of expression, as will presently appear. For several centuries theatrical representation had been rude and spectacular. It had consisted chiefly of exhibitions of the martyrdoms of saints, and of miracle-

plays, in the successive scenes of which the events of scripture and of prophecy, beginning with the creation, and ending with the destruction of the world, were shown forth. These spectacles grew up under monastic patronage, being performed sometimes within the enclosures of monasteries, and sometimes in the churches themselves. As the English people increased in numbers, and improved in the arts of life, these religious plays were produced in greater pomp and greater excellence of form.

Then, as time passed, something new and different was demanded by the popular taste, and by gradual steps the so-called "moral plays" supplanted those of a religious character. In the new drama virtues and vices usurped the places thitherto held by angels and demons, and before long even these ceased to be offered as abstractions,— personified qualities yielding room to the proper persons of the drama. Next came translations of the ancient tragedies and comedies; then crude plays founded on Italian romance. Companies of strolling players traveled from place to place, performing in town-halls or in such other buildings as could give accommodation to their audiences.

The first regular public theater in England was established just outside of the city limits of London in the year 1575. The number of the players and the prosperity of the playhouse steadily increased. Among the signatures to a memorial addressed to the Queen's Council a few years later by the actors of the "Blackfriars Playhouse" is the name of William Shakespeare.

II

THE ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

SHAKESPEARE — BACON

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.
WHITTIER

WHAT is called the "Elizabethan literature" is that body of classic English prose and verse which, making its appearance in the latter half of the reign of Elizabeth, continued through that of James and that of his son.

Before the time of Shakespeare the language spoken in England had been subject to a succession of modifications, both in internal structure and by accretions from without, so radical that the speech of Shakespeare would scarce have been intelligible to the Englishman of Chaucer's day. Yet the Elizabethan English is the tongue that we speak; and we may therefore say that our language previous to about the middle of the sixteenth century was making, but not made, — was in a formative condition. The foregoing chapter has given in outline some account of this earlier English, and of the causes which led to the successive steps in the development of our language.

It is largely due to the great literary figures of the Elizabethan time that the mold of our speech is substantially fixed. They gave to us a standard for guidance, and have themselves become classics for later generations to

appeal to. Bacon wrote philosophy in Latin, doubting of the permanence of what he left in English; for he knew the changes the vernacular had suffered, and could not foresee that further changes would not make his own vocabulary obsolete.

It is not every generation that affords us even one great poet or great philosopher, and critics have loved to speculate upon the causes that produced in a single age such figures as those of Shakespeare, Jonson, Drayton, Bacon, Hooker, and Donne. The invention of printing, the revival of letters, the rise of the middle class, the great voyages of discovery, — all these seemed to prefigure a great intellectual uprising. Conflict of old with new must ever sharpen the minds of men and broaden the view.

Nor had there been lacking precursors of this literary outbreak. Spenser and Marlowe were Shakespeare's immediate predecessors. The age of Elizabeth was especially one of change. The imaginations of men were inflamed by the voyages of Drake and Raleigh, so that even the commoner sort took on some boldness of act and loftiness of thought. It was an age of luxury in dress, equipage, and manners; court pageants, masques, and revels were so frequent as to become almost a commonplace. Men were then surrounded, as Lamb says, by "visible poetry." Wealthy nobles were generous patrons of letters. Elizabeth, herself no mean scholar, smiled approval upon the stage, and Shakespeare began his great dramatic creations. There was then no reading public, no newspaper press or periodical literature. Only by means of the drama could authorship gain the ear of the public. It was but natural, therefore, that literature should adapt itself to the stage, which afforded to the poet the only means of livelihood, apart from patronage, that in that day he could hope for.

The striking characteristics of the Elizabethan literature seem to be these: it was creative, imaginative; great

breadth of view and of thought were in it; and it was intensely human, real, natural. There was, as we have seen, abundant reason in the circumstances of the time why its writers should exercise creative power, though nothing that can account for their happy possession of it. They lived in an imaginative age, and in both poet and philosopher imagination gave insight into spiritual truths, and supplied also the power of inventing, devising, and shaping; that is, intellectual creativeness. This is seen equally in the sprightliest fancies of Shakespeare, the deepest speculations of Bacon, or the loftiest flights of Milton, who came after them. In a large way, Milton's great epic, Bacon's whole method, and any one of Shakespeare's plays, is a creation.

Change and vicissitude gave large scope to men's minds. New lands were opening to the colonist; false philosophy was losing its hold on the higher intellects; "creation widened in man's view." The age called for men of insight and foresight, men who could analyze and combine.

Accordingly, the thinking of Bacon and of Shakespeare was never one-sided, — it was with the whole mind, not with one or with a few faculties of it. The sagest philosophizing of Bacon is continually lighted up with fanciful touches and subtile conceits. Raleigh could command by sea or land, could write charming verse, found a colony, hold his own in parliament, or pen grave history. Bacon was statesman and jurist as well as philosopher; and that Shakespeare's mind had as many facets as a diamond, is shown by the endeavor of the curious to make him out, from his own writings, a member, at one time or another, of each of the learned professions, and a holder of opposite creeds in religion. He was, indeed, "a universal, round man."

This literature dealt with men as they are, fools and wise, bad and good, high and low. The drama in which

they were pictured forth, appealed to the thoughts and passions of natural flesh-and-blood hearers. In the whole gamut of Shakespeare's music there is not an untruthful note; from young Gobbo to Portia, from Macbeth to the drunken Porter, every figure is human, every action and word proper to its place. This is because Shakespeare's mind was free from that exaggeration which is a necessary element of caricature. His characters do not act upon one unvarying rule of conduct, but, as always happens in real life, are swayed from this, as the drama progresses, by a mixture of motives and impulses, by change of situation, and by mere incident. This it is that gives the element of essential truth to Shakespeare's presentations, which are so varied, exhibiting the whole range of human passions, that they appeal to every phase of moral sentiment.

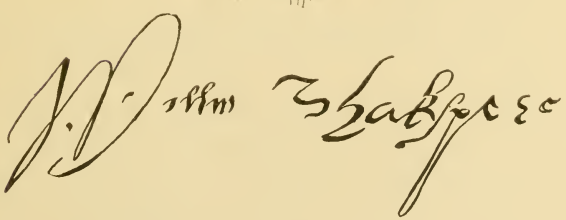
So, also, Bacon's ambition in publishing his "Essays" was, as he wrote in his preface to that work, to bring the matters he treated of "home to men's minds and bosoms." Wise saws and instances modern and ancient brighten every page of these counsels of his.

In a word, the Elizabethan literature depicts or idealizes human nature in its virtues, vices, passions, weaknesses, and strength; in its hopes, fears, thoughts, and fancies. It holds the mirror up to Nature, and shows to us Nature's image faithfully reflected in it. It is, after the brief Old-English Introduction, the first and best chapter in the unfinished volume of our literature.

SHAKESPEARE

1564–1616

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, dramatist and poet, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in April, 1564. Of his early life almost nothing is known. It is believed that he was a student in the free school at Stratford, and that



in his youth he assisted his father in the latter's business, which was that of a wool-dealer and glover. That he formally entered upon any definite calling, we have no proof; but critics have found evidence in his writings of his familiarity with various professions: Malone, one of his acutest commentators, firmly insisted that Shakespeare was a lawyer's clerk. At the age of

eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. Of this union only a vague report that it proved uncongenial has come down to us. In 1586 or 1587 Shakespeare seems to have gone to London, and two years later appears as one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars Theatre. In the few years next following he became known as a playwright, and in 1593 he published his first poem, "Venus and Adonis." The dates of publication of his plays are not settled beyond doubt, but the best authorities place "Henry VI." first, and "The Tempest" last, all included between 1589 and 1611. Shakespeare was an actor as well as a writer of plays, and remained on the stage certainly as late as 1603. Two years later he bought a handsome house at Stratford, and lived therein, enjoying the friendship and respect of his neighbors, till his death in 1616.

Meager as is the foregoing sketch, it yet embodies, with a few trifling exceptions, all the known facts as to Shakespeare's life. A mist seems to have settled over "the most illustrious of the sons of man," almost wholly hiding his personality from curious and admiring posterity. Of many of his contemporary writers, and of some who preceded him, comparatively full particulars have come down to us: Edmund Spenser stands out conspicuous among the bright lights of the Elizabethan age; the genial face and the personal habits of "rare Ben Jonson" are almost familiar to us; and even of Chaucer, the father of English literature, we possess a reasonably distinct portraiture: but Shakespeare, *the man*, is lost to us in the darkness of the past.

The name of Shakespeare is so pre-eminently famous, standing out in the firmament of literature "like the moon among the lesser stars," that no attempt to convey an idea of his greatness seems to be necessary here. We content ourselves, therefore, with quoting the opinions of a few of those who have been worthy to judge him.

Dr. Samuel Johnson says: "The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissolvable fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare."

Thomas De Quincey says: "In the gravest sense it may be affirmed of Shakespeare that he is among the modern luxuries of life; it was his prerogative to have thought more finely and more extensively than all other poets combined."

Lord Jeffrey says: "More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity than all the moralists that ever existed, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world."

Lord Macaulay pronounced Shakespeare "the greatest poet that ever lived," and esteemed "Othello," the play from which our first selection is taken, as "perhaps the greatest work in the world."

Thomas Carlyle bears this characteristic testimony: "Of this Shakespeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one; I think the best judgment is slowly pointing to the conclusion that Shakespeare is the chief of all poets hitherto, the

greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man — such a calmness of depth, placid, joyous strength, all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil, unfathomable sea!"

OTHELLO'S SPEECH TO THE SENATE

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters, —
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal[1]),
I won his daughter with. . . .
Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,

[1] here a preposition = *with*

Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance[1] in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres[2] vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak; — such was the process; —
And of the cannibals that each other eat —
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively.[3] I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore — In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

---

[1] demeanor, conduct [2] caverns [3] intently, closely

THE WINNING OF JULIET[1]

JULIET. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face:
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, Ay:
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light.
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.

ROMEO. Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

JULIET. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO. What shall I swear by?

JULIET. Do not swear at all,
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

---

[1] An extract from the love scene in the garden, in the play of "Romeo and Juliet." Romeo, concealed in the garden at night, is discovered by Juliet listening to her declaration of love for him.

Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

ROMEO. If my heart's dear love —

JULIET. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden:
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

ROMEO. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JULIET. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

ROMEO. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JULIET. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

WOLSEY ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE[1]

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness.
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;

---

[1] Cardinal Wolsey held high offices of state under King Henry VIII. Being suddenly deprived of all his honors by the king, Shakespeare represents him as uttering this speech.

And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears, than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

To BE, or not to be, — that is the question: —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,[1]
And, by opposing, end them? — To die, — to sleep, —
No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die; — to sleep; —
To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there 's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,[2]

---

[1] *to take . . . troubles;* what is the rhetorical fault? [2] care, trouble

Must give us pause; there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of déspised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels[1] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death —
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn[2]
No traveler returns — puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his[3] act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

---

[1] burdens
[2] limits, boundary
[3] for *its*, which was seldom used in Shakespeare's time

Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure,[1] but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, — to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then, the whining School-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the Justice,

---

[1] opinion

In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

MERCY

The quality of Mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptered sway, —
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

ENGLAND

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blesséd plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

THE MIND

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
O no, good Kate: neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

PERFECTION

To gild refinéd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

INGRATITUDE REBUKED

BUT, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coined me into gold
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use —
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'T is so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Gave thee no instance [1] why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
O, how hast thou with jealousy [2] infected
The sweetness of affiance [3]! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?

---

[1] reason [2] suspicious vigilance [3] confidence, trust

Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnished and decked with modest complement,[1]
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And, but in purgèd judgment, trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted [2] didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued [3]
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another Fall of Man.

FIVE SONNETS[4]

XVIII. Eternal Lines

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;[5]
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

---

[1] completeness [2] sifted [3] endowed
[4] See *The Sonnet*, p. 508. [5] ownest

LXV. Time and Love

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad Mortality o'ersways their power:
How with this rage shall Beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil[1] of Beauty can forbid?
O, none; unless this miracle have might; —
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

XCI. An Appraisement

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath his adjacent pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, — that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

---

[1] spoiling, destruction

CXVI. True Love

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixéd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXLVI. Soul and Body

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate[1] thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;
And, death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

---

[1] increase

BEN JONSON

1574–1637

BENJAMIN JONSON, as he was christened, — Ben Jonson, as he preferred to call himself, and as all the world knows him, — was born of somewhat humble parentage at Westminster in the year 1574. Of his early life the outline is

faint and the details are meager; but we know that at the expense of friends of his deceased father, who had been a clergyman, he studied at Westminster School, and for a brief time at Cambridge University; that being then compelled to work at his stepfather's trade, that of a bricklayer, and finding this occupation one that, as he himself says, he "could not endure," he left it to

enlist in the army, then serving in Flanders, preferring the lot of a private soldier to an employment so little suited either to his attainments or to his temperament. Though Jonson distinguished himself for bravery in the field, this does not appear to have advanced his personal fortunes. Having by some means secured a discharge from military service, he next, according to the generally received account, took some minor parts upon the London stage, and was also engaged in correcting, recasting, and writing plays, though yet under age. What success attended upon these labors does not appear, but it is certain that Jonson's progress was interrupted by the event of a duel in which he became involved, and which resulted in the killing of his opponent. Charged with murder and imprisoned, he was eventually released, though under what circumstances has never been explained.

In 1596, at the age of twenty-two, Jonson produced his first ambitious dramatic composition, "Every Man in His Humor." This play, in its original form, was not favorably received, but being amended and partly rewritten, the popular verdict was reversed when, three years later, and partly by the influence and help of Shakespeare, it was again put before the public. This drama and "The Alchemist" are the only plays of Jonson's which have kept the stage. Other dramas of notable merit were "Sejanus," "Catiline," and "Volpone;" and besides these he put forth from time to time very many epigrams, lyrics, and minor poems. James I. favored and distinguished the poet in many ways, — he was made poet laureate in 1619, and was employed by the court and by the city of London in little dramatic schemes for pageants, revels, farces, and the like. His various "masques," as he called them, prepared for these entertainments, exhibit the finest fancy and originality. Jonson was the inventor of these court amusements throughout the reign of James, and at intervals during the reign of Charles, who, like his predecessor, was Jonson's generous patron. To the very close of his life the poet's literary activity was great. One of his last productions, a pastoral poem entitled "The Sad Shepherd," has a well-deserved reputation for the simplicity and great beauty of its diction.

Jonson's declining days were clouded with misfortune. He was stricken with paralysis, and influential enemies at court were able to delay and partly to cut off his salary as laureate. Clamorous creditors pursued the old poet, and to satisfy these he was compelled to write begging letters to many friends and former patrons. Death released him from these ills on the 6th of August, 1637. A pavement-stone over his grave in Westminster Abbey bears the brief legend: "O Rare Ben Jonson!"

General consent accords to Ben Jonson the second place among the dramatists of his time. That as a poet also he was second, some judgments have denied. To say that he stands next to Shakespeare seems superlative praise when we consider how much greater was the latter than any of his contemporaries; but the originality, versatility, and amount of his work, and his vast and solid learning, entitle Jonson to the distinction. A suggestive comparison between Jonson and Shakespeare is afforded in the oft-quoted

account of Fuller: "Many were the wit-contests betwixt him [Shakespeare] and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare (like the latter) lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." These "wit-contests" were mostly enacted at the Mermaid Tavern, where Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Donne, and other shining lights in the literary heavens of that day were wont to get together. The mention of Jonson's name at once calls up in the mind that of Shakespeare, since it is to Jonson that we owe much of the little that we know, or have from scanty relics been able to infer, of the personality of the Master Dramatist.

Ben Jonson was loud and self-assertive, hot-blooded, and often irritable; but that he was, as some have declared, arrogant, envious, and unlovable, can hardly be credited when we reflect that he was the intimate companion of the contemporary poets, and when we read and read again such glowing and unstinted tributes as are found in his lines on Drayton and on Shakespeare, which are given in pages following. What finer apostrophe can literature show than that of these lines to the memory of the poet he has just called "Master:"—

> "Triumph, my Britain! Thou hast one to show
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
> He was not of an age, but for all time!"

ON SHAKESPEARE

[To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and What he hath Left us.]

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.
'T is true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise. . . .
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportioned muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,[1]
I should commit[2] thee surely with thy peers,[3]
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And, though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence[4] to honor thee I will not seek
For names, but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!

---

[1] short-lived
[2] compare
[3] contemporaries
[4] *i. e.* from among modern writers

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and, that he
Who casts[1] to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muse's anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet 's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-tornéd[2] and true-filéd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere[3]
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And déspairs day, but for thy volume's light.

---

[1] casts about, attempts [2] well-turned [3] *i. e.* in the heavens

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he can not, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

TWO EPITAPHS

I. On the Countess of Pembroke

Underneath this sable hearse [1]
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

II. On Michael Drayton

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name; whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story;
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name;
His name, that can not die, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

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[1] a black canopy, beneath which the coffin was placed

BACON

1561–1626

THE calendar of the life of Francis Bacon can be set down in small compass. He was born in London in 1561, son to Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Seals. He was admitted to Cambridge University at the age of thirteen, where he studied three years, after which for about two years he lived upon the Continent, chiefly in France and Italy. At the age of eight-

een he was recalled to England by the sudden death of his father. Casting about him for an occupation in life, he applied for advice and aid to the Cecils, who, though distant relatives of his, and maintaining outward shows of regard, appear not only at this time, but throughout Bacon's career, to have been little friendly to their kinsman. While his predilections ran rather to a studious life than to one of affairs, young Bacon nevertheless set himself, upon the advice of his cousin, to the reading of the law. He was admitted to practice in 1582, and speedily drew upon him many eyes for

the solidity of his parts, the cogency of his logic, and the eloquence of his address. It is therefore no occasion of wonder to find him soon afterward a member of the House of Commons, where for many years he bore an important part in all debates and business. His name is specially identified with laws to prevent the enclosure of common lands and the conversion of tilled fields into pastures and parks; to restrict the royal prerogative and the encroachments of Lords upon Commons; as well as with measures looking to civil freedom, religious toleration, and to the union of Scotland with England. That he was eloquent we may know from the testimony of Ben Jonson, who reports that "the fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." The higher rewards of public life did not come to Bacon till he was past the middle age. He was made successively solicitor-general, attorney-general, keeper of the seals, and lord chancellor, receiving the last of these appointments in 1618. Three years thereafter he was tried by the House of Lords on charges of bribery and corruption as a judge, and was convicted, deprived of his office, fined and imprisoned. King James, however, speedily ordered his release and remitted his fine, and Bacon retired to the country to pursue the more congenial life of student and philosopher. Here he died in 1626.

Witty and pointed sayings stick in the minds of men, and few lines in literature are more familiar than Pope's upon Bacon, — "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." No doubt, to very many this line has sufficed for an estimate of the great philosopher. But Pope was a satirist not always very scrupulous in the aiming of his shafts, and in recent years the harsher judgments of Bacon's personal character have been many of them revised, in keeping with that passage in his will which says, "For my name and memory, I leave it to foreign nations, and to my own country after some time has passed over." On his trial before the House of Lords, at which he was not present, being confined with sickness, Bacon was accused of receiving bribes from litigants having suits before him. The evidence of this was slender in amount and doubtful in motive, and he strenuously denied the charge, though admitting his acceptance of fees and presents after his decisions had been rendered. This, which would now be universally condemned, was then the uniform practice. Nearly all offices, civil and ecclesiastical, were unsalaried, and, without gifts and fees, could not have been maintained. It was a system that Bacon himself saw the evils of, and plainly condemned when, after his trial, he wrote, "I was the justest judge that was in England this fifty years, but it was the justest censure that was in Parliament this two hundred years." It is worthy of note that of his very many judicial decisions not one has been reversed. At the request of King James he wrote a letter confessing to slackness, but denying corruption. Bacon died a comparatively poor man in an age when judges, bishops, and statesmen enriched themselves by unblushing venality.

The charge so often made against Bacon of ingratitude to benefactors turns chiefly on the case of the Earl of Essex, who, it is alleged, had given

him a landed estate, only to be rewarded later on by prosecution even to the death at the hands of Bacon. There is evidence that the lawyer's services to Essex were great, and for years unrequited, and that finally, having no money for payment, the earl made over to Bacon a small property which the latter was reluctant to receive, saying plainly, "My Lord, I see I must hold land of your gift; but do you know the manner of doing homage in law? It is always with saving of faith to the king." When, at a later time, and in spite of curbings and counselings from Bacon, Essex put himself at the head of treasonable conspiracies and uprisings against Elizabeth, it became the duty of Bacon, as an officer of the Crown, to take part in the prosecution of the earl. The manner and the terms of Bacon's address in the performance of this duty show clearly how painful it was to him. A man's writings must tell of his character, and these in Bacon's case demand some mitigation of the severe censures that have so long passed current of him.

It is through the approval of the learned few that the method of philosophy which bears Bacon's name has secured common acceptance. His *Novum Organum*, written in Latin, was published in 1620, and upon this work his overshadowing reputation rests. In it he elaborates and establishes the inductive method of reasoning, — that is, from particular facts to general laws. Up to his time the world's thought had been dominated and restricted by the method of Aristotle, which was deductive, — that is, from cause to effect. To the Baconian method are largely due the material progress and scientific advance of modern times. The work by which Bacon is familiarly known is his "Essays, or Counsels Civil and Moral," written in English. When first published, in 1597, these Essays were ten in number, but the volume was expanded from time to time until, in the edition published in the last year of the philosopher's life, there were fifty-eight. It is from this book that the following selections are taken.

OF FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation[1] towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure

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[1] aversion

in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation, such as is found to have been, falsely and feignedly, in some of the heathen, — as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana, — and, truly and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church.

But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, *Magna civitas, magna solitudo* [A great city is a great solitude], — because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza[1] to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession. . . .

The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito* — "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable[2] (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in

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[1] sarsaparilla [2] wonderful

halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression. And even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign[1] for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshaleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia "that speech was like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained[2] only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they, indeed, are best); but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua or picture than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.[3]

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[1] efficacious [2] restricted [3] suppression

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation — which is, faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well, in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best." And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections[1] and customs: so as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometime too piercing and corrosive, reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead, observing our faults in others is sometimes unproper for our case; but the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend.

It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune; for, as Saint James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor."[2] As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations to think himself all in all: but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces — asking counsel in

[1] propensities

[2] a loose quotation from Saint James i. 23, 24

one business of one man, and in another business of another man — it is well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all) ; but he runneth two dangers : one, that he shall not be faithfully counseled — for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it ; the other, that he shall have counsel given hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy — even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels ; they will rather distract and mislead than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is, like the pomegranate, full of many kernels ; I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man can not do himself ; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say "that a friend is another himself," for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart, — the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him ; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place ; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy, for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man can not, with any face [1] or comeliness [2] say or do

[1] confidence [2] propriety

himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man can not sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like; but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations, which he can not put off. A man can not speak to his son but as a father; to his wife, but as a husband; to his enemy, but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule: where a man can not fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

OF GOODNESS, AND GOODNESS OF NATURE

I TAKE goodness in this sense, — the affecting[1] of the weal of men, which is what the Grecians call *philanthropia;* and the word "humanity," as it is used, is a little too light to express it. Goodness I call the habit; and goodness of nature, the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess; neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch that, if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch as, Busbechius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had liked to have been stoned for gagging, in a waggishness, a long-billed fowl. Errors, indeed, in this virtue

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[1] desiring

of goodness or charity, may be committed. The Italians have an ungracious próverb, *Tanto buon, che val niente* [So good that he is good for nothing]. And one of the doctors of Italy, Nicholas Machiavel, had the confidence[1] to put in writing, almost in plain terms, "That the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust;" which he spake because, indeed, there was never law or sect or opinion did so magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth: it is good to take knowledge of the errors of a habit so excellent.

Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barley-corn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly: "He sendeth his rain, and maketh his sun to shine, upon the just and unjust;" but he doth not rain wealth, nor shine honor and virtues, upon men equally. Common benefits are to be communicated with all, but peculiar benefits with choice.[2] And beware how, in making the portraiture, thou breakest the pattern; for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern, the love of our neighbors but the portraiture. "Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me:" but sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow me, — that is, except thou have a vocation wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great; for otherwise, in feeding the streams thou driest the fountain.

Neither is there only a habit of goodness directed by right reason: but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition toward it; as, on the other side, there is a natural malignity; for there be[3] that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness or frowardness,[4] or aptness to oppose, or difficileness, or the like; but the deeper sort to envy and mere mischief. Such men, in other men's calamities, are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part; not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores,

[1] boldness [2] a chosen few [3] *those* understood [4] contrariety

but like flies that are still[1] buzzing upon anything that is raw; misanthropi,[2] that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had.[3] Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature: and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee-timber, that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm.

The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he can not be shot.[4] If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash. But, above all, if he have Saint Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

OF LEARNING

Learning taketh away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds: though a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the kind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried. It taketh away vain

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[1] always [2] an obsolete plural

[3] Compare Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens," Act v. Sc. 2. — "I have a tree, which grows here in my close," etc. [4] changed, swerved

admiration of anything, which is the root of all weakness: for all things are admired either because they are new or because they are great. For novelty, no man wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but with that printed in his heart, "I know nothing." Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets, that goeth behind the curtain, and adviseth well of the motion.

And as for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies and the great conquest of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece, of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage, or fort, or some walled town at the most, he said, "It seemed to him that he was advertised[1] of the battle of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales went of;"—so certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of Nature, the earth with men upon it, the divineness of souls excepted, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro[2] a little heap of dust.

It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune, which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and thereupon said, "Yesterday I saw a fragile thing broken; to-day I have seen a mortal thing die." And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together.

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[1] literally, "turned toward," and hence, *apprised, informed*

[2] *to and fro;* that is, backward and forward upon, etc.

A GARLAND OF ELIZABETHAN LYRICS

I. The Gifts of God

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

George Herbert

II. The Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

— This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

HENRY WOTTON

III. DEATH, THE LEVELER

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookéd scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY

IV. On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey

Mortality, behold and fear
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royalest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried
"Though gods they were, as men they died!"

Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings:
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

V. MELANCHOLY

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly:
There 's naught in this life sweet
If man were wise to see 't,
But only Melancholy,
O sweetest Melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixéd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies!
A look that 's fastened on the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound!
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing 's so dainty-sweet as lovely Melancholy.

JOHN FLETCHER

VI. TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free:

Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty 's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK

Robert Herrick

VII. TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That, from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE

NOTABLE CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

Sir Walter Raleigh, 1552–1618, soldier and courtier; author of "A History of the World."

Richard Hooker, 1553–1598, Anglican divine; author of "A Treatise on the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity."

Sir Philip Sidney, 1554–1586, courtier, soldier, and scholar; author of "The Arcadia," "A Defense of Poesy," and several beautiful sonnets.

Samuel Daniel, 1562–1619, author of a poetical "History of the Civil Wars," and of many minor poems.

Michael Drayton, 1563–1631, poet; author of "The Shepherd's Garland," "England's Heroical Epistles," and other works.

Christopher Marlowe, 1563–1593, dramatic poet; important plays were "Faustus," "Tamburlaine," and "Edward II."

Sir Henry Wotton, 1568–1639, diplomatist and poet; wrote many lyrics of a high order of merit. See "The Happy Life," page 52.

John Donne, 1573–1631; distinguished Anglican divine; numerous satires, epistles, and short poems.

Robert Burton, 1578–1640, a retired and laborious scholar; famous for his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 1581–1648, theologian and historian; "History of Henry VIII." and "*de Veritate*" are his most important works.

Philip Massinger, 1584–1640, playwright; "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" and "The Renegado" are the best of his dramas.

William Drummond, 1585–1649, Scotch poet; author of "The Flowers of Zion," and of many beautiful sonnets.

Francis Beaumont, 1586–1615, joint author, with **John Fletcher**, 1576–1625, of more than fifty tragedies and comedies. See poems, pages 54, 55.

John Ford, 1586–1639, dramatist; two of his plays of a high order of excellence are "The Broken Heart" and "Love's Sacrifice."

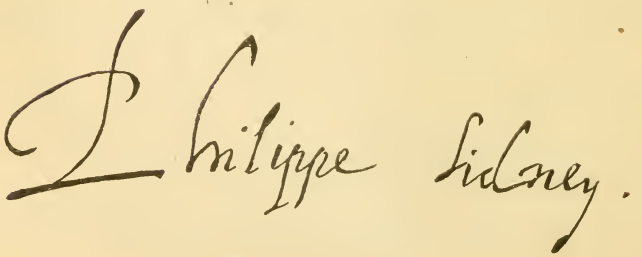
Thomas Hobbes, 1588–1679, metaphysician and logician; his "Treatise on Human Nature" and his "Letter on Liberty and Necessity" are his chief productions.

Robert Herrick, 1591–1674, author of many beautiful lyrics. See "To Dianeme," page 55.

George Herbert, 1593–1632, Anglican clergyman, and author of many sacred songs. See "The Gifts of God," page 52.

James Shirley, 1594–1666, the last of the Elizabethan dramatists; author of many comedies. See "Death, the Leveler," page 53.

Edmund Waller, 1605–1687, politician and poet; wrote an Ode to Cromwell, and many love-songs.



III

THE LITERATURE OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE RESTORATION

MILTON — DRYDEN

THE last seventy-five years of the seventeenth century witnessed the execution of Charles I., the rise and fall of the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1688, — a series of upheavals and changes that were not dynastic merely, but accompanied by equally radical alterations in the manners and thought of the English people. The literature of that time bears internal evidence of changes in intellectual and spiritual habitudes quite as great as those other changes that affected the fortunes of the State.

Milton, a reformer in religion and in politics, gave voice in both prose and verse to the spirit that animated the Puritans; Dryden, a satirist and critic of literature, conformed to and reflected the spirit of the Restoration. Each in his sphere was pre-eminent. Milton, as Matthew Arnold well expresses it, was "the last of the Immortals." He was filled with the poetic ardor and imaginative power of the Elizabethan classics, though representing a later and very different school of thought. His prose is little read. It consists mainly of controversial tracts incentive to reform in church and state. The style of these is archaic, and to the modern sense more difficult than the earlier prose of Bacon. These pamphlets were put forth before the Civil War; his great poems did not appear until after the Restoration, in 1660. In Dryden this order seems to have been reversed; he was a poet first, an

essayist afterwards. It is interesting to note that Dryden had some acquaintance with his great predecessor, but he was little influenced by Milton. There could not, indeed, have been much community of sentiment between the two.

By general consent of competent judges, English prose as we know it had its beginnings at the time of the Restoration. There is to be discovered in the essays of Dryden a structure of the sentence and a use of terms which, as modified by Swift and Addison, and developed after them by Johnson and the group of writers who surrounded him, became finally our own literary form.

Other prose writers of note were few in the time we are considering. Baxter and Bunyan, each in his peculiar field of religious work, Locke in metaphysics, and Newton in science, were the principal figures. Far greater influence upon the speech of the English people was exercised by the pulpit in the finished and powerful sermons of such divines as Burnet, Fuller, and Jeremy Taylor.

The seventeenth century marks the close of our early poetical style, — of which we see the consummation in Milton, — and the opening of the modern period, whose herald was Dryden. Herbert, Marvell, and Cowley had naturalness and simplicity of thought; but the style of Dryden and his followers was a distinct advance in clearness of expression. English letters were, in these two or three generations, in a transitional state, — the old was passing away, the new was gradually but surely superseding it.

MILTON

1608–1674

JOHN MILTON — *clarum et venerabile nomen* — was born in London in December, 1608, and died November, 1674. He was the son of John Milton, a respectable scrivener. The younger John entered Christ's College, Cambridge, at the age of sixteen, and became distinguished during his University career for his brilliant poetical abilities. He was destined for the service of

John Milton

the Church; but on arriving at manhood he found — to quote his own words — "what tyranny had invaded the Church, and that he who would take orders must subscribe Slave." He therefore turned his thoughts to the law, but soon abandoned it, and gave his undivided attention to literature. The death of his mother, in 1637, affected his health, and he sought to restore it by travel. He visited several Continental countries, and while in Italy made the acquaintance of Galileo. Returning to England in 1639, he

found the nation in a fever of political excitement, and lost no time in declaring himself with reference to the momentous questions then under discussion. In 1641 and 1642 he published his first polemical treatises, which made a profound impression. The most important of these was the "*Areopagitica*, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," in which Milton eloquently appeals to parliament to abolish the censorship of books. It was a written, not a spoken "speech." Milton took its title from the name of the supreme tribunal of justice of ancient Athens, the Areopagus, the edifice of which stood on the Hill of Ares (Mars). His political pamphlets brought Milton into prominence, and led to his being appointed, in 1649, Latin Secretary to the Council of State, which office he held eight years. During that period he wrote his famous "Eikonoklastes" and several other works. In 1660 the monarchy was re-established, and thenceforward he took no part in public life.

"Paradise Lost," was written after he had become totally blind, which happened in 1652, the great epic being dictated to his daughter. It represents the only successful attempt ever made to construct a drama whose principal personages are supernatural; in this character it stands above others unapproached. To the student it offers a field whose exploration never ceases to be delightful. In design, if not in execution, it is one of the noblest poetical products of human genius.

Comus, a lyrical drama, and *Samson Agonistes* ("Samson in Struggle") are in blank verse. *L'Allegro* ("The Cheerful Man") and *Il Pensieroso* ("The Meditative Man") are complementary poems of great beauty of form. *Lycidas*, the last of our selections from Milton, has been called "the touchstone of taste," the implication being that he who can not admire it has no taste for poetry.

THE INVOCATION AND INTRODUCTION TO "PARADISE LOST"

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal[1] taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top

---

[1] deadly

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd,[1] who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For[2] one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent: he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,

---

[1] Moses

[2] but for

If He opposed; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye, in Heaven:
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion[1] run,
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, Universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!

[1] referring to the *four* so-called "elements" of ancient philosophy — air, earth, water, and fire

MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbéd, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

LYCIDAS[1]

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

---

[1] Elegy on a friend, Edward King, drowned in the Irish Channel

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well [1]
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse!
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night;
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas [2] loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,

---

[1] the Muses

[2] Virgil's personification of a herdsman

And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays: —
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the whitethorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona [1] high,
Nor yet where Deva [2] spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me! I fondly dream —
Had ye been there — for what could that have done?
What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate [3] the thankless muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis [4] in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's [4] hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;

---

[1] Anglesea [2] the river Dee [3] devote one's self to
[4] names used by Horace and Virgil to personify a sweetheart

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury [1] with the abhorréd shears
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil [2]
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse,[3] and thou honored flood
Smooth-sliding Mincius,[3] crowned with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat [4] proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
"What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?"
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades [5] their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopé [6] with all her sisters played.
"It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine." [7]

---

[1] Atropos, fabled to cut the thread of life
[2] mirror
[3] Sicilian and Italian rivers, here referred to as synonymous with the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil
[4] pipe, *i. e.* song
[5] Æolus, god of the winds
[6] a sea-nymph
[7] See page 7

Next Camus,[1] reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,[2]
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower[3] inscribed with woe:
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge!"
Last came, and last did go
The pilot of the Galilean lake;[4]
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain):
He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? what need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel[5] pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
— But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alphéus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast

---

[1] the river Cam, personification of Cambridge University
[2] covered with weed
[3] the iris
[4] Saint Peter
[5] thin, poor

Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart-star [1] sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe [2] primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the laureat [3] hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away — where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus [4] old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold —
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

---

[1] the dog-star [2] early [3] laureled [4] a Cornish giant

And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves; [1]
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive [2] nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric [3] lay:
And now the sun had stretched out [4] all the hills,
And now was dropped into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue: —
To-morrow, to fresh woods and pastures new!

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. — *From the "Areopagitica."*

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[1] Note the special aptness of this fine allusion.
[2] inexpressible
[3] pastoral
[4] Meaning?

DRYDEN

1631–1701

THE father of John Dryden was a Puritan of Northamptonshire and a man of considerable means and good family. The poet was born in the year 1631. Of his earlier years we know little beyond the facts that he was a pupil at Westminster School and that he took his degree at Cambridge. His first appearance as a candidate for poetical honors was in the year 1658, when, upon the death of Cromwell, he published his verses laudatory of the

Puritan leader. Upon the Restoration of Charles II. the poet was sufficiently impartial in the distribution of his favors to put forth a congratulatory ode upon that "happy event." Throughout the decade following, Dryden maintained himself chiefly by writing for the dramatic stage, producing during this time more than a score of plays. In 1668 he was made poet-laureate, which place he held till the Revolution of 1688, when the honor was transferred to Shadwell. In the reign of James, Dryden had embraced the Catholic faith, and could therefore hardly complain when the laureateship was withdrawn from him. This change, however, gave him the opportunity to display his mastery of satire, as well as to gratify his resentment, in the poem "Mac Flecknoe," in which he mercilessly ridicules his

successor's poetic pretensions. While he was laureate the income of that post sufficed to render Dryden's circumstances somewhat easy; but he appears throughout his life to have been more or less needy, often using his pen for gain rather than for fame, — as, indeed, he frankly avowed was the fact in all his writing for the stage. He died, of a complication of disorders, on the 1st of May, 1701.

His dramatic works, though forming a considerable part of Dryden's literary remains, have contributed scarcely anything to his fame as a poet. This rests chiefly upon his translations from the Latin poets, notably the "Æneid" of Virgil, upon his satires, odes, and shorter poems, and upon his contributions to literary criticism. He was the first of English writers to lay down a system of general rules by which the merits of a composition might be determined, as well as the first to define the limits within which the license of poetical translation should properly confine itself. He seems also to have been the first to combine poetry with philosophy, — a method still further developed in the writings of Pope. Most of Dryden's satires were prompted by political enmities or rivalries. His best-known production in this field is entitled "Absalom and Achitophel," in which the principal victims of his invective were the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Shaftesbury. The most important of his prose writings is his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry." His so-called "Fables," which were merely tales in verse, and his second ode for St. Cecilia's day, both written shortly before his death, so far from showing any decay of the poet's powers, are justly regarded as superior to much of his earlier work.

The bent of Dryden's mind was argumentative and controversial. He was not a poet of the emotions, nor did Nature in any of her aspects appeal to him as an interpreter. The whole body of his verse contains little to indicate sensibility to things simple and natural, and nothing that is pathetic. It has accordingly been a favorite criticism upon his translations that they lose in the rendering much of the tender charm of the originals.

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY[1]

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,

---

[1] This poem was written in 1687 for the occasion of the annual celebration of St. Cecilia's day by a London musical society. Ten years later, and for the same object, Dryden wrote his longer ode, entitled, "Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music." Saint Cecilia is the patron saint of music, and to her has been ascribed the invention of the organ.

And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason[1] closing full in man.

What passion can not music raise and quell!
When Jubal[2] struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion can not music raise and quell!

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers

---

[1] the entire compass of tones
[2] See Genesis iv. 21.

The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend[1] the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place
Sequacious[2] of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An angel heard, and straight appeared —
Mistaking earth for heaven!

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

---

[1] amend, assist
[2] following, attendant upon

MAC FLECKNOE[1]

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cried, "'T is resolved; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule that most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day. . . .
Heywood and Shirley[2] were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;

[1] Mac Flecknoe, *i. e.* son of Flecknoe. This piece well illustrates Dryden's powers as a satirist. He lampoons Thomas Shadwell by the pretense that the mantle of Flecknoe, a mere scribbler, has fallen to him by rightful inheritance. This satire, said to have suggested to Pope the idea which was developed in his "Dunciad," while sufficiently bitter, yet lacks the virulence which deformed most of Dryden's polemical writings.

[2] Heywood and Shirley were minor dramatists of the time.

And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name." —
. . . Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade
That for anointed dulness he was made.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MS. ANNE KILLIGREW[1]

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new plucked from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Mov'st with the heavens' majestic pace;
Or, called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims,[2] the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practice here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate[3] of heaven.

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[1] Dr. Johnson said of this poem, "It is undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language ever has produced."

[2] See Webster's Dictionary for the correct plural form.

[3] literally, "one clothed in white"

If by traduction [1] came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,[2]
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was formed, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.[3]
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here on earth?
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And e'en the most malicious were in trine.[4]
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre and tuned it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden dew,

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[1] inheritance

[2] hereditary disposition

[3] Dryden here pays a lofty compliment to the subject of his verse by declaring that, if the doctrine of metempsychosis be true, the soul of Mrs. Killigrew must be identical with that of Sappho.

[4] trine, *i.e.* the aspect of planets distant 120° from one another. The poet was credulous of the pretensions of judicial astrology.

'T was that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above.

. . . . . .

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportioned shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a hardened felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plundered first, and then destroyed.[1]
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda[2] died:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come;
Alas! thou know'st not thou art wrecked at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace;
But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,

---

[1] Mrs. Killigrew died of the small-pox.
[2] Mrs. Katherine Philips, a contemporary poetess.

If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'T is she that shines in that propitious [1] light!

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground:
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake and those who sleep: . . .
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are covered with the lightest ground;
And straight, with inborn vigor, on the wing,
Like mountain larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the choir shalt go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

THREE CONTEMPORARY SONGS

I. The Retreat

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;

[1] The rising of the constellation of the Pleiades was looked upon by the ancients as an indication of safe navigation.

When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm-trees!
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way: —
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that same state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN

II. A SUPPLICATION

AWAKE, awake, my lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try;
Now all thy charms apply;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
My passion to remove;
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my lyre, and let thy master die.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

III. SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,

Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storm's and prelate's rage:
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples plants of such a price
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land. . .
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps, rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"

Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL

Izaak Walton

NOTABLE CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

Joseph Hall, 1574–1656, Bishop of Norwich; theologian; author of "Divine Meditations."

John Selden, 1584–1654, politician and antiquarian; his best thought is embodied in his "Table Talk."

Izaak Walton, 1593–1683, left several brief biographies, and "The Complete Angler."

Sir William Davenant, 1605–1668, poet, controversialist and dramatist; his best-known poem is "Gondibert."

Sir Thomas Browne, 1605–1682, physician, and theologian; author of "Essays on Vulgar Errors" and other works.

Thomas Fuller, 1608–1661, English clergyman; his more important works are "Church History," and "The Worthies of England and Wales."

Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, 1608–1674, Lord Chancellor of England; wrote "A History of the Great Rebellion."

James Harrington, 1611–1677, diplomatist and political philosopher; author of "A Project for the Establishment of a Republic," "Oceana," and other works.

Samuel Butler, 1612–1680, famous as the author of "Hudibras," a poetical burlesque upon the absurdities and fanaticisms of the republicans of that time, and particularly of the extravagances of the Presbyterians.

Jeremy Taylor, 1613–1667, eminent and eloquent Anglican theologian and bishop; his sermons were learned and powerful, and are regarded as of the highest rhetorical excellence; of his works those most read are his "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying."

Richard Baxter, 1615–1691, learned theologian, and defender of religious liberty; prolific writer; his most famous book is "The Saints' Everlasting Rest."

Abraham Cowley, 1618–1667, poet and essayist; translator of the odes of Anacreon; author of the epic poem "Davideis." See "A Supplication," page 82.

Andrew Marvell, 1620–1678, diplomatist and poet: friend of Milton; wrote "Thoughts in a Garden," and many short poems. See the "Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda," page 83.

Algernon Sidney, 1621–1683, republican controversialist; his best-known work is "Discourses on Government."

Henry Vaughan, 1621–1695, wrote many devotional poems. See "The Retreat," page 81.

John Bunyan, 1628–1688, religious enthusiast and preacher; left, among other writings, "Grace Abounding in the Chief of Sinners," autobiographical in character; "The Holy War;" and his celebrated allegory "Pilgrim's Progress."

Samuel Pepys, 1632–1713, secretary to the English Admiralty Board; famous for his "Diary," written in cipher, which affords a wonderful picture of the state of society in his day.

John Locke, 1632–1704, politician, theologian, moral philosopher, and essayist; his more important works are "A Treatise on Civil Government," "Letters on Toleration," "Essay on Education," and especially his "Essay on the Human Understanding."

William Wycherley, 1640–1715, left several comedies, among them "The Country Wife" and "The Plain Dealer."

Sir Isaac Newton, 1642–1727, mathematician and philosopher; his "Treatise on Optics" and his "Principles of Natural Philosophy" are the more important of his works.

Gilbert Burnet, 1643-1715, Bishop of Salisbury; politician and divine; his best-known work is "A History of My Own Times."

Thomas Otway, 1651–1685, tragic dramatist, and author of "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved."

Nathaniel Lee, 1657–1691, author of eleven tragedies, the best known of which are "The Rival Queens" and "The Death of Alexander."

William Congreve, 1670-1729, comic dramatist; among his more familiar plays are "The Old Bachelor," "Love for Love," "The Mourning Bride," and "The Way of the World."

IV

LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

SWIFT — BURNS

ENGLISH literature of the eighteenth century has certain broad characteristics which easily set it off, as a whole, as something very different from all that had gone before it. We have already seen that English prose gave, in the essays of Dryden, some signs of what it was to become. This writer died in 1701, and to those who succeeded him in the century then opening, it remained to develop and fix the form of our prose literary expression. Verse, to be sure, plays an important part in the literature of the eighteenth century, but it does not rule the imaginations of its writers, it is only imagination's servant. Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, each in his time, was easily predominant over his contemporaries; but the characteristic figures of the literature of the last century are not its poets, but its prose writers, — Swift, Addison, Richardson, Gibbon, Fielding, and Johnson. Swift was a witty rhymester, and Johnson could make verses, but neither of these was, or thought himself, a poet. Roughly speaking, then, the prime distinction of eighteenth-century literature was its mastery of the prose form as a vehicle of general thought. Prose had been antiquated and without any accepted standard of excellence; it was left by the writers of the last century in the finished form of present usage.

Two instrumentalities contributed chiefly to this: one of them was the introduction of periodical literature, and

the other was the appearance of the realistic novel. One of the most beneficent results of the Revolution of 1688 was that it brought about the freedom of the press. The ten years succeeding the abolition of state censorship saw the publication in London of a score of little weekly and semi-weekly papers, in themselves of little account, yet showing an awakening intellectual appetite for something that the decaying stage could not supply. Reading, it seemed, was no longer to be exclusively a privilege of the polite few.

Richard Steele

In 1702 the first English daily paper, such as it was, made its appearance. It was of meager proportions, hardly more than a leaflet, and its text was made up of gossip of court and town, a variety of small-talk, and some few scraps of news. Then came De Foe with his *Weekly Review* devoted mainly to politics, and then Steele with *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. To the latter both Steele and Addison contributed in essays dealing lightly with an endless variety of subjects, but especially with those of a social and literary nature. The most famous of Addison's contributions to *The Spectator* were his "Sir Roger de Coverley" papers, into which were woven many charming little scenes of real life. The circulation of *The Spectator* increased from three thousand to thirty thousand in the three years of the paper's existence; and as each copy of it had many readers, it would

be hard to overestimate its favorable influence upon the manners, habits, and thought of that time. Steele, at a later day, published *The Guardian*, for which both Pope and Addison wrote, and Swift edited *The Examiner*. Between these and Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*, forty years later, more than a hundred periodical papers were issued in London, most of them of little, a few of them of considerable, influence, but all of them contributory to the establishment of English prose and to the diffusion of information amongst a reading public then for the first time coming into being. Johnson founded *The Rambler* in 1750, and conducted it, almost unaided, for two years. His *Idler* consisted of a series of papers contributed by him a few years later to the columns of the London *Chronicle*. From these little beginnings have grown up the modern newspaper and the whole of periodical literature.

The only one of De Foe's romances which survives as a classic is his "Robinson Crusoe," published in 1719. The modern novel, the romance of the affections, had its rise with Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. Richardson produced "Pamela" in 1740, "Clarissa Harlowe" in 1748, and "Sir Charles Grandison" six years later. Fielding published "Joseph Andrews" in 1742, "Tom Jones" in 1749, and

"Amelia" in 1751. Smollett's novels appeared between the years 1748 and 1771. All of these works had extraordinary popularity; but with the exception of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," no novel of a high order of excellence followed them until the time of Sir Walter Scott.

A little later than this remarkable group of novelists there appeared another trio equally remarkable, but in a different department of literature, that of history, in the persons of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Hume was an essayist and a philosopher as well as an historian. Gibbon is admitted to have produced the greatest historical work of his century. Robertson, though the possessor of an excellent style, is now but little read. The influence of these historians, especially that of Gibbon, upon English style was profound.

Gray

There was in this period no school of dramatic literature, and only a few plays appeared that are of notable merit. Addison's "Cato" is never acted, and seldom read. Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and Sheridan's "Rivals" and "School for Scandal" are almost the only plays of the century that stand out above the general level of mediocrity.

Verse was abundant, poetry rare. The spirit of the age was unromantic, and whatever is merely practical takes on the prose form. The first poet of the century was Pope, the last was Burns. Between them were Cowper and Gray,

both of them meditative, and out of harmony with the time. "It is more difficult," says Palgrave, "to characterize the English poetry of the eighteenth century than that of any other. For it was not only an age of spontaneous transition, but it included such vast contemporaneous differences as lie between Pope and Collins, Burns and Cowper. Yet we may clearly trace three leading moods or tendencies, — the aspects of courtly or educated life, represented by Pope and carried to exhaustion by his followers; the poetry of nature and of man, viewed through a cultivated, and at the same time an impassioned frame of mind, by Collins and Gray; lastly, the study of vivid and simple narrative, including natural description, begun by Gay and Thomson, pursued by Burns and others in the north, and established in England by Goldsmith, Percy, Crabbe, and Cowper. Great varieties in style accompanied these diversities in aim. Poets could not always distinguish the manner suitable for subjects so far apart; and the union of the language of courtly and of common life, exhibited most conspicuously by Burns, has given a tone to the poetry of that century which is best explained by reference to its historical origin."

Speaking generally of the literature of this age, we may say that, while it fell short of the highest intellectual beauty, it yet had great vitality and success, and that it was of cultivated form and remarkable fullness and variety.

SWIFT

1667–1745

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin, in November, 1667, and died in October, 1745. At Dublin University, where he was matriculated, Swift distinguished himself by his contempt for college laws and neglect of his studies; and only by special grace did he receive his degree of B. A., in 1685. He entered the family of Sir William Temple in the capacity of secretary.

Jonath: Swift.

In the same household "Stella," immortalized in Swift's writings, was a dependant. "Stella" was a Miss Hester Johnson, whose tutor Swift afterwards became, and to whom, many years later, he was privately married. In 1694 Swift was admitted to deacon's orders, and a few years later went to Ireland as chaplain to Lord Berkeley. Here he occupied various ecclesiastical offices, and in 1713 was made Dean of St. Patrick's. He began his career in literature as a writer of political tracts, and was secretly employed by the government to write in its behalf. In 1704 he published "The Tale

of a Tub." From that time till 1725 he lived in England, and was mainly engaged in political controversy. In 1726 appeared "Gulliver's Travels," and at frequent intervals thereafter his other writings, prose and poetry.

In 1740 he evinced the first symptoms of the madness which clouded his closing years. From early manhood Swift was subject to fits of vertigo accompanied by deafness, and it was his daily custom to take prolonged walks in the hope of warding off these attacks. It is charitable to suppose that his extraordinary arrogance, his morbid vanity, and his overbearing and passionate disposition were to some extent attributable to bodily afflictions. Swift's character was compounded of contradictory traits. What was needful economy in his youth approached to avarice in his age; yet he was habitually an alms-giver, and devised extensive charitable projects: he was so negligent of study at Dublin that his degree was grudgingly yielded to him; yet so intense in later application and so finished in attainment that Oxford was glad to confer upon him a higher distinction. By nature indolent, he was scrupulous in his attention to the details of duty, however irksome; though constitutionally a satirist and scoffer, there can be no question that he was sincerely devout; and while affecting a dislike of Ireland and the Irish, he said truly of himself, as Dr. Johnson writes, that "Ireland was his debtor. Nor can the Irish be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they reverenced him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator."

As to Swift's rank as a writer, it is not easy to define it; but of his extraordinary abilities there is no room for doubt. He was, perhaps, the greatest master of satire that has ever written in English. His originality is remarkable, — probably no writer of his time borrowed so little from his predecessors, — and his versatility — for he succeeded in every department of literature that he attempted — is not less wonderful. All things considered, his "Gulliver's Travels" must be regarded as his greatest work, though several eminent critics, including Hallam, have found it inferior to "The Tale of a Tub." Perhaps these words of Lord Jeffrey best embody the general estimate of Dean Swift as a literary man: "In humor and in irony, and in the talent of debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with the world in thinking the Dean of St. Patrick's without a rival." We give an extract from "Gulliver's Travels" which illustrates his best manner as a satirist.

PHILOSOPHERS AND PROJECTORS

I WAS received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meager aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that the stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money, on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine[1] ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labor. The method is this: in an acre of ground, you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other masts[2] or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing. It is true, upon experiment they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

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[1] to pulverize by means of heat

[2] *mast* consists of beechnuts and acorns; this word has no plural

I went into another room, where the walls and ceilings were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed, further, that by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks would be wholly saved; whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully colored, wherewith he fed his spiders; assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turning of the winds.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto only seen one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them the universal artist. He told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work; some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the niter, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others, softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions; others, petrifying the hoofs of a living horse to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs: first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal

virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments which I was not skillful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences, whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labor, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies[1] was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame, and

[1] the surface; the exterior part or face of a thing

giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame, and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labor; and the professsor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences, which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books, between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgments to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine, the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honor entire without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity: for it is plain that every word we speak is in some degree a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

ADDISON

1672–1719

JOSEPH ADDISON was born in 1672, and died in 1719. His name is a synonym of rhetorical elegance; and to say that the style of a composition is "Addisonian" is to give it the highest praise for finish and classic regularity. Addison's style, however admirable it may have seemed to his con-

temporaries, cannot safely be taken as a model by a writer of the present day; it is cold and elaborate, and conveys an idea of formality which is not in harmony with the spirit of later literature. Addison's fame as a writer rests mainly on his contributions to *The Spectator*, *The Tatler*, and *The Guardian*, — periodicals which clearly illustrate the manners and morals of the time, and which contain many of the finest specimens of English literary workmanship. To these periodicals Addison was the principal contributor, and with these his name will have its most enduring association. He was a poet and a dramatist; but except perhaps his tragedy of "Cato," his efforts

in these departments of literature are not held in very high esteem by the critics of to-day. Addison led an easy and somewhat luxurious life. He held a high office under government, had an ample income, and in the literary society of that brilliant period occupied, by general acquiescence, a foremost rank. No student of English literature can afford to neglect the essays of Addison, which illustrate the very best literary achievements of English writers in delicacy of sentiment and felicity of expression.

The following estimate of Addison is from the pen of Macaulay : —

"As an observer of life, of manners, of all shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find anything more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or to Cervantes.

"But what shall we say of Addison's humor, — of his sense of the ludicrous; of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm. We give ourselves up to it. But we strive in vain to analyze it.

"The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, — a look of demure severity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison.

"But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art, nor in the purest examples of virtue; neither in the Great First Cause, nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see anything but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistopheles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison, — a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime."

INDIAN TRADITIONS OF THE WORLD OF SPIRITS

The American Indians believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that, as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrow, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus,[1] who in his dissertation upon the loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapor to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form; that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the soul of the magnet.

There is a tradition among the Indians, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of everything he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter; which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows.

The visionary,[2] whose name was Marraton, after having traveled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter

[1] A Dominican friar and bishop of the twelfth century. He was an eminent mechanician and mathematician, and is said to have been a searcher after the philosopher's stone.

[2] *i. e.* the dreamer

it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched [1] under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be.

He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavored to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it enclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colors, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those rugged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming

[1] couchant, recumbent

out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and by reason of his great virtues was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit[1]; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking[2] the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burned or broken. As he traveled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose everywhere about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several[3] of them in his own country; but he quickly found, that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to[4] his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader that this Indian had been for-

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[1] quoit

[2] taming, disciplining

[3] *having . . . several:* Meaning?

[4] *liable to,* here used in the sense of "subject to"

merly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eyes upon him before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes: her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was impassable. Who can describe the passion, made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear Yaratilda? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he rose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill[1] men after

[1] evil

death; and mentions several molten seas of gold into which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original[1] proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

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[1] Originator, Creator

POPE

1688–1744

Alexander Pope, the most eminent poet of his time, was born in 1688, and died in 1744. He inherited a considerable fortune and lived in studious retirement in his villa at Twickenham. Afflicted with a bodily deformity, concerning which he was keenly sensitive, he mingled but little in

A. Pope

the great world, but contented himself with the society which sought him in his home. He was essentially a man of letters, giving his whole time and thought to literary pursuits. Notoriously petulant, a peculiarity which his feeble health goes far toward excusing, he was continually involved in quarrels with contemporary writers; and some of his most brilliant verse was written under the inspiration of personal animosity. His most considerable work was the translation of Homer's "Iliad," which in some respects is unsurpassed by any previous or subsequent version. Of his original com-

positions "The Essay on Man" is that by which he is best known. From this work are taken the first two of our selections.

Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," makes the following comparison between Pope and his great predecessor, Dryden: "Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvarying liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration if he be compared with his master.

"Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration. When occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

"Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best. He did not court the candor, but dared the judgment, of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

"Of genius — that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates — the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion or extorted by domestic necessity. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight."

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know,
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot[1] dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never IS, but always TO BE blest;
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates[2] in a life to come.

Lo the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk[3] or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,

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[1] feasting; an obsolete meaning
[2] roves at will
[3] walk; *i. e.* track, — put for the courses of the planets

Where slaves once more their native land behold.
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To BE, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here He gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,[1]
Yet cry, if Man 's unhappy, God 's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge His justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to revert[2] the laws
Of order sins against th' Eternal Cause.

GREATNESS

HONOR and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made:
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.

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[1] gratification [2] reverse

"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.[1]
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness! say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;[2]
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius[3] let him reign, or bleed[4]
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

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[1] a kind of woolen stuff

[2] The allusion is to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden.

[3] Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the Roman emperor

[4] *bleed*, perish, die

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY[1]

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'T is she! — but why that bleeding bosom gored,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart?
To act a lover's, or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion[2] in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye Powers, her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 't is true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchers;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.

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[1] This Elegy, published in 1717, is one of Pope's most consummate efforts, and in pathetic power surpasses any other poem of his. Much conjecture and investigation as to the identity of the "Unfortunate Lady" have resulted in the general conclusion among critics that the situation upon which the poem is based is fictitious. Yet certitude is lacking; and considering the gravity of the theme, and the fine ardor and delicate pathos of the piece, it is difficult to believe that art so perfect would disguise itself in needless artifice.

[2] future reward

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew her soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
"Lo these were they whose souls the Furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe."

What can atone, O ever-injured shade,
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful, rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou be loved no more.

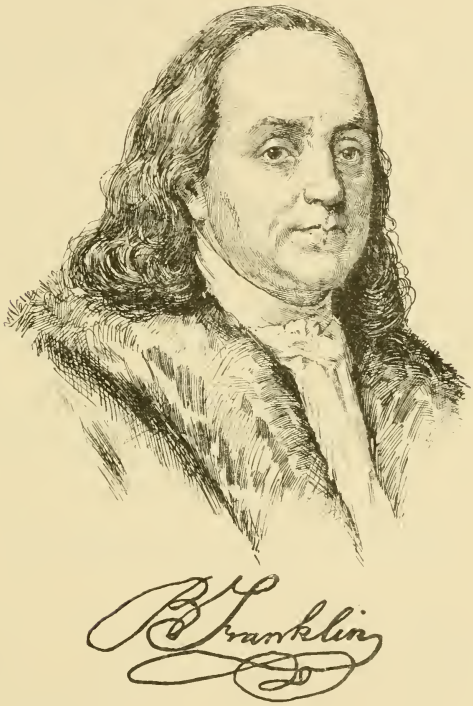
ON THE POET GAY, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity, a child: . . .
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end —
These are thy honors! not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms, "*Here* lies Gay."

FRANKLIN

1706-1790

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, Mass., in the year 1706, the youngest son and the youngest child but two in a family of seventeen children. His father, who was a tallow-chandler by trade, at first designed his youngest son for the ministry of religion; and accordingly sent the lad for a



year to the grammar-school of his native place, and afterwards for some time to a private instructor; but finding that his straitened means would not enable him to carry out his first intention, he set the boy at work as an assistant in his own business. This employment was one that young Franklin found very irksome. He himself tells how he can not remember a time when he was unable to read, and how from his earliest years he was always "of a bookish inclination." Partly to gratify this inclination, and partly to make

the most convenient disposition for his son, Franklin's father bound him apprentice, at the age of eleven, to an elder brother, James by name, who was a printer. For the five or six years following, Benjamin worked at his trade in his brother's office, devoting his leisure to reading, and especially to endeavors to perfect himself in the art of putting his thoughts on paper, of which he says he was "extremely ambitious." To his reading, at this time, of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good," he modestly attributes his lifelong inclination to works of utility and beneficence.

During the years of his apprenticeship his brother James treated him with rigor, and even with cruelty. Of this, in old age, Franklin said: "I fancy his harsh and tyrannical treatment of me might have been a means of impressing me with that aversion to arbitrary power that has stuck to me through my whole life." At last the boy ran away, taking ship to New York, and thence to Philadelphia, where he heard there might be employment for him at his trade. This was in October, 1723.

Being by nature prudent and by training thrifty, Franklin found himself at the age of thirty well established in business in the city of his adoption, and he now began to take an active interest in public affairs. His counsels were so sagacious and his services so useful that step by step he rose in popular esteem, holding in succession many offices of influence and trust, until in 1757 he was sent to London as the agent of the Pennsylvania Plantations. Here his labors in behalf of the people of Pennsylvania were so shrewdly directed and so influential that one after another all the American colonies put him in charge of their interests. Unable, however, to avert the conflict which he foresaw and foretold, Franklin returned home on the eve of the Revolutionary War. But his stay in America was short, for he undertook a mission to Paris, as the agent of the revolted colonies, to secure the alliance and support of France. This accomplished, he took up his residence in that country as American ambassador, remaining till he had negotiated the treaty in which the independence of the United States was acknowledged. Franklin died in Philadelphia in April, 1790.

His works are voluminous, consisting of letters on philosophical subjects, on which a large part of his fame rests, essays and tracts, moral, historical, political, and commercial, and his Autobiography, from which our selection is taken. Lord Jeffrey thus characterizes Franklin: —

"In one point of view, the name of Franklin must be considered as standing higher than any of the others which illustrated the eighteenth century. Distinguished as a statesman, he was equally great as a philosopher, thus uniting in himself a rare degree of excellence in both those pursuits, to excel in either of which is deemed the highest praise. Nor was his pre-eminence in the one pursuit of that doubtful kind which derives its value from such an uncommon conjunction. His efforts in each were sufficient to have made him greatly famous had he done nothing in the other. Much as has been given to the world of this great man's works, each successive publication increases our esteem for his virtues, and our admiration of

his understanding. The distinguishing feature of his understanding was great soundness and sagacity, combined with extraordinary quickness of penetration. He possessed also a strong and lively imagination, which gave his speculations, as well as his conduct, a singularly original turn. The peculiar charm of his writings, and his great merit, also, in action, consisted in the clearness with which he saw his object, and the bold and steady pursuit of it by the surest and the shortest road. He never suffered himself in conduct to be turned aside by the seductions of interest or vanity, or to be scared by hesitation and fear, or to be misled by the arts of his adversaries. Neither did he, in discussion, ever go out of his way in search of ornament, or stop short from dread of the consequences. He never could be caught, in short, acting absurdly or writing nonsensically. At all times, and in everything he undertook, the vigor of an understanding at once original and practical was distinctly perceivable.

"His style has all the vigor and even conciseness of Swift, without any of his harshness. It is in no degree more flowery, yet both elegant and lively. The wit, or rather humor, which prevails in his works, varies with the subject. Sometimes he is bitter and sarcastic; oftener gay, and even droll, reminding us in this respect far more frequently of Addison than of Swift, as might be naturally expected from his admirable temper or the happy turn of his imagination. When he rises into vehemence or severity, it is only when his country or the rights of men are attacked, or when the sacred ties of humanity are violated by unfeeling or insane rulers. There is nothing more delightful than the constancy with which those amiable feelings, those sound principles, those truly profound views of human affairs make their appearance at every opportunity, whether the immediate subject be speculative or practical, of a political or of a more general description."

REMEMBRANCES OF MY BOYHOOD[1]

I

Dear Son,[2] — I have ever had pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. Imagining it may be equally agreeable to you to know the circumstances of my life, I sit down to write them for you. To which I have besides some other inducements. Having emerged from the poverty and obscurity in which I was born and bred to a state of affluence and some

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[1] from Franklin's *Autobiography*, begun in 1771

[2] William Franklin, then Governor of New Jersey

degree of reputation in the world, and having gone so far through life with a considerable share of felicity, the conducing means I made use of (which with the blessing of God so well succeeded), my posterity may like to know, as they may find some of them suitable to their own situations, and therefore fit to be imitated. . . .

Hereby, too, I shall indulge the inclination, so natural in old men, to be talking of themselves and their own past actions; and I shall indulge it without being tiresome to others who through respect to age might conceive themselves obliged to give me a hearing; since this may be read or not as any one pleases. And lastly (I may as well confess it, since my denial of it will be believed by nobody), perhaps I shall a good deal gratify my own vanity. Indeed, I scarce ever heard or saw the introductory words, "*Without vanity, I may say*," etc., but some vain thing immediately followed. Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others that are within his sphere of action; and therefore in many cases it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life. . . .

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar-school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe [1] of his sons, to the service of the church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it, and proposed to give me all his short-hand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with, if I would learn his character.[2] I continued, however, at the grammar-school not quite one year, though in

[1] *tithe*, literally "tenth," — a humorous reference to his father's ten sons

[2] *i. e.*, his system of short-hand. Franklin elsewhere says, "He had formed a short-hand of his own, which he taught me."

that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and, further, was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father, in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which, having so large a family, he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain, — reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing, — altered his first intention, took me from the grammar-school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler [1] and soap-boiler, — a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England,[2] and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping-mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea; but my father declared against it. However, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learned early to swim well and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty. And upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting [3] public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high-water, we used to stand to fish for

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[1] Compare the etymology of *candle* and *kindle*.

[2] "Josiah, my father, married young, and carried his wife, with three children, into New England about 1682." Their former home had been at Eton, in Northamptonshire, England.

[3] *projecting* = full of projects

minnows. By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently, like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered, and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest. . . .

I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, — that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. He therefore sometimes took me to walk with him and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools; and it has been useful to me, having learned so much by it as to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments while the intention of making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind. . . .

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the "Pilgrim's Progress," my first collection was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold

them to enable me to buy R. Burton's "Historical Collections;" they were small chapmen's[1] books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper[2] books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. "Plutarch's Lives" there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an "Essay on Projects," and another of Dr. Mather's, called "Essays to do Good," which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice[3] till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

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[1] *chapmen*, peddlers; that is, *cheap* editions of books for popular sale by hawkers and peddlers

[2] suitable

[3] From Lat. *apprehendere*, "to take hold of" (with the mind), to learn; compare *apprehended*, two sentences above.

And after some time an ingenious[1] tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of *Teach* (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street[2] ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, — most probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

II

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting[3] one another, — which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company, by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgust, and perhaps enmities

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[1] This word was once much used in cases where we write *ingenuous*.

[2] This was a London street of two hundred years ago, the home of literary hacks; hence, the name was one of contempt.

[3] Define *dispute, argue, confute*.

where you may have occasion for friendship. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinborough. . . .

About this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator."[1] It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce[2] them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me

[1] See page 89

[2] *reduce*, here used literally = bring back

to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work, or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it. . . .

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there was[1] two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a dispute in the Socratic method; and, soon after, I procured Xenophon's "Memorable Things of Socrates," wherein are many instances of the same method. I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practiced it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion, but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or, *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or, *I imagine it to be so;* or, *it is so, if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and as the chief ends of conversation are *to inform* or

[1] This was permissible usage in Franklin's day.

to be informed, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given us, — to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fixed in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in possession of your error. And by such a manner, you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in pleasing your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. . . .

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant.* The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter.*[1] I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but being still a boy, and

[1] This was written from recollection, after the lapse of half a century. The *Boston Gazette* and the (Philadelphia) *American Weekly Mercury* were both commenced in 1719. The *New England Courant* was therefore the fourth newspaper that appeared in America.

suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character[1] among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

Encouraged, however, by this, I wrote and conveyed in the same way to the press several more papers, which were equally approved; and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense[2] for such performances was pretty well exhausted, and then I discovered[3] it, when I began to be considered[4] a little more by my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And perhaps this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice; and, accordingly, expected the same service from me as he would from another, while I thought he demeaned me too much in some he required of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and, thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some oppor-

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[1] reputation

[2] *sense*, ability, capacity

[3] This verb was generally used in Franklin's time in the sense of *to show, to make known*.

[4] *to be considered*, to be regarded with consideration, to be respected

tunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censured, and imprisoned for a month, by the Speaker's warrant, — I suppose, because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examined before the council; but though I did not give them any satisfaction, they contented themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libeling and satire. My brother's discharge was accompanied with an order of the House (a very odd one), "*that James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the New England Courant.*"

There was a consultation held in our printing-house among his friends what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade[1] the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and to avoid[1] the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be returned to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion;[2] but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was imme-

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[1] *evade . . . avoid;* discriminate these verbs.

[2] Compare *case* in the first sentence of this paragraph. What is the etymology?

diately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name, for several months.

At length a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata[1] of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natured man: perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refused to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather[2] inclined to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party. I determined on the point, but my father now residing with my brother, I was sensible that if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, — near three hundred miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, without the least recommendation to or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

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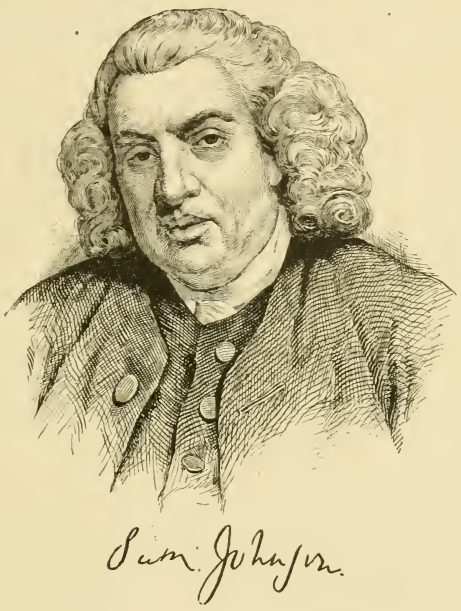
[1] Account for Franklin's use of this technical term.

[2] *rather*, more willingly. Etymology? and see the adjective *rathe*, Milton, page 71

SAMUEL JOHNSON

1709–1784

Samuel Johnson, a distinguished figure in the English literature of his time, was born in 1709 and died in 1784. He compiled a well-known "Dictionary of the English Language," and wrote verse, essays, and biographies, including his celebrated "Lives of the Poets." He was the contemporary of Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, and many famous literary men



and women, among whom he enjoyed a sort of pre-eminence, yielded to his arrogance as well as to his merits. His prose writings are marked by formality of style and vigor of thought. Like Addison, he has furnished an adjective descriptive of literary style; and to be "Johnsonian" is to be ponderous and grandiose. This estimate of Dr. Johnson's style, however, is founded upon his words rather than upon the structure of his sentences, which is never involved, but always simple and modern. In his choice of terms he inclined to the Latin element in our language. "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," an allegorical story from which two of our extracts are taken,

is the most familiar of his compositions to the general reader. Dr. Johnson was acute and argumentative, but conservative in his views, dogmatic and positive in his assertions. His biography, written by his friend Boswell, gives a full and vivid portrait of him as a man and a writer.

The summing up of Boswell may well be reproduced in this place: —

"It may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man. . . . He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvelous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not tamely suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period narrowed his mind somewhat too much both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavorable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices, which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality, both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay, stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease which made him often restless and fretful, and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking; we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time, especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance or presuming petulance. . . .

"He loved praise, when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge, which was so arranged in his mind as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind, — a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner; so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was in him true, evident, and actual wisdom. . . .

"In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an extraordinary advantage in arguing; for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual

strength and dexterity, he could when he pleased be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and from a spirit of contradiction and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness. But he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it; and in all his numerous works he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

"Such was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age and by posterity with admiration and reverence."

A PALACE IN A VALLEY

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor in whose dominions the Father of Waters[1] begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether

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[1] the Nile

it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could without the help of engines open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom Nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another, all beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking among the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their

lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares, or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and a secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

THE DISCONTENT OF RASSELAS

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skillful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses

can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.

To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the *happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slave of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, — all but Rasselas, who in the twenty-sixth year of his age began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavored to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness,[1] repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes.

This singularity of his humor made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his

[1] official kindness

disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry and crops the grass, he is thirsty and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied and sleeps: he rises again and is hungry; he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him; but when thirst and hunger cease I am not at rest: I am, like him, pained with want; but am not, like him, satisfied with fullness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist[1] and singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper[2] pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification, or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked toward the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

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[1] lutist [2] appropriate, suitable

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

We were now treading that illustrious island[1] which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon,[2] or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona. — *Journey to the Hebrides.*

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[1] Iona, one of the western islands of Scotland, interesting for the ruins of its ancient religious edifices, established by Saint Columba 565 A. D.

[2] The scene of a famous battle between the Greeks and Persians 490 B. C.

GOLDSMITH

1729-1774

In the long and brilliant list of writers who have made enduring contributions to English literature there is no dearer name than that of Oliver Goldsmith, for he seems the personal friend of all who read his writings. He was born in Ireland in 1729, and died in 1774, spending most of his life in London, where he enjoyed the friendship of Johnson and other eminent authors. His early career was full of vicissitudes; he sauntered through the

Oliver Goldsmith

first years of manhood with empty pockets and smiling lips, studying medicine by fits and starts, wandering through Europe, winning his bread by the exercise of his musical talents, and at last settling down in London to the miserable lot of a literary hack. But he made friends wherever he went; that he won and retained the warm regard of Samuel Johnson is abundant proof of the strength of his fascinations. He wrote his most famous works almost literally under the pressure of hunger; the manuscript of one of them was sold to satisfy an execution while the officers of the law waited in the author's lodgings. Goldsmith's nature had no bitter-

ness or guile in it: he loved his fellows, and was in turn beloved. The qualities of his heart, as well as those of his intellect, are manifest in his writings, and give them the sweetness that the highest intellectual power or culture could not impart. "Who," says Thackeray, "of the millions whom Goldsmith has amused, does not love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out-of-doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect, and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem full of the recollections and feelings of home — he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast.

"His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change, as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. With that sweet story of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music."

His "Vicar of Wakefield" is the first genuine novel of domestic life that appeared in English literature, and so long as poetry survives, "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village" will be read and admired. His versatility was astonishing, he was a poet, a novelist, an essayist, and an historian, and won fame in each department of effort In the words of Johnson's epitaph on his monument in Westminster Abbey, "he touched nothing that he did not adorn."[1]

THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects,

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[1] *Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*

but upon each other. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft, pliant skin which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of the lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or defense, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems to be what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the lower extremity of the body, it spins into a thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract its sphincter.[1] In order to fix its threads, when it begins to weave it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and

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[1] a muscle that closes the mouth of an orifice

therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the thread sometimes six-fold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal; what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of insect called the house-spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room making its web, and though the maid frequently leveled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceful possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a

net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those, it seems, were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighboring fortification, with great vigor, and at first was vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get

loose; the manner, then, is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all his strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin and got a new set of legs. At first it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defense or an attack.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm, —
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights[1] of art and feats of strength went round;

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[1] dexterous tricks

And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove, —
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms — But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose:
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more. . . .

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose. . . .
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;

No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;[1]
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

HOME

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,[2]
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessing even.

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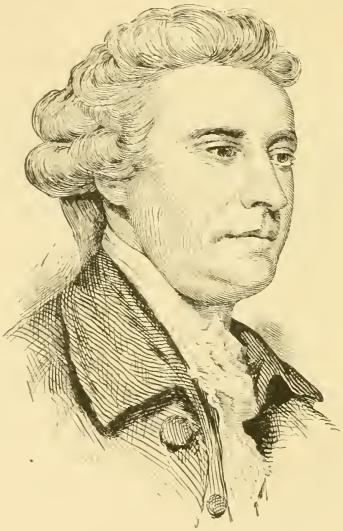
[1] "*befriending* virtue's *friend;*" the repetition strengthens the idea of recompense.

[2] the equator

BURKE

1730–1797

EDMUND BURKE was born in Dublin in 1730, and died in 1797. Unlike his great contemporary, Pitt, he was not a youthful prodigy, but a warm-hearted boy of apparently average intellectual capacity. Having graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, he went to London and entered upon the study of law. But the profession did not suit him, and he soon abandoned



it to devote himself to literary labors. His first considerable work was an essay entitled "A Vindication of Natural Society." It was a parody on the works of Lord Bolingbroke, who had maintained that natural religion is sufficient for man, and that he does not need a revelation. His second book was one which gave him permanent and honorable fame, — "An Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful." In 1759 Burke returned to Ireland as private secretary to William Gerard Hamilton (known

in history as "Single-Speech Hamilton"), Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. He held his place but a short time, leaving it to become Secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham. Soon obtaining a seat in Parliament, he began the brilliant political career the outlines of which are familiar to all. He was especially prominent in the debates upon the relations of the British government to the American colonies, and displayed a more thorough knowledge of the subject than any of his colleagues. In 1783 a political scheme, of which he was the organizer, having failed, he retired to private life. Burke was not a popular man; he alienated his closest friends by the singularity and obstinacy of his opinions; but remembering that Goldsmith loved him, and that he had befriended George Crabbe in the hour of the latter's extremity, we may believe that his infirmities were rather those of temperament than of character.

As a writer Burke stands in the very front rank Hazlitt says: "Burke was so far from being a gaudy or flowery writer that he was one of the severest writers. His words are the most like things; his style is the most strictly suited to the subject. He unites every extreme and every variety of composition; the lowest and the meanest words and descriptions with the highest. He exults in the display of power, in showing the extent, the force and intensity of his ideas; he is led on by the mere impulse and vehemence of his fancy, not by the affectation of dazzling his readers by gaudy conceits or pompous images. He was completely carried away by his subject.

"He had no other object but to produce the strongest impression on his reader, by giving the truest, the most characteristic, the fullest, and most forcible description of things, trusting to the power of his own mind to mold them into grace and beauty. He did not produce a splendid effect by setting fire to the light vapors that float in the regions of fancy, as the chemists make fine colors with phosphorus, but by the eagerness of his blows struck fire from the flint, and melted the hardest substances in the furnace of his imagination. He most frequently produced an effect by the remoteness and novelty of his combinations, by the force of contrast, by the striking manner in which the most opposite and unpromising materials were harmoniously blended together; not by laying his hands on all the fine things he could think of, but by bringing together those things which he knew would blaze out into glorious light by their collision. The florid style is a mixture of affectation and commonplace. Burke's was a union of untamable vigor and originality.

"Burke has been compared to Cicero,—I do not know for what reason. Their excellences are as different, and indeed as opposite, as they can well be. Burke had not the polished elegance, the glossy neatness, the artful regularity, the exquisite modulation, of Cicero; he had a thousand times more richness and originality of mind, more strength and pomp of diction."

We give selections from one of his parliamentary addresses, and from his famous essay, "Reflections on the French Revolution."

ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA[1]

My hold of the Colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the Colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; — they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation: the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the Colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets[2] and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that

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[1] The famous speech from which this extract is taken was delivered in the House of Commons, March 22, 1775.

[2] custom-house certificates

your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion [1] that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land-tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply, which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill, which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate [2] our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum corda!* [3] We ought to elevate our minds to the great-

[1] fellowship, community of interest and blood

[2] begin favorably

[3] Lat. *Lift up your hearts!*

ness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

THE DECAY OF CHIVALROUS SENTIMENT[1]

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. O, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone.

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[1] This is justly esteemed one of the finest rhetorical passages in our language. The work in which it occurs appeared in 1790. In the preceding autumn (October, 1789) Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, together with her husband, Louis XVI., had been carried in mock triumph from Versailles to Paris by a revolutionary mob. Here the unfortunate lady was held captive till 1793, when she was executed. The passages in which occur the phrases "the age of chivalry" and "the cheap defense of nations" are justly famous.

That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear would be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws, to be subdued by manners.

But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is

to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion. . . .

On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of *their* Academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows! Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic[1] philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons, so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives, always as aids, to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of poems is equally true as to states: *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.*[2] There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.[3]

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[1] mechanical, *i. e.* soulless

[2] The line is Horace's: "It is not enough that poems should be fine, — they must be pleasing."

[3] Concerning the queen whose tragic fate called forth the foregoing tribute from Burke, Jefferson, then American ambassador at Paris, wrote, September 19, 1789, to John Jay, as follows: "It may be asked, what is the Queen disposed to do in the present situation of things? Whatever rage, pride, and fear can dictate in a breast which never knew the presence of one moral restraint." The difficulties which confront the historian are strikingly illustrated by these conflicting testimonies from contemporary writers of the highest character.

COWPER

1731–1800

WILLIAM COWPER was born in 1731, and died in 1800. His disposition was timid and retiring, and his religious convictions were so morbid as several times in his life to have dethroned his reason. His thoughts dwelt on somber themes, and his poems, with a few exceptions, are didactic to an unpleasant degree. It is not easy to understand how the same mind could have given

birth to the melancholy imaginings which constitute the staple of his verse, and the warm, free humor of "John Gilpin's Ride." Unsocial though he was, Cowper was able to win and retain the hearty attachment of a few friends, in whose tender care he passed the closing years of his life. Though not one of the greatest English poets, Cowper holds and will hold an honorable place. His sentiments were always elevated, and his expression graceful, if

not exceptionally brilliant or vigorous. Like Burns and Goldsmith, he inclined to simple narrative, including natural description, and like them, too, his voice was often raised in sympathy with the suffering and oppressed. His style is always unaffected and sincere.

Campbell says of him: "It is due to Cowper to fix our regard on the unaffectedness and authenticity of his works, considered as representations of himself, because he forms a striking instance of genius, writing the history of its own secluded feelings, reflections, and enjoyments, in a shape so interesting as to engage the imagination like a work of fiction. He has invented no character in fable, nor in the drama, but he has left a record of his own character, which forms not only an object of deep sympathy, but a subject for the study of human nature. His verse, it is true, considered as such a record, abounds with opposite traits of severity and gentleness, of playfulness and superstition, of solemnity and mirth, which appear almost anomalous; and there is, undoubtedly, sometimes an air of moody versatility in the extreme contrasts of his feelings.

"But looking to his poetry as an entire structure, it has a massive air of sincerity. It is founded in steadfast principles of belief; and, if we may prolong the architectural metaphor, though its arches may be sometimes gloomy, its tracery sportive, and its lights and shadows grotesquely crossed, yet, altogether, it still forms a vast, various, and interesting monument of the builder's mind."

Cowper published no verse till he was past the middle age. The most famous, as it is the longest, of his works, is "The Task."

ALEXANDER SELKIRK[1]

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

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[1] Alexander Selkirk was a Scottish sailor who, having on one of his voyages quarreled with his captain, was left, in 1704, on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, where, before his rescue, he remained for more than four years. Selkirk's adventures, it is said, suggested to Defoe the romance of "Robinson Crusoe."

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech —
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with men,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard, —
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest;
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There 's mercy in every place;
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

APOSTROPHE TO ENGLAND

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle-bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake

Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies, too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children; praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell, those honors! and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory, — one in arms,
And one in council; Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame.
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act
That his example had a magnet's force;
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. O! rise some other such,
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

ON MERCY

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged, perhaps, with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, — the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, — may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offense, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field.
There they are privileged; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all — the meanest things that are —
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

. . . There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright —
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

Lines to Mary Unwin.

GIBBON

1737–1794

EDWARD GIBBON, the historian, was born in Surrey, England, in 1737, and died in 1794. He entered Magdalen College, Oxford, but remained only a short time. At an early age he became deeply interested in religion, and devoted himself to study, relieving the tedium of his labors by assiduous courtship of Mademoiselle Curchod, whose acquaintance he made in

Switzerland. The lady loved him, but his own inclination changed, and she finally married M. Necker, and became the mother of Madame de Staël. In 1759 he returned to England and was admitted into the most cultivated society. Two years later he published in French an Essay on the "Study of Literature," which attracted but little attention in England. In 1763 he went to France, and became the intimate friend of Helvétius, D'Alembert, Diderot,

and other eminent men. The next year he visited Rome, and there conceived the project of writing the history of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

In 1776 the first volume of this great work was published, and at once made him famous. His attacks on Christianity called out many severe rebukes, which enhanced the popular interest in his book. The concluding volumes of the History appeared in 1787. The author's last literary work was his Autobiography, which has been pronounced the finest specimen of that kind of composition in the English language. The graces of Gibbon's style have always been the subject of admiration. In his History he is stately and magnificent; in his Autobiography he is easy, spirited, and charming. The style of his History has been censured by some critics for its excessive elaboration and its opulence of French phrases, Porson going so far as to say that "there could not be a better exercise for a school-boy than to turn a page of it into English;" but the general verdict of literary authorities of his own and later times awards him the highest rank among English historians as a master of our language.

ARABIA

I

In the dreary waste of Arabia, a boundless level of sand is intersected by sharp and naked mountains; and the face of the desert, without shade or shelter, is scorched by the direct and intense rays of a tropical sun. Instead of refreshing breezes, the winds, particularly from the southwest, diffuse a noxious and even deadly vapor; the hillocks of sand which they alternately raise and scatter are compared to the billows of the ocean, and whole caravans, whole armies, have been lost and buried in the whirlwind. The common benefits of water are an object of desire and contest; and such is the scarcity of wood, that some art is requisite to preserve and propagate the element of fire. Arabia is destitute of navigable rivers, which fertilize the soil, and convey its produce to the adjacent regions; the torrents that fall from the hills are imbibed by the thirsty earth; the rare and hardy plants, the tamarind or the acacia, that strike

their roots into the clefts of the rocks, are nourished by the dews of the night: a scanty supply of rain is collected in cisterns and aqueducts: the wells and springs are the secret treasure of the desert; and the pilgrim of Mecca,[1] after many a dry and sultry march, is disgusted by the taste of the waters, which have rolled over a bed of sulphur or salt.

Such is the general and genuine picture of the climate of Arabia. The experience of evil enhances the value of any local or partial enjoyments. A shady grove, a green pasture, a stream of fresh water, are sufficient to attract a colony of sedentary Arabs to the fortunate spots which can afford food and refreshment to themselves and their cattle, and which encourage their industry in the cultivation of the palm-tree and the vine. The high lands that border on the Indian Ocean are distinguished by their superior plenty of wood and water: the air is more temperate, the fruits are more delicious, the animals and the human race more numerous: the fertility of the soil invites and rewards the toil of the husbandman; and peculiar gifts[3] of frankincense and coffee have attracted in different ages the merchants of the world.

Arabia, in the opinion of the naturalist, is the genuine and original country of the horse; the climate most propitious, not indeed to the size, but to the spirit and swiftness, of that generous animal. The merit of the Barb, the Spanish, and the English breed, is derived from a mixture of Arabian blood; the Bedoweens preserve, with superstitious care, the honors and the memory of the purest race: the males are sold at a high price, but the females are seldom alienated: and the birth of a noble foal was esteemed, among the tribes, as a subject of joy and mutual congratulation. These horses are educated in tents,

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[1] Mecca. A city in Arabia and the birthplace of Mahomet, a celebrated religious teacher and pretended prophet, born about 750 A. D. He was the founder of one of the most widely diffused religions. (See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," chap. i., and Irving's "Mahomet and his Successors.")

[2] flocks

[3] *i. e.* gifts of nature

among the children of the Arabs, with a tender familiarity which trains them in the habits of gentleness and attachment. They are accustomed only to walk and to gallop: their sensations are not blunted by the incessant abuse of the spur and the whip: their powers are reserved for the moments of flight and pursuit: but no sooner do they feel the touch of the hand or the stirrup, than they dart away with the swiftness of the wind: and if their friend be dismounted in the rapid career, they instantly stop till he has recovered his seat.

In the sands of Africa and Arabia the camel is a sacred and precious gift. That strong and patient beast of burden can perform, without eating or drinking, a journey of several days; and a reservoir of fresh water is preserved in a large bag, a fifth stomach of the animal, whose body is imprinted with the marks of servitude: the larger breed is capable of transporting a weight of a thousand pounds; and the dromedary, of a lighter and more active frame, outstrips the fleetest courser in the race. Alive or dead, almost every part of the camel is serviceable to man: her milk is plentiful and nutritious: the young and tender flesh has the taste of veal; and the long hair, which falls each year and is renewed, is coarsely manufactured into the garments, the furniture,[1] and the tents of the Bedoweens.

The perpetual independence of the Arabs has been the theme of praise among strangers and natives; and the arts of controversy transform this singular event into a prophecy and a miracle, in favor of the posterity of Ishmael.[2] Some exceptions, that can neither be dissembled nor eluded, render this mode of reasoning as indiscreet as it is superfluous. Yet these exceptions are temporary or local; the body of the nation has escaped the yoke of the most powerful monarchies; the armies of Sesostris[3] and Cyrus,[4]

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[1] furnishings

[2] Ishmael was the son of Abraham and Hagar, and the supposed ancestor of the Arabians

[3] Sesostris, an Egyptian king and warrior

[4] Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire, — one of the great warriors mentioned in the Bible

of Pompey[1] and Trajan,[2] could never achieve the conquest of Arabia; the present sovereign of the Turks may exercise a shadow of jurisdiction, but his pride is reduced to solicit the friendship of a people whom it is dangerous to provoke, and fruitless to attack. The obvious causes of their freedom are inscribed on the character and country of the Arabs. Many ages before Mahomet, their intrepid valor had been severely felt by their neighbors, in offensive and defensive war. The patient and active virtues of a soldier are insensibly nursed in the habits and discipline of a pastoral life. The care of the sheep and camels is abandoned to the women of the tribe; but the martial youth, under the banner of the emir, is ever on horseback, and in the field, to practice the exercise of the bow, the javelin, and the scymetar.

The long memory of their independence is the firmest pledge of its perpetuity, and succeeding generations are animated to prove their descent, and to maintain their inheritance. In the more simple state of the Arabs, the nation is free, because each of her sons disdains a base submission to the will of a master. His breast is fortified with the austere virtues of courage, patience, and sobriety; the love of independence prompts him to exercise the habits of self-command; and the fear of dishonor guards him from the meaner apprehension of pain, of danger, and of death. The gravity and firmness of the mind is conspicuous in his outward demeanor: his speech is slow, weighty, and concise; he is seldom provoked to laughter; his only gesture is that of stroking his beard, the venerable symbol of manhood; and the sense of his own importance teaches him to accost his equals without levity, and his superiors without awe.

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[1] Pompey, a Roman general, born 106 B. C.

[2] Trajan, a Roman emperor, born 53 A. D.

II

The separation of the Arabs from the rest of mankind has accustomed them to confound the ideas of stranger and enemy; and the poverty of the land has introduced a maxim of jurisprudence which they believe and practice to the present hour. They pretend that, in the division of the earth, the rich and fertile climates were assigned to other branches of the human family; and that the posterity of the outlaw Ishmael might recover, by fraud or force, the portion of inheritance of which he had been unjustly deprived. According to the remark of Pliny,[1] the Arabian tribes are equally addicted to theft and merchandise: the caravans that traverse the desert are ransomed or pillaged; and their neighbors, since the remote times of Job and Sesostris, have been the victims of their rapacious spirit. If a Bedoween discovers from afar a solitary traveler, he rides furiously against him, crying, with a loud voice, "Undress thyself; thy aunt (*my wife*) is without a garment." A ready submission entitles him to mercy: resistance will provoke the aggressor, and his own blood must expiate the blood which he presumes to shed in legitimate defense.

The nice sensibility of honor, which weighs the insult rather than the injury, sheds its deadly venom on the quarrels of the Arabs: the honor of their women, and of their beards, is most easily wounded; an indecent action, a contemptuous word, can be expiated only by the blood of the offender; and such is their patient inveteracy, that they expect[2] whole months and years the opportunity of revenge.

Whatever may be the pedigree of the Arabs, their language is derived from the same original stock with the Hebrew, the Syriac, and the Chaldean tongues: the independence of the tribes was marked by their peculiar dialects; but each, after their own, allowed a just preference to the pure and perspicuous idiom of Mecca. In Arabia, as well as in Greece, the perfection

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[1] Pliny, a Roman historian

[2] await

of language outstripped the refinement of manners; and her speech could diversify the fourscore names of honey, the two hundred of a serpent, the five hundred of a lion, the thousand of a sword, at a time when this copious dictionary was intrusted to the memory of an illiterate people. The monuments of the Homerites were inscribed with an obsolete and mysterious character; but the Cufic letters, the groundwork of the present English alphabet, were invented on the banks of the Euphrates; and the recent invention was taught at Mecca by a stranger who settled in that city after the birth of Mahomet. The arts of grammar, of meter, and of rhetoric were unknown to the freeborn eloquence of the Arabians; but their penetration was sharp, their fancy luxuriant, their wit strong and sententious, and their more elaborate compositions were addressed with energy and effect to the minds of their hearers. The genius and merit of a rising poet was celebrated by the applause of his own and kindred tribes. The Arabian poets were the historians and moralists of the age; and if they sympathized with the prejudices, they inspired and crowned the virtues, of their countrymen. The indissoluble union of generosity and valor was the darling theme of their song; and when they pointed their keenest satire against a despicable race, they affirmed, in the bitterness of reproach, that the men knew not how to give, nor the women to deny.

The same hospitality, which was practiced by Abraham, and celebrated by Homer, is still renewed in the camps of the Arabs. The ferocious Bedoweens, the terror of the desert, embrace, without inquiry or hesitation, the stranger who dares to confide in their honor and to enter their tent. His treatment is kind and respectful: he shares the wealth, or the poverty, of his host; and, after a needful repose, he is dismissed on his way, with thanks, with blessings, and, perhaps, with gifts. The heart and hand are more largely expanded by the wants of a brother or a friend; but the heroic acts that could deserve the public applause must have surpassed the narrow measure of discretion and experience. A dispute had arisen, who, among the citizens of Mecca,

was entitled to the prize of generosity; and a successive application was made to the three who were deemed most worthy of the trial. Abdallah, the son of Abbas, had undertaken a distant journey, and his foot was in the stirrup when he heard the voice of a suppliant. "O son of the uncle of the apostle of God, I am a traveler, and in distress!" He instantly dismounted to present the pilgrim with his camel, her rich caparison, and a purse of four thousand pieces of gold, excepting only the sword, either for its intrinsic value, or as a gift of an honored kinsman. The servant of Kais informed the second suppliant that his master was asleep; but he immediately added, "Here is a purse of seven thousand pieces of gold (it is all we have in the house); and here is an order that will entitle you to a camel and a slave": the master, as soon as he awoke, praised and enfranchised his faithful steward, with a gentle reproof, that by respecting his slumbers he had stinted his bounty. The third of these heroes, the blind Arabah, at the hour of prayer was supporting his steps on the shoulders of two slaves. "Alas!" he replied, "my coffers are empty! but these you may sell: if you refuse, I renounce them." At these words, pushing away the youths, he groped along the wall with his staff. The character of Hatem is the perfect model of Arabian virtue; he was brave and liberal, an eloquent poet, and a successful robber: forty camels were roasted at his hospitable feast; and at the prayer of a suppliant enemy he restored both the captives and the spoil. The freedom of his countrymen disdained the laws of justice; they proudly indulged the spontaneous impulse of pity and benevolence.

My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm which I do not feel I have ever scorned to affect. But, at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each

memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. . . .

It was at Rome on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter [the church of the Franciscans], that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city rather than of the empire; and, though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work. . . .

It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page of the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" in a summer-house in my garden.[1] After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date[2] of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious. — *From the "Autobiography."*

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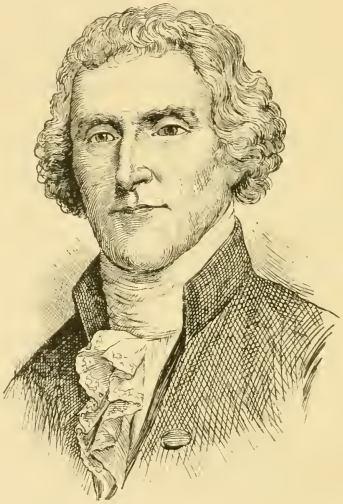
[1] Gibbon was then living at Lausanne, Switzerland.

[2] duration

JEFFERSON

1743–1826

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in Virginia in 1743, and died in 1826. He was President of the United States, 1801–9; was Governor of Virginia, Member of Congress, Minister to France, Secretary of State, etc. He is best known in literature by his "Autobiography" and by his "Notes on Virginia," privately printed in Paris in 1782.



Th. Jefferson

Edward Everett said of him: "On Jefferson rests the imperishable renown of having penned the 'Declaration of Independence.' To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief, decisive act, the consecrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives, and the justification of this great movement in human affairs; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his mind to a charter of public rights, destined to an importance

in the estimation of men equal to anything human ever borne on parchment or expressed in the visible signs of thought, — this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson."

Professor Nichol says of Jefferson: "The great antagonist of the federalists is one of the most conspicuous figures in American thought. He is the representative in chief of the revolutionary spirit of his age and country. While his rival compeers stood firmly on the defensive against the encroachments of an arbitrary government, Jefferson's desire was, in politics as in speculation generally, to break with the past. More than any other great statesman of his age, he aspired to be an author; and to this title the best passages of his 'Notes on Virginia,' his 'Autobiography,' and his 'Correspondence' give him a fair claim."

In the series of powerful antitheses contained in the second extract here made, from a private letter, Jefferson's views of the true intent and rightful construction of the Constitution are concisely declared. In the second year following the writing of this letter he became President of the United States.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of Newton, Bacon, or Locke;[1] and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never

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[1] Locke was the author of the celebrated "Essay on the Human Understanding."

acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man.

His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendency over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation[1] with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that

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[1] intercourse

never did nature and fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

A PROFESSION OF POLITICAL FAITH[1]

I SHALL make to you a profession of my political faith, in confidence that you will consider every future imputation on me of a contrary complexion, as bearing on its front the mark of falsehood and calumny.

I do then, with sincere zeal, wish an inviolable preservation of our present federal constitution, according to the true sense in which it was adopted by the states, that in which it was advocated by its friends, and not that which its enemies apprehended, who therefore became its enemies: and I am opposed to the monarchizing its features by the forms of its administration, with a view to conciliate a first transition to a president and senate for life, and from that to an hereditary tenure of these offices, and thus to worm out the elective principle.

I am for preserving to the states the powers not yielded by them to the Union, and to the legislature of the Union its constitutional share in the division of powers: and I am not for transferring all the powers of the states to the general government, and all those of that government to the executive branch.

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[1] Letter to Elbridge Gerry, Jan. 26, 1799.

I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, applying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the national debt: and not for a multiplication of officers and salaries merely to make partisans, and for increasing by every device the public debt, on the principle of its being a public blessing.

I am for relying, for internal defence, on our militia solely, till actual invasion, and for such a naval force only as may protect our coasts and harbors from such depredations as we have experienced: and not for a standing army in time of peace, which may overawe the public sentiment; nor for a navy, which, by its own expenses, and the eternal wars in which it will implicate us, will grind us with public burthens, and sink us under them.

I am for free commerce with all nations; political connection with none; and little or no diplomatic establishment. And I am not for linking ourselves by new treaties with the quarrels of Europe, entering that field of slaughter to preserve their balance, or joining in the confederacy of kings to war against the principles of liberty.

I am for freedom of religion, and against all maneuvers to bring about a legal ascendency of one sect over another: for freedom of the press, and against all violations of the constitution to silence by force and not by reason the complaints or criticisms, just or unjust, of our citizens against the conduct of their agents.

And I am for encouraging the progress of Science in all its branches: and not for raising a hue and cry against the sacred name of philosophy; for awing the human mind by stories of raw-head and bloody-bones to a distrust of its own vision, and to repose implicitly on that of others.

BURNS

1759–1796

ROBERT BURNS, the son of a small farmer, was born near Ayr, Scotland, in 1759, and died in 1796. He manifested at an early age an eager appetite for learning; but his opportunities for gratifying it were few: in the country school he gained the rudiments of an education in English branches, and in

Robert Burns

later life learned something of French, Latin, and the higher mathematics. It is worthy of note that one of his favorite books, in boyhood, was Shakespeare's plays.

At the age of sixteen he began to write verses, striving to express in rhyme the emotions excited by his first affair of the heart. These youthful compositions were circulated in manuscript among his acquaintances, and finally came to the notice of some persons of literary taste, who persuaded Burns to

publish a volume. The venture at once brought him fame. He visited Edinburgh on invitation of Dr. Blacklock, and was well received in the brilliant society of that city. A second edition of his poems, published in 1787, yielded him a profit of seven hundred pounds. But his gain in fame and money from his visit to the Scottish capital was more than offset by the formation of habits which were destined to impede his literary progress and to bring him to an early grave. His rank among poets it is not easy to determine, though Lord Byron placed him among the first. It is probable that in this estimate Byron regarded his promise rather than his performance. But it may safely be said that of all poets who have sprung from the people, receiving almost no aid from education, he was one of the very greatest. He was the poet of passion and feeling; his utterances were simple and natural, owing none of their force or beauty to art.

In the course of a sketch of the life and work of Burns, Robert Louis Stevenson says: "In an age when poetry had become abstract and conventional, instead of continuing to deal with shepherds, thunder-storms, and personification, Burns dealt with the actual circumstances of his life, however matter-of-fact and sordid these might be. And in a time when English versification was particularly stiff, lame, and feeble, and words were used with ultra-academical timidity, he wrote verses that were easy, racy, graphic, and forcible, and used language with absolute tact and courage, as it seemed most fit to give a clear impression."

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man whose aged step
Seemed weary, worn with care:
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began [1]
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man?

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride, —
I 've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man, while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway:
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right;
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest; [2]

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[1] Note the "poetic license" for the sake of rhyme.
[2] poetic form of *caressed*

Yet think not all the rich and great
  Are likewise truly blest.
But O, what crowds in every land,
  All wretched and forlorn,
Through weary life this lesson learn,
  That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills,
  Inwoven with our frame,
More pointed still we make ourselves,
  Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn!

"See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
  So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
  To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
  The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
  And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I 'm designed yon lordling's slave, —
  By Nature's law designed, —
Why was an independent wish
  E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
  His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
  To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
  Disturb thy youthful breast:

This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the best!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest.
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow.
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But O, a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

DESPONDENCY

Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh;
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sickening scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear.
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!

E'en when the wishéd end 's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandoned wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same;
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell —
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gathered fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high,
As wandering, meandering,[1]
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
Where never human footstep traced,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting[2] art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys
Which I too keenly taste,

[1] Derivation?

[2] with an eye to self-interest

The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here
At perfidy ingráte![1]

O enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others or my own!
Ye tiny elves[2] that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
— The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW, IN APRIL, 1786

Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flow'r,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure[3]
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

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[1] "ingrate," *adj.* = ungrateful [2] What is the meaning? [3] dust

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet [1]
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield [2]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie [3] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies! . . .

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

---

[1] wet [2] shelter [3] barren

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

E'en thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

BANNOCKBURN

At Bannockburn the English lay, —
The Scots they were na far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath[1]
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed: —

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

---

[1] This word is always pronounced in Scotland as the rhyme here requires.

"Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front of battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power, —
Edward! chains and slavery!

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonia! on wi' me!

"By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall — they shall be free!

"Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!"

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, — then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

From "Tam O'Shanter"

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

NOTABLE CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

Daniel De Foe, 1661–1731, political pamphleteer, republican agitator, and writer of fiction; wrote an argumentative poem "The True-born Englishman," "Hymn to the Pillory," "Journal of the Great Plague," and his immortal "Robinson Crusoe," besides very many political tracts.

Matthew Prior, 1664–1721, poet and diplomatist; his best-known works are "Henry and Emma," "Solomon," and his numerous love-songs.

Bernard Mandeville, 1670–1733, physician and ethnologist; author of "The Fable of the Bees."

Sir Richard Steele, 1671–1729, founder and editor of "The Tatler;" contributor to "The Spectator;" humorist and moral essayist.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748, dissenting clergyman and religious poet; famous for his psalms and hymns.

Thomas Parnell, 1679–1717, poet; "The Hermit" is his only considerable production.

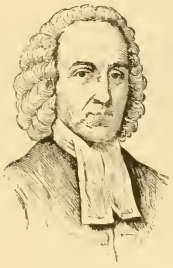
Edward Young, 1684–1765, poet; author of "Night Thoughts."

George Berkeley, 1684–1753, Anglican bishop, theologian and philosopher; of his works "The Theory of Vision," and "The Minute Philosopher" are best known.

Allan Ramsay, 1685–1758, Scottish poet; the most familiar of his productions is "The Gentle Shepherd," with its scenes of rural life.

John Gay, 1688–1732, poet and dramatist; author of "The Shepherd's Week," a pastoral poem; his most popular play is "The Beggar's Opera."

Samuel Richardson, 1689–1761, "the father of the English novel;" author of "Clarissa Harlowe," "Sir Charles Grandison," and "Pamela."



Jonathan Edwards

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1690–1762, traveler, and author of celebrated "Letters."

John Byrom, 1691–1763, numerous short didactic poems.

Joseph Butler, 1692–1752, Anglican bishop; author of the famous "Analogy of Religion."

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, 1694–1773, famous in literature for his cynical "Letters to his Son," which were never intended for the public eye. A later series of letters "to his Godson" is now (1890) for the first time published. Both collections are luminous with reflections upon the men and affairs of his time.

Henry Home, Lord Kames, 1696–1782, Scottish jurist; renowned for his "Elements of Criticism."

James Thomson, 1700–1748, Scottish poet; author of "The Seasons," and "The Castle of Indolence."

Jonathan Edwards, 1703–1758, American divine and metaphysician; his principal work is "The Freedom of the Will;" grandfather of Aaron Burr.

Henry Fielding, 1707–1754, English novelist; "Tom Jones," "Joseph Andrews," and "Amelia" are his more important novels.

David Hume, 1711–1776, Scottish philosopher and historian; he wrote "A Treatise on Human Nature," "A History of England," and many moral and philosophical essays.

Laurence Sterne, 1713–1768, clergyman and humorous writer; author of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey."

William Shenstone, 1714–1763, English pastoral poet; "The Schoolmistress" is his best work.

Thomas Gray, 1716–1771, scholar and poet; "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," "Ode on Adversity," and many shorter poems.

Horace Walpole, 1717–1797, author and wit; "Castle of Otranto," and "Letters and Memoirs."

Gilbert White, 1720–1793, English clergyman; distinguished for his "Natural History of Selborne."

William Collins, 1721–1759, English lyrical poet; "The Passions" and the "Ode to Liberty" are the best remembered of his poems.

William Robertson, 1721–1793, Scottish historian; "History of Scotland," "History of the Reign of Charles V.," and other works.

Tobias Smollett, 1721–1771, novelist and historian; "Peregrine Pickle," "Roderick Random," and "Humphrey Clinker" are his best-known novels.

Adam Smith, 1723–1790, Scottish political economist; author of "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations."

ADAM SMITH

Sir William Blackstone, 1723–1780, English jurist; author of "Commentaries on the Laws of England."

Joseph Priestley, 1733–1804, English Unitarian clergyman and natural philosopher; friend of Franklin; his best-known work is "Matter and Spirit."

James Beattie, 1735–1803, Scottish poet; author of "The Minstrel."

John Horne Tooke, 1736–1812, politician and philologist; author of "The Diversions of Purley."

James Boswell, 1740–1795, famous for his "Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson."

William Paley, 1743–1805, English theologian; celebrated for his "Evidences of Christianity," and his "Elements of Moral Philosophy."

Sir William Jones, 1746–1794, Oriental scholar, and author of many short poems of great beauty.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1751–1816, politician and dramatist; two of his plays, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal," still keep the stage.

Dugald Stewart, 1753–1828, Scottish metaphysician and political economist; author of "The Philosophy of the Human Mind."

George Crabbe, 1754–1832, English poet; author of "The Parish Register," "The Village," and "Tales in Verse."

"**Junius**," —— unknown author of political controversial letters which for bitterness of invective and satirical severity have never been equaled in all literature. These letters appeared in the London "Public Advertiser," beginning in 1769, and continuing for about three years. They have been variously attributed to Burke, Lyttelton, and Sir Philip Francis; but in each case upon conjecture that has little substantial argument to support it.

V

LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

THE literature of our own times, the work of writers some of whom are living, and many of whom flourished but a generation ago, furnishes a study that is naturally more attractive to us than is that of the literature of earlier centuries. With the modern diffusion of intelligence among the many, has come a greater demand for reading, and books have been multiplied to meet it. American literature has come into being, and grown with the growth of our country. The editor has thought well, therefore, to devote the larger share of the pages of this book to an exhibition of contemporary letters, and especially to make a very full presentation of the writings of American authors.

Time is the test of a classic, and time has allowed authoritative judgments to be passed upon the works of earlier English writers; but it is, in the nature of things, impossible to prefigure what the criticism of the twentieth century will say of the literature of the nineteenth, or to set down now anything more than an outline of its broader characteristics. In a general way, then, it may be said that in this century the literature of our language is marked by radical newness of thought and feeling in all its departments. Its history has been generalized out of the ruts of mere chronicle, its poetry has been liberated from tradition in subject and in form, its fiction has become introspective and reflective, the modern essayist has appeared, and the influence and spirit of science have been over all. This may be the most plainly seen in the

department of history. Gibbon's great work, from which selection was made in earlier pages, bears evidence of laborious and discriminating research. It is carefully planned and highly organized. It is, beyond dispute, a great piece of classic English prose. But it can not be regarded as contributing anything to the philosophy of history. In the more than a thousand years covered by the "Decline and Fall," Gibbon tells us much of what happened, and when and how events took place; but he scarcely attempts to explain to us the "why" of their happening. Yet this period abounded in events of decisive influence upon all later times. Gibbon really affords us no explanation of the great fact that gives his work its name. The historic spirit of our own time essays to grasp underlying causes beneath events, as is disclosed even in titles, such as "The Credibility of Early Roman History," "The Intellectual Development of Europe," "History of European Morals," "History of the English People," etc.

In science itself men's views have steadily been widening since Newton proved that the forces which keep the planets in their orbits are identical with those familiar to us every day upon the surface of the earth. Later, Lyell showed that just such physical processes as are now going on around us would, in ages past, have brought about the changes in inorganic nature which distinguish one geological "epoch" from another. In more recent years Darwin and Wallace have shown that the living forms about us are derived, through long ages and by successive slight modifications, from others, fewer in number and simpler in organization. This great progress in science has necessarily affected all departments of thought and of the literature which is its expression.

We, to whom freedom of inquiry and of life, the achievements of science and the consequent broadening of men's views, are commonplaces, can hardly imagine

how profoundly thought was stimulated and activities were awakened by the events and consequences of the American Revolution and of the later Revolution in France. These upheavals were accompanied and followed by a universal excitation of feeling, and the English literature of the early part of our century shows clearly that the intellectual energies of thinking men were deeply aroused. This is particularly to be seen in the poetry of that time, which is of a higher order than any that had appeared since Milton. It needs only to point to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, and Byron to make manifest how true this is. Shelley, Keats, and Campbell were other poets of the same epoch. How far the product of these minds surpassed in spirit and in style the verse of the previous age may be seen from the merest comparison; their excellence was such that one critic has ventured even further in the extreme assertion that "any comparison of the Elizabethan poetry with that of the nineteenth century would show a predilection for the mere name or dress of antiquity."

The English prose of the early part of our century was chiefly of two kinds, — the novels and romances, in which field Scott was easily preëminent; and the remarkable essays which were published in the Reviews, then first established. These essays took the form of literary criticism and of speculation in social and political philosophy, and the principal writers in this department were Lamb, De Quincey, and Macaulay. Landor's best work was done in the first half of this century, as was that of Carlyle, though both of them lived and wrote much later.

Coming nearer to our own day, we find the romances of Scott succeeded by the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, and "George Eliot;" the verse of the Lake Poets by that of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Swinburne, and Edwin Arnold; history reviving in Macaulay, Froude, Freeman, Buckle, and Green; and science opening new pages to us

in the works of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and many others.

Ninety years ago it could hardly be said that such a thing as American literature had existence. Jonathan Edwards had discoursed profoundly upon free-will and necessity, and Jefferson upon affairs; yet with the exception of Franklin, our country had not then produced any writer who could, in strictness, be called a "man of letters." But as the century nears its close, we are able to say that there is no department of literature to which American volumes have not been added, and these of the highest worth. Bancroft, Hildreth, Prescott, and Motley in history; Fiske, Emerson, and Draper in philosophy; Dana, Gray, and Agassiz in science; Irving, Hawthorne, Cooper, and Howells in fiction; and Bryant, Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell in song, — have created a literature that is American.

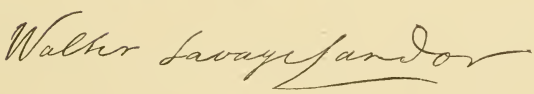
To this growth of a literature of our own, changes of conditions constantly going on about us, and therefore but little noticed, have greatly contributed. Every town has its newspaper and its public library; every village its common-school; every fireside its books and periodical literature. Paper-making is the chief industry of many thriving factory towns; invention has cheapened printing; in all large cities the publishing business is an important interest. Illiteracy has almost wholly disappeared. Everybody reads, and authorship thus finds both incentive and reward. With the exception of the region lying within a radius of five hundred miles of London, no other part of the world contains so many "consumers" of literature as does our own country.

The reading and study of the texts which have been selected for the later pages of this volume must afford some view of the literature of our own times, and tend to create an appetite for whatever in it is best.

LANDOR

1775–1864

Walter Savage Landor was born of a wealthy Warwickshire family early in 1775, and died in Italy in the year 1864. Of this life of ninety years, seventy were actively devoted to authorship. His first considerable work was the epic poem "Gebir," published in 1798, and he brought his labors to a close in 1863 by the publication of his "Heroic Idyls,"—a collection of classical dialogues.



The poet Stedman says of Landor: "He was the pioneer of the late English school; and among recent poets, though far from being the greatest in achievement, was the most self-reliant, the most versatile, and one of the most imaginative. His style, thought, and versatility were Victorian rather than Georgian; they are now seen to belong to that school of which Tennyson is by eminence the representative. Radically a poet, he ranks among the best essayists of his time; and he shares this distinction in common with Milton, Coleridge, Emerson, and other poets, in various eras, who have been intellectual students and thinkers."

Landor's more important works are four dramatic pieces — the best known of which is his "Count Julian" — and his "Imaginary Conversations." Of these latter, two are of the highest order of literary merit, — "The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare Touching Deer-Stealing," and "Pericles and Aspasia." Of the "Citation of Shakespeare," Lamb declared that "only two men could have written it, — he who wrote it, and the man it was written on."

Landor also produced very many short poems and lyrics of great beauty. Lowell has said of him that, "excepting Shakespeare, no other writer has furnished us with so many delicate aphorisms of human nature."

OLIVER CROMWELL AND WALTER NOBLE[1]

CROMWELL. What brings thee back from Staffordshire, friend Walter?

NOBLE. I hope, General Cromwell, to persuade you that the death of Charles[2] will be considered by all Europe as a most atrocious action.

CROMWELL. Thou hast already persuaded me: what then?

NOBLE. Surely, then, you will prevent it, for your authority is great. Even those who upon their consciences found him guilty would remit the penalty of blood, some from policy, some from mercy. I have conversed with Hutchinson, with Ludlow, your friend and mine, with Henry Nevile, and Walter Long: you will oblige these worthy friends, and unite in your favor the suffrages[3] of the truest and trustiest men living. There are many others, with whom I am in no habits of intercourse, who are known to entertain the same sentiments; and these also are among the country gentlemen, to whom our parliament owes the better part of its reputation.

CROMWELL. You country gentlemen bring with you into the People's House a freshness and sweet savor which our citizens lack mightily. I would fain merit your esteem, heedless of those

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[1] from Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"

[2] Charles I., afterwards beheaded

[3] *i. e.* the influence and support

pursy fellows from hulks and warehouses, with one ear lappeted by the pen behind it, and the other an heirloom,[1] as Charles would have had it, in Laud's star-chamber.[2] Oh, they are proud and bloody men! My heart melts; but, alas! my authority is null: I am the servant of the Commonwealth. I will not, dare not, betray it. If Charles Stuart had threatened my death only, in the letter we ripped out of the saddle, I would have reproved him manfully and turned him adrift: but others are concerned; lives more precious than mine, worn as it is with fastings, prayers, long services, and preyed upon by a pouncing[3] disease. The Lord hath led him into the toils laid for the innocent. Foolish man! he never could eschew evil counsel.

Noble. In comparison with you, he is but as a pinnacle to a buttress. I acknowledge his weaknesses, and cannot wink upon his crimes: but that which you visit as the heaviest of them, perhaps was not so, although the most disastrous to both parties, — the bearing of arms against his people. He fought for what he considered his hereditary property; we do the same: should we be hanged for losing a lawsuit?

Cromwell. No, unless it is the second. Thou talkest finely and foolishly, Wat, for a man of thy calm discernment. If a rogue holds a pistol to my breast, do I ask him who he is? Do I care whether his doublet be of catskin or of dogskin? Fie upon such wicked[4] sophisms! Marvelous, how the devil works upon good men's minds! Friend! friend! hast thou lost thy recollection? On the third of June, 1628, an usher stood at the door of our Commons-house, to hinder any member from leaving it, under pain of being sent to the Tower. On the fifth of the same month, the Speaker said he had received the King's order

[1] Cutting off the ears was one of the brutal punishments common in judicial sentences of earlier times. This suggestion that the sparing of an ear constituted it a sort of "heirloom" of the tribunal, is thus seen to be a satirical pleasantry on the part of Cromwell.

[2] a secret court of criminal jurisdiction, acting without a jury

[3] piercing, like talons

[4] baneful, pernicious; an obsolete meaning, used again on the next page in "*wicked* temptation"

to interrupt any who should utter a word against his ministers. In the following year, we might have justly hanged him for the crime of forgery, seeing that on the twenty-first of January he commanded his printer, Norton, to falsify the text of his own *Declaration*, in which he had acknowledged our rights, and had been paid handsomely for the acknowledgment. I sorely fear the month of January is marked in the Calendar by the finger of the Almighty, for the heavy chastisement of this misdeed. We must take heed unto our ways, and never again be led into the wicked temptation of trusting the false and the reprobate. Equity might demand from the traitor more than his worthless and pernicious life. Equity might retaliate on him what Eliot and other most innocent and most virtuous men have suffered: pestilential imprisonment, lingering, painful, incurable disease, fetters and thumbscrews, racks and mutilations. Should the guiltless have suffered these things rather than the guilty? — the defender of his home and property rather than the robber who broke into them? If the extinction of a spark prevents worse things than the conflagration of twenty cities, if it prevents the expansion of principles endemically noxious[1] through incalculable ages, such as slavish endurance and all unmanly propensities, I would never take by the collar him who resolutely setteth his foot thereon. Whether a grain of dust be blown away in the morning, in the noon, or in the evening, what matter? But it imports very seriously whether it be blown in the eyes and darken the sight of a nation. This is the difference between him who dies in the solitude of his chamber, and him whom halberds, by God's ordinance, may surround upon the scaffold.

NOBLE. From so cruel an infliction let me hope our unfortunate king may be exempted. He was always more to be dreaded by his friends than by his enemies, and now by neither.

CROMWELL. God forbid that Englishman should be feared by Englishman! but to be daunted by the weakest, to bend before the worst — I tell thee, Walter Noble, if Moses and the Prophets

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[1] *endemically noxious; i. e.* injurious to a whole nation

commanded me to this villainy, I would draw back and mount my horse.

NOBLE. I wish that our history, already too dark with blood, should contain, as far as we are concerned in it, some unpolluted pages.

CROMWELL. 'T were better, much better. Never shall I be called, I promise thee, an unnecessary shedder of blood. Remember, my good prudent friend, of what materials our sectaries [1] are composed: what hostility against all eminence, what rancor against all glory. Not only kingly power offends them, but every other; and they talk of *putting to the sword*, as if it were the quietest, gentlest, and most ordinary thing in the world. The knaves [2] even dictate from their stools and benches to men in armor, bruised and bleeding for them; and with schooldames' scourges in their fists do they give counsel to those who protect them from the cart and halter. In the name of the Lord, I must spit outright (or worse) upon these crackling, bouncing firebrands, before I can make them tractable.

NOBLE. I lament their blindness; but follies wear out the faster by being hard run upon. This fermenting sourness will presently turn vapid, and people will cast it out. I am not surprised that you are discontented and angry at what thwarts your better nature. But come, Cromwell, overlook them, despise them, and erect to yourself a glorious name by sparing a mortal enemy.

CROMWELL. A glorious name, by God's blessing, I will erect; and all our fellow-laborers shall rejoice at it: but I see better than they do the blow descending on them, and my arm better than theirs can ward it off. Noble, thy heart overflows with kindness for Charles Stuart: if he were at liberty to-morrow by thy intercession, he would sign thy death-warrant the day after, for serving the Commonwealth. A generation of vipers! [3] there is nothing upright or grateful in them. . . .

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[1] dissenters; in this case the religious leaders among the Puritans

[2] used half playfully and half in irritation

[3] St. Matthew xxiii. 33. Macaulay, in his essay upon the Puritans, speaks of "the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion."

NOBLE. Hear me, Cromwell. Abolish the power of Charles; extinguish not his virtues. Whatever is worthy to be loved for anything is worthy to be preserved. A wise and dispassionate legislator, if any such should arise among men, will not condemn to death him who has done, or is likely to do, more service than injury to society. Blocks and gibbets are the nearest objects to ours, and their business is never with virtues or with hopes. Justice upon earth has forgotten half her lesson, and repeats the other half badly. God commanded her to reward and to punish. She would tell you that punishment is the reward of the wicked, and that the rewards of the good belong to Him whose delight is their distribution in another place. She is neither blind, as some have represented her, nor clear-sighted: she is one-eyed, and looks fixedly and fondly with her one eye upon edge-tools and halters. The best actions are never recompensed, and the worst are seldom chastised. The virtuous man passes by without a *good-morrow*[1] from us, and the malefactor may walk at large where he will, provided he walk far enough from encroachment on our passions and their playthings. Let us, Cromwell, in God's name, turn the laws to their right intention; let us render it the interest of all to love them and keep them holy.[2] They are at present, both in form and essence, the greatest curse that society labors under, — the scorn of the wicked, the consternation of the good, the refuge of those who violate, and the ruin of those who appeal to them.

CROMWELL. You have paid, I see, chancery fees,[3] Walter.

NOBLE. I should then have paid, not only what is exorbitant, but what is altogether undue. Paying a lawyer in any court, we pay over again what we have paid before. If government

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[1] The Old English form of "morrow" was *morwe, morwening* = morning. The salutation *good-morrow* for *good-morning* is not now used. The phrase *to-morrow* is, literally, "*in* the morning."

[2] "love them and keep them holy." The terms are borrowed from Exodus xx.

[3] This is as much as to say that Noble, by the words just uttered, has shown himself so skillful a disputant that he must have had experience in the highest law-court; but in the reply which he makes in the next sentence Noble prefers to take Cromwell's words in their literal meaning.

has neglected to provide that our duties be taught us, and our lives, property, and station in society be secured, what right has it to one farthing from us? For what else have our forefathers and ourselves been taxed? — for what else are magistrates of any kind appointed? There is an awfulness in symmetry which chastens even the wildest, and there is a terror in distortion at which they strike and fly. It is thus in regard to law. We should be slow in the censure of princes, and slower in the chastisement. Kingship is a profession which has produced few among the most illustrious, many among the most despicable, of the human race. As in our days they are educated and treated, he is deserving of no slight commendation who rises in moral worth to the level of his lowest subject; so manifold and so great are the impediments. Reverting to the peculiar case of Charles, in my opinion you are ill justified by morality or policy in punishing him capitally. The representatives of the people ought to superintend the education of their princes; where they have omitted it, the mischief and the responsibility rest with them. As kings are the administrators of the commonwealth, they must submit their whole household to the national inspection; on which principle, the preceptors of their children should be appointed by parliament; and the pupils, until they have attained their majority, should be examined twice annually on the extent and on the direction of their studies, in the presence of seven men at least, chosen out of the Commons-house by ballot.[1] Nothing of the kind having been done, and the principles of this unfortunate king having been distorted by a wrong education and retained in their obliquity by evil counsellors, I would now, on the reclamation,[2] both of generosity and of justice, try clemency. If it fails, his adherents will be confounded at his perfidy, and, expecting a like return for their services, will abandon him.

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[1] The ballot was first used in parliament in the reign of Charles II. Etymology of the word?

[2] *Reclamation* means a representation made in opposition. WEBSTER quotes these words of Landor's to illustrate the meaning.

CROMWELL. Whatever his education was, thinkest thou he was not wise enough to know his wickedness, his usurpation and tyranny, when he resolved to rule without a parliament; to levy taxes, to force consciences, to imprison, to slay, at his own arbitrament and pleasure? Some time before the most violent of his outrages, had he not received a grant of money from us on conditions which he violated? He then seized forcibly what belonged to the public; and, because we remonstrated against this fraud and theft, did he not prosecute us as rebels? Whereas, when a king acts against the laws or without them, there can be but one rebel in the kingdom. Accomplices there may be; and such we may treat with mildness, if they do not wring and wrest it away from us and turn it against us, pushing down those who raised them. When the leading stag of such a herd is intractably wild, and obstinately vicious to his keepers, he ought to be hamstrung and thrown across the paling, wherever he is overtaken. What! pat his hide, forsooth! hug his neck, garland his horns, pipe to him, try gentleness, try clemency! Walter, Walter! we laugh at speculators.[1]

NOBLE. Many indeed are ready enough to laugh at speculators, because many profit, or expect to profit, by established and widening abuses. Speculations toward evil lose their name by adoption; speculations toward good are forever speculations, and he who hath proposed them is a chimerical and silly creature. Among the matters under this denomination I never find a cruel project, I never find an oppressive or unjust one: how happens it?

CROMWELL. Proportions should exist in all things. Sovereigns are paid higher than others for their office; they should therefore be punished more severely for abusing it, even if the consequences of this abuse were in nothing more grievous or extensive. We can not clap them in the stocks conveniently, nor whip them at the market-place. Where there is a crown there must be an axe: I would keep it there only.

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[1] visionaries, theorizers

NOBLE. Lop off the rotten, press out the poisonous, preserve the rest; let it suffice to have given this memorable example of national power and justice.

CROMWELL. Justice is perfect; an attribute of God: we must not trifle with it.

NOBLE. Should we be less merciful to our fellow-creatures than to our domestic animals? Before we deliver them to be killed, we weigh their services against their inconveniences. On the foundation of policy, when we have no better, let us erect the trophies of humanity: let us consider that, educated in the same manner and situated in the same position, we ourselves might have acted as reprovably. Abolish that forever which must else forever generate abuses; and attribute the faults of the man to the office, not the faults of the office to the man.

CROMWELL. I have no bowels[1] for hypocrisy, and I abominate and detest kingship.

NOBLE. I abominate and detest hangmanship; but in certain stages of society both are necessary. Let them go together; we want neither now.

CROMWELL. Men, like nails, lose their usefulness when they lose their direction and begin to bend: such nails are then thrown into the dust or into the furnace. I must do my duty; I must accomplish what is commanded me; I must not be turned aside. I am loth to be cast into the furnace or the dust; but God's will be done! Prythee, Wat, since thou readest, as I see, the books of philosophers, didst thou ever hear of Digby's[2] remedies by sympathy?

NOBLE. Yes, formerly.

CROMWELL. Well, now, I protest, I do believe there is something in them. To cure my headache,[3] I must breathe[4] a vein in the neck of Charles.

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[1] *i. e.* compassion

[2] Sir Kenelm Digby, a physicist, who at the time of this imaginary conversation was a zealous supporter of the king, but who in later years became the intimate friend of Cromwell.

[3] What is the meaning?

[4] breathe (Welsh *brathu*, "to pierce") = to open

NOBLE. Oliver, Oliver! others are wittiest over wine, thou over blood: cold-hearted, cruel man!

CROMWELL. Why, dost thou verily think me so, Walter? Perhaps thou art right in the main: but He alone who fashioned me, and who sees things deeper than we do, knows that.

ROSE AYLMER[1]

AH, what avails the sceptered race![2]
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine!

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
Shall weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

THE ONE GRAY HAIR

THE wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
  And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listened to many a one:
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
  But pretty lies loved I

---

[1] These lines were written on hearing of the sudden and untimely death of Miss Aylmer at Calcutta.

[2] The subject of this verse was of noble descent.

As much as any king,
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said
"O, Landor! I am quite
Bewildered with affright:
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirled it round:
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that luster have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

— *The Water-nymph to the Shepherd, in "Gebir."*

WORDSWORTH

1770–1850

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, a prominent member of the Lake school of poets, was born in Cumberland, England, in 1770, and died in 1850. He was the son of an attorney, and studied at St. John's College, Cambridge. He spent some time in France and Germany, and in 1799 fixed his home — which was presided over by his sister Dorothy (his faithful "guide, philoso-

Wm Wordsworth

pher, and friend," throughout his long life) — at Grasmere. Here he lived till 1808. In 1813 he removed to Rydal Mount, which is closely associated with the most notable products of his genius. He was a favorite of fortune, having inherited a comfortable estate, and for some years holding a lucrative office under government. In 1843 he was appointed Poet Laureate, succeeding Southey. He was married in 1803 to Mary Hutchinson, who survived him, dying in 1859, at the great age of eighty-eight. In his early manhood Wordsworth was visionary and radical, professing republicanism, and avow-

ing himself an admirer of the principles which were illustrated in the French Revolution; but, as often happens, age tempered his fervor, and during the latter half of his life he was unfaltering in his political and religious conservatism.

His first book, "An Evening Walk," an epistle in verse, was published in 1793; his second, "Descriptive Sketches," published in the same year, was cordially praised by Coleridge. Between 1798 and 1814 several editions of his poems were issued, receiving praise and censure in nearly equal proportions. When "The Excursion" appeared, in 1814, Jeffrey said of it: "This will never do; it is longer, weaker, and tamer than any of Mr. Wordsworth's other productions." On the other hand, William Hazlitt pronounced it almost unsurpassed "in power of intellect, lofty conception, and depth of feeling." On the whole, it must be said that during Wordsworth's life, or at least until within a few years of his death, the judgment of the critics on his poetry was unfavorable; but with the great public his writings steadily gained popularity. One of the principal reasons for the hostility of the critics was, no doubt, his energetic protest, by precept and example, against the romantic school of poetry, which, conspicuously represented by Byron, was then in high favor. He endeavored to demonstrate the superiority of simplicity in thought and expression, and in the effort incurred the reproach of silliness. During recent years, however, a juster and more candid estimate of his work has assigned him a very high rank among English poets of the nineteenth century. One of the most prominent characteristics of his poetical genius is imaginative power, in which quality so high an authority as Coleridge has affirmed that he was surpassed only by Shakespeare. His mind was strongly philosophical, and his writings exhibit a rare union of philosophical and poetical elements.

Lowell says: "Of no other poet, except Shakespeare, have so many phrases become household words as of Wordsworth. If Pope has made current more epigrams of worldly wisdom, to Wordsworth belongs the nobler praise of having defined for us, and given us for a daily possession, those faint and vague suggestions of other-world lines, of whose gentle ministry with our baser nature the hurry and bustle of life scarcely ever allowed us to be conscious. He has won for himself a secure immortality by the depth of intuition which makes only the best minds at their best hours worthy, or indeed capable, of his companionship, and by a homely sincerity of human sympathy which reaches the humblest heart. Our language owes him gratitude for the habitual purity and abstinence of his style, and we who speak it, for having emboldened us to take delight in simple things, and to trust ourselves to our own instincts."

THE BOY AND THE OWLS

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander! many a time,
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of mirth and jocund din! And, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven,[1] received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the vale
Where he was born: the grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope above the village school;

---

[1] *uncertain heaven;* What is the meaning?

And through that churchyard when my way has led
On summer evenings, I believe that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute, — looking at the grave in which he lies!

RUTH

When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her father took another mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe[1] of straw,
And from that oaten pipe could draw
All sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay,
And passing thus the livelong day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore, —
A military casque[2] he wore,
With splendid feathers dressed;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

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[1] See Webster for the etymology of *pipe* and *fife*. [2] helmet

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
Ah, no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak.
— While he was yet a boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth! I guess[1]
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as, told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.[2]

He told of girls, a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,

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[1] See WEBSTER on the misuse of this verb; also Lowell's remarks on the same subject in the Introduction to his "Biglow Papers."

[2] Compare "Othello:" —

"... This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline" (page 22).

To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and strange
That every hour their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers,
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high overhead!
The cypress and her spire;
— Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannas spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, "How sweet it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
A gardener in the shade,
Still wandering with an easy mind
To build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

"What days and what sweet years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,
And all the while," said he, "to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!

"Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!

"Beloved Ruth —" No more he said,
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again, — and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

"And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,
A husband and a wife."
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands

Of travelers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands;
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In springtime from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again.

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened till I had my fill;
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a phantom[1] of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;

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[1] *Phantom* is literally, "an appearance," with a suggestion of the preternatural. Wordsworth here uses it to signify a spirit of almost supernatural beauty, — a new shade of meaning; and this line is quoted by Webster to illustrate it.

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

SCOTT

1771–1832

Sir Walter Scott, the most famous of historical novelists, was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and died in 1832. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, read law, and in 1792 was called to the Bar. In 1799 he was appointed sheriff, in 1806 was made clerk of the Court of Session, and in 1820, when he was forty-nine years old, received a baronetcy. His first literary effort

Walter Scott

was a translation of some of Bürger's ballads, which was published in 1796. Other translations followed, with three or four original poems; but not until 1805 did Scott attain the place of literary eminence which he afterwards held and adorned. His first great success was "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which appeared in that year, and was received with almost universal praise. "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and other poems were issued in quick succession, each confirming his poetical reputation and spreading his fame. But Scott is better known to the world as a novelist

than as a poet. In 1814 "Waverley" was published at Edinburgh, and instantly attracted attention. No author's name appeared on the title-page, and the public was left in doubt as to the source of so brilliant a book. This was naturally increased, the next year, by the appearance of "Guy Mannering," and, at brief intervals, of its successors. Scott was suspected of the authorship of these books, but stoutly denied it; and not till many years later did he admit the fact.

In all the history of literature there is no record of such labors as his; one admires with equal warmth his lofty sense of honor, his unyielding fortitude, and his almost superhuman power of application, all shown under the burden of most grievous difficulties. The secret of Scott's success may be said to lie in his felicitous employment of common topics, images, and expressions. No writer before him had so vividly illustrated the characteristics of Scottish life and character. Not conspicuously surpassing all other novelists in single qualities, Scott yet possessed and combined all the qualities necessary for his work in nice and harmonious adjustment. While his novels fascinate us with all the charms of romance, they are also a storehouse of information as to the life of the times they treat of.

Hutton, in his Life of Scott, thus comments on this aspect of the novelist's work: —

"The most striking feature of Scott's romances is that, for the most part, they are pivoted on public rather than mere private interests and passions. With but few exceptions, — 'The Antiquary,' 'St. Ronan's Well,' and 'Guy Mannering' are the most important, — Scott's novels give us an imaginative view, not of mere individuals, but of individuals as they are affected by the public strifes and social divisions of the age. And this it is which gives his books so large an interest for old and young, soldiers and statesmen, the world of society and the recluse alike. You can hardly read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean. And yet there is no artificiality, no elaborate attitudinizing before the antique mirrors of the past, like Bulwer's, no dressing-out of clothes-horses like G. P. R. James. The boldness and freshness of the present are carried back into the past, and you see Papists and Puritans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jews, Jacobites, and freebooters, preachers, schoolmasters, mercenary soldiers, gypsies, and beggars, all living the sort of life which the reader feels that in their circumstances, and under the same conditions of time and place and parentage, he might have lived too. Indeed, no man can read Scott without being more of a public man, whereas the ordinary novel tends to make its readers rather less of one than before."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH[1]

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners.[2] After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest walk of life have been truly judged to possess a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's friendship.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned[3] had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting[4] at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye, — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers.

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[1] The selection is from "Kenilworth."

[2] attendants of the sovereign, who were paid from the pension fund

[3] Raleigh, afterwards Sir Walter Raleigh

[4] doffing his hat

Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance upon the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmixed with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant,[1] throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her passing over it dry-shod.

Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount,[2] "your gay mantle will need the brush to-day, I wot."[3]

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of Pensioners. "I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, — "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's Master of Horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only." So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation, — "Who in the world would have

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[1] A richly-attired, courtier-like man. Derivation?

[2] a companion of Raleigh

[3] "I wot," an obsolete form = "I know" (A.-S. *wât*).

thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the mean while, guided to the water-side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect, — a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury [1] of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river with the advantage of that flood-tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates. The two rowers used their oars with such expedition, at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff [2] under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping to the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something [3] bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. "Well,

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[1] omen, favorable sign [2] Derivation? [3] here an adverb = *somewhat*

young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe-keeper, and he shall have orders to supply[1] the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut; I promise you, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose — "

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him. "Fie, young man! I take shame to say that in our capital such and so various are the means of thriftless folly that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means for self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use of it."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy," said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam, — if it is not asking too high an honor, — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances; I must know something of him,

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[1] make good the loss of

that I may send him safe to his friends. What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen; the youngest son of a large but honorable family in Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, — "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear further than you think for," said the queen, graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down; "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters, — the poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our order reached him when he had just returned from certain visits to London, and he held it a matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught intuitively, as it were, those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

LOCHINVAR — LADY HERON'S SONG[1]

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented; the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom spoke never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide, —
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.

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[1] from "Marmion"

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard[1] did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe[2] the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;[3]
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE LAST MINSTREL

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy:

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[1] a lively dance [2] crupper, place back of the saddle [3] rocky steep

The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey[1] borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fills the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time[2]
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his way from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well·
For him no minstrel raptures swell!

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[1] a saddle-horse

[2] *i. e.* the Puritans of the Commonwealth

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim :
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

A SERENADE

Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh ;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour, —
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
To Beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know, —
But where is County Guy?

SYDNEY SMITH

1771–1845

SYDNEY SMITH'S name is a synonym of wit; but he has left behind him evidences of far higher powers than those which are called into exercise in the effort to amuse. He was born at Woodford, Essex, England, in 1771, and died in 1845. He was educated at Oxford, took holy orders, and held a

curacy in Wiltshire; in 1796 he removed to Edinburgh, where, in conjunction with Brougham and other distinguished men, he founded the *Edinburgh Review*. Removing to London in 1804, he continued to write for the *Review*, and speedily won a brilliant reputation as a critic. Ecclesiastical preferment came often to him, and at the time of his death he was Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral. His writings were mainly in the form

of sermons; but he wrote many notable letters on political and religious questions which go far toward justifying Everett's opinion that if Smith "had not been known as the wittiest man of his day, he would have been accounted one of the wisest." It is believed that his Letters on Catholic Emancipation were largely instrumental in pushing that measure to success. Macaulay said of him: "He is universally admitted to have been a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift."

The distinguished critic, George Saintsbury, makes in a recent article the following estimate of Sydney Smith's work: "The memorials and evidences of his peculiar, if not unique, genius consist of three different kinds: reported or remembered conversations, letters, and formal literary work. He was once most famous as a talker; but conversation is necessarily the most perishable of all things, and its recorded fragments bear keeping less than any other relics. . . . The best letters are always most like the actual conversation of their writers, and probably no one ever wrote more as he talked than Sydney Smith. The specially literary qualities of his writing for print are here too in great measure; and on the whole, nowhere can the entire Sydney be better seen. Of the three satirists of modern times with whom he may not unfairly claim to rank — Pascal, Swift, and Voltaire — he is most like Voltaire in his faculty of presenting a good thing with a preface which does not in the least prepare you for it, and then leaving it without the slightest attempt to go back on it, and elaborate it, and make sure that his hearer has duly appreciated it and laughed at it. And of the two, though the palm of concentration must be given to Voltaire, the palm of absolute simplicity must be given to Sydney Smith. Hardly any of his letters are without these unforced flashes of wit. . . .

"Sydney Smith had no false modesty, and in not a few letters to Jeffrey he speaks of his own contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* with the greatest freedom, combating and quite refusing to accept his editor's suggestion as to their flippancy and fantasticality, professing with much frankness that this is the way he can write and no other, and more than once telling Jeffrey that whatever they may think in solemn Scotland, his, Sydney's, articles are a great deal more read in England and elsewhere than any others. Although there are maxims to the contrary effect, the judgment of a clever man, not very young, and tolerably familiar with the world, on his own work, is very seldom far wrong. Sydney Smith's articles are by far the most interesting of those contributed to the *Review* by any one before the days of Macaulay. They are also by far the most distinct and original. . . . Here was a man who, for goodness as well as for cleverness, for sound practical wisdom as well as for fantastic verbal wit, has had hardly a superior and very few equals."

THE PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE

It is noble to seek truth, and it is beautiful to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart, that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and sacredly true. To mark the course of human passions as they have flowed on in the ages that are past; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; to hear the chemist unfold the marvelous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own that the quickness of light, traveling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the old world;[1] to go up with great reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation, that there is one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting; — it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline; to pass sleepless nights for it; to give up for it laborious days; to spurn for it present pleasures;[2] to endure for it afflicting poverty; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times.

I appeal to the experience of any man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence? The end of nature has been answered; his faculties have done that which they were created to do, — not languidly occupied upon trifles, not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength.

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[1] *i. e.* the ancient world

[2] Compare Milton, p. 68 "To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? with whose happiness does he interfere? whom does his ambition destroy? and whom does his fraud deceive? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all. A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach; and there is one security that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart, — his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent; and, as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence.

I solemnly declare, that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn on the mountains, — it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed, — upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with[1] life, what do I say but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the providence which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you, — which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world, — that which

[1] *coeval with*, "of the same age as;" *i. e.* as long as

will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud?

Therefore, if any young man have embarked his life in the pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event: let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the angel that guards him, and as the genius[1] of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

WIT AND WISDOM

THERE is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the outward signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the only eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty.

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[1] good spirit

The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; — wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, — teaching age and care and pain to smile, — extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the *flavor of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit and flavor, and laughter and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his painful steps over the burning marl."

THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT

It would seem that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere are considered to be attainable only by study and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution or to govern a kingdom, at the same time there can not,

perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding than the depreciation of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation[1] upon the entangled relations and awkward complexity of real life; and to follow out the theorems[2] of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage, is a task which they will fear most who know it best, — a task in which the great and the good have often failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just, in common men to avoid.

GREAT men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of Grattan? Who has not turned to him for comfort, from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? No government ever dismayed him, the world could not bribe him, he thought only of Ireland, lived for no other object, dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born and so gifted that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he went on for fifty years, without one side-look, without one yielding thought, without one motive in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man.

From the "Edinburgh Review," 1820.

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[1] Meaning?

[2] established principles

COLERIDGE

1772–1834

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, where his father was vicar, in 1772, and died in 1834. He spent two years at Cambridge, but did not complete his course. A little later, being in London without resources or employment, he enlisted in a dragoon regiment. One day he wrote a Latin verse on the stable-wall, which fact coming to

S. T. Coleridge

the knowledge of his captain, the latter procured his release from the service. Entering on a literary and political career, Coleridge published his first work, "The Fall of Robespierre: An Historical Drama," in 1794, and soon after several pamphlets, in which he advocated democratic and Unitarian doctrines. With Southey and Lovell he projected a Pantisocracy, or communistic republic, to be established in Pennsylvania; but the scheme came to naught, and Coleridge settled down as a writer on the *Morning Post*, in support of the Government. In 1798 he visited Germany, and studied there diligently. In 1812 his series of Essays called "The Friend"

was published, and in 1816 "Christabel." He had acquired the habit of opium-eating, which obtained the mastery over him and reduced him to a condition of unproductive indolence. He passed the last eighteen years of his life in retirement. So able a judge as De Quincey has said that Coleridge's was "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men."

"Of Coleridge's poetry, in its most matured form and in its best specimens, the most distinguishing characteristics are vividness of imagination and subtlety of thought, combined with unrivalled beauty and expressiveness of diction, and the most exquisite melody of verse. With the exception of a vein of melancholy and meditative tenderness, flowing rather from a contemplative survey of the mystery, — the strangely mingled good and evil, — of all things human, than connected with any individual interests, there is not in general much of passion in his compositions, and he is not well fitted, therefore, to become a very popular poet, or a favorite with the multitude. There is nothing in his poetry of the pulse of fire that throbs in that of Burns; neither has he much of the homely every-day truth, the proverbial and universally applicable wisdom of Wordsworth. Coleridge was, far more than either of these poets, 'of imagination all compact.' But rarely, on the other hand, has there existed an imagination in which so much originality and daring were associated and harmonized with so gentle and tremblingly delicate a sense of beauty." — G. L. CRAIK.

THE IMPORTANCE OF METHOD

WHAT is that which first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that (as was observed with eminent propriety of the late Edmund Burke) "we cannot stand under the same archway during a shower of rain, without finding him out"? Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him: for we may suppose both the one and the other precluded by the shortness of our intercourse, and the triviality of the subjects. The difference will be impressed and felt, though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases. Unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. It must have been among

the earliest lessons of his youth, that the breach of this precept, at all times hazardous, becomes ridiculous in the topics of ordinary conversation. There remains but one other point of distinction possible; and this must be, and in fact is, the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, or (more plainly) in every sentence, the whole that he then intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory[1] his talk, there is method in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling, whether he be describing or relating.[2] We immediately perceive that his memory alone is called into action, and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent,[3] in which they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses; and with exception of the "and then," the "and there," and the still less significant "and so," they constitute likewise all his connections.

Our discussion, however, is confined to method as employed in the formation of the understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature. It would indeed be superfluous to attempt a proof of its importance in the business and economy of active or domestic life. From the cotter's hearth or the workshop of the artisan to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that everything be in its place. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short

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[1] Derivation?

[2] Note the distinction between *description* and *narration*.

[3] used here in the literal sense

of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time. But the man of methodical industry and honorable pursuits does more; he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object, not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and that, the very essence of which is to fleet away, and evermore to have been, he takes up into his own permanence, and communicates to it the imperishableness of a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time, than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks[1] in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds,[2] and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

But as the importance of method in the duties of social life is incomparably greater, so are its practical elements proportionably obvious, and such as relate to the will far more than to the understanding. Henceforward, therefore, we contemplate its bearings on the latter.

The difference between the products of a well-disciplined and those of an uncultivated understanding, in relation to what we will now venture to call the science of method, is often and admirably exhibited by our great dramatist. I scarcely need refer my readers to the Clown's evidence, in the first scene of the second act of "Measure for Measure," or to the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." . . .

The absence of method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to

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[1] *punctual marks; i. e.* points of demarcation

[2] *survive the wreck of worlds* — Compare the lines of Addison's "Cato:"

> "But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements. As this constitutes their leading feature, the contrary excellence, as distinguishing the well-educated man, must be referred to the contrary habit. Method, therefore, becomes natural to the mind which has been accustomed to contemplate, not things only, or for their own sake alone, but likewise and chiefly the relations of things, either their relations to each other, or to the observer, or to the state and apprehensions of the hearers. To enumerate and analyze these relations, with the conditions under which alone they are discoverable, is to teach the science of method. . . .

Exuberance of mind, on the one hand, interferes with the forms of method; but sterility of mind, on the other, wanting the spring and impulse to mental action, is wholly destructive of method itself. For in attending too exclusively to the relations which the past or passing events and objects bear to general truth, and the moods of his own thought, the most intelligent man is sometimes in danger of overlooking that other relation, in which they are likewise to be placed to the apprehension and sympathies of his hearers. His discourse appears like soliloquy intermixed with dialogue.

But the uneducated and unreflecting talker overlooks all mental relations, both logical and psychological; and consequently precludes all method which is not purely accidental. Hence the nearer the things and incidents in time and place, the more distant, disjointed, and impertinent to each other, and to any common purpose, will they appear in his narration; and this from the want of a staple, or starting-post, in the narrator himself; from the absence of the leading thought, which, borrowing a phrase from the nomenclature of legislation, I may not inaptly call the initiative. On the contrary, where the habit of method is present and effective, things the most remote and diverse in time, place, and outward circumstance are brought into mental contiguity and succession, the more striking as the less expected.

KUBLA KHAN; OR, A VISION IN A DREAM[1]

A FRAGMENT

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph,[2] the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous[3] rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

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[1] Coleridge makes the following reference to this poem: "In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed for the author, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's 'Pilgrimage': 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto: and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines, — if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out and detained above an hour, and on his return to his room, found to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter." The fragment is generally ranked among the finest specimens of purely imaginative poetry in our language.

[2] Alpheus, the underground river of ancient mythology, frequently referred to by the poets. (See Milton, p. 70.)

[3] Etymology?

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced ;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device, —
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
A damsel with a dulcimer[1]
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

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[1] Note the frequent use of alliteration, as in

"Her symphony and song,"

"His flashing eyes, his floating hair !"

The *dulcimer* is a stringed instrument. The word is of mixed etymology, from Latin *dulcis*, "sweet," and Greek *melos*, "melody."

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight t' would win me
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

DEAD CALM IN THE TROPICS[1]

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'T was sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

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[1] from "The Ancient Mariner"

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

SEVERED FRIENDSHIP

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining, —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between; —
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,[1]
The marks of that which once hath been.

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[1] A.-S. *wênan*, "to think, to imagine"

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding — like a bee —
Both were mine! Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? — Ah woful When!
Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aëry cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Naught cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O, the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth 's no longer here!
O, Youth! for years so many and sweet
'T is known that Thou and I were one,
I 'll think it but a fond conceit —
It can not be, that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled: —
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone?

I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
— That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains."
For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain?
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures — love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night —
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

LAMB

1775–1835

CHARLES LAMB, essayist and humorist, was born in London, 1775, and died in 1835. His literary fame rests in the main upon his "Essays of Elia." The delicate grace and flavor of these papers can not be described. His style has the charm which comes from perfect ease and self-possession, and

his humor is of the ripest and richest kind. In all his writings there is great delicacy of feeling and happiness of expression. No other writer, save perhaps Goldsmith, enters so closely into his readers' hearts, and so warms them with his genial personality.

De Quincey says: "In the literature of every nation we are naturally disposed to place in the highest rank those who have produced some great

and colossal work, — a 'Paradise Lost,' a 'Hamlet,' a 'Novum Organum,' — which presupposes an effort of intellect, a comprehensive grasp, and a sustaining power, for its original conception, corresponding in grandeur to that effort, different in kind, which must preside in its execution. But after this highest class, in which the power to conceive and the power to execute are upon the same scale of grandeur, there comes a second, in which brilliant powers of execution, applied to conceptions of a very inferior range, are allowed to establish a classical rank. Every literature possesses, besides its great national gallery, a cabinet of minor pieces, not less perfect in their polish, possibly more so. . . . Lamb I hold to be, as with respect to English literature, that which La Fontaine is with respect to French. For though there may be little resemblance otherwise, in this they agree, that both were wayward and eccentric humorists; both confined their efforts to short flights; and both, according to the standards of their several countries, were occasionally, and in a lower key, poets."

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST-PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, — which my friend was obliging enough to read and explain to me, — for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian[1] make-shift of a building,

[1] Etymology?

you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed[1] pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage, — he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!*[2] Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-

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[1] new-born

[2] *crackling*, the crisp rind of roasted pork

stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued : —

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you ! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig ! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig. Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father ; only taste ! — O Lord ! " — with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time for-

ward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time; and Ho-ti himself, which was more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, —without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privately, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued till, in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it), without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, — I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,[1] I will maintain it to be the most delicate.

IN comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry, — a certain obsequiousness or deferential respect which we are supposed to pay to females as females.

I shall be disposed to admit this when, in polite circles, I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear; to the woman as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title. I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

I shall believe it to be influential when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally — hanged. I shall believe in it when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen. I shall believe in it when Dorimant[2] hands a fishwife across the kennel,[3] or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction, — a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

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[1] Lat. "world of what is edible."

[2] the leading character in an old play entitled "The Man of Mode"

[3] canal, gutter

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her, —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly, —
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

WEBSTER

1782–1852

DANIEL WEBSTER was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, in 1782, and died seventy years later at Marshfield, in Massachusetts. As an orator and statesman he is chiefly known; but his writings, fragmentary though they are, deservedly rank among the best specimens of our literature. Evarts

Daniel Webster.

has said of him: "In the sphere of literature Webster has a clear title to be held as one of the greatest authors and writers of our mother tongue that America has produced. I propose to the most competent critics of the nation that they can find nowhere six octavo volumes of printed literary production of an American that contain as much noble and as much beautiful imagery, as much warmth of rhetoric and of magnetic impression upon the

reader, as are to be found in the collected writings and speeches of Daniel Webster."

Of Webster's oratory, Choate tells us: "Addressing masses by tens of thousands, in the open air, on the urgent political questions of the day; or designated to lead the meditations of an hour devoted to the remembrance of some national era, or of some incident marking the progress of the nation, and lifting him up to a view of what is, and what is past, and some indistinct revelations of the glory that lies in the future, or of some great historical name, just borne by the nation to his tomb, — in such scenes, unfettered by the laws of forensic or parliamentary debate; multitudes uncounted lifting up their eyes to him; some great historical scenes of America around, all symbols of her glory and art and power and fortune there; voices of the past, not unheard; shapes beckoning from the future, not unseen, — sometimes that mighty intellect, borne upwards to a height and kindled to an illumination which we shall see no more, wrought out, as it were in an instant, a picture of vision, warning, prediction: the progress of the nation; the contrasts of its eras; the heroic deaths; the motives to patriotism; the maxims and arts imperial by which the glory has been gathered and may be heightened, — wrought out, in an instant, a picture to fade only when all record of our mind shall die."

Our first selection is from an article which Webster contributed to the *North American Review*, and the second is from his memorable speech at the centennial celebration of the birthday of Washington.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL[1]

No national drama was ever developed in a more interesting and splendid first scene. The incidents and the result of the battle itself were most important, and indeed most wonderful. As a mere battle, few surpass it in whatever engages and interests the attention. It was fought on a conspicuous eminence, in the immediate neighborhood of a populous city, and consequently in the view of thousands of spectators. The attacking army moved over a sheet of water to the assault. The operations and move-

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[1] One of the first and one of the most celebrated battles of the Revolutionary War, fought June 17, 1775. It is commemorated by a granite obelisk, two hundred and twenty feet high, on the battle-ground in Charlestown, Mass., the corner-stone of which was laid by Lafayette in 1825.

ments were of course all visible and all distinct. Those who looked on from the houses and heights of Boston had a fuller view of every important operation and event than can ordinarily be had of any battle, or than can possibly be had of such as are fought on a more extended ground, or by detachments of troops acting in different places, and at different times, and in some measure independently of each other. When the British columns were advancing to the attack, the flames of Charlestown (fired, as is generally supposed, by a shell) began to ascend. The spectators, far outnumbering both armies, thronged and crowded on every height and every point which afforded a view of the scene, themselves constituted a very important part of it. The troops of the two armies seemed like so many combatants in an amphitheater. The manner in which they should acquit themselves was to be judged of, not, as in other cases of military engagements, by reports and future history, but by a vast and anxious assembly already on the spot, and waiting with unspeakable concern and emotion the progress of the day.

In other battles the *recollection* of wives and children has been used as an excitement to animate the warrior's breast and nerve his arm. Here was not a mere recollection, but an actual *presence* of them, and other dear connections, hanging on the skirts of the battle, anxious and agitated, feeling almost as if wounded themselves by every blow of the enemy, and putting forth, as it were, their own strength, and all the energy of their own throbbing bosoms, into every gallant effort of their warring friends.

But there was a more comprehensive and vastly more important view of that day's contest than has been mentioned, — a view, indeed, which ordinary eyes, bent intently on what was immediately before them, did not embrace, but which was perceived in its full extent and expansion by minds of a higher order. Those men who were at the head of the colonial councils, who had been engaged for years in the previous stages of the quarrel with England, and who had been accustomed to look forward to the future, were well apprised of the magnitude of the

events[1] likely to hang on the business of that day. They saw in it, not only a battle, but the beginning of a civil war of unmeasured extent and uncertain issue. All America and all England were likely to be deeply concerned in the consequences. The individuals themselves, who knew full well what agency they had in bringing affairs to this crisis, had need of all their courage, — not that disregard of personal safety in which the vulgar suppose true courage to consist, but that high and fixed moral sentiment, that steady and decided purpose, which enables men to pursue a distant end, with a full view of the difficulties and dangers before them, and with a conviction that, before they must arrive at the proposed end, should they ever reach it, they must pass through evil report as well as good report, and be liable to obloquy[2] as well as to defeat.

Spirits that fear nothing else fear disgrace; and this danger is necessarily encountered by those who engage in civil war. Unsuccessful resistance is not only ruin to its authors, but is esteemed, and necessarily so, by the laws of all countries, treasonable. This is the case, at least, till resistance becomes so general and formidable as to assume the form of regular war. But who can tell, when resistance commences, whether it will attain even to that degree of success? Some of those persons who signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, described themselves as signing it "as with halters about their necks." If there were grounds for this remark in 1776, when the cause had become so much more general, how much greater was the hazard when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought! These considerations constituted, to enlarged and liberal minds, the moral sublimity of the occasion; while to the outward senses, the movement of armies, the roar of artillery, the brilliancy of the reflection of a summer's sun from the burnished armor of the British columns, and the flames of a burning town, made up a scene of extraordinary grandeur.

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[1] issues, results

[2] from Lat. *obloqui*, "to speak against;" hence *reproach*, *odium*

EULOGIUM ON WASHINGTON

I RISE, gentlemen, to propose to you the name of that great man, in commemoration of whose birth and in honor of whose character and services we are here assembled.

I am sure that I express a sentiment common to every one present when I say, that there is something more than ordinarily solemn and affecting on this occasion.

We are met to testify our regard for him whose name is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon-light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spreading over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression, of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, and Camden as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit

that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may well be suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow with fervor in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is unnatural. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully [1] and Chatham; [2] or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo [3] with coldness or contempt.

We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary outpouring of public feeling made to-day,[4] from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices to-day bespeak grateful hearts and a freshened

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[1] *i. e.* Cicero, Marcus *Tullius*, the Roman orator

[2] William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, 1708–1778

[3] *Raphael and Michael Angelo*, celebrated Italians, — the former as a painter, and the latter as a sculptor and an architect; both were born in the latter part of the fifteenth century

[4] Washington's birthday, 1832

recollection of the virtues of the father of his country. And it will be so in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous[1] youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision, as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations[2] overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity,[3] accomplishing for human intelligence and human freedom more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

If the prediction of the poet, uttered a few years before his birth, be true; if indeed it be designed by Providence that the proudest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theater of the Western world; if it be true that, —

> "The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last,"[4] —

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[1] free-born

[2] Etymology?

[3] *i. e.* by geometrical ratio; as 2-4-8-16, etc., and not by arithmetical ratio, as 2-4-6-8, etc.

[4] The lines are from an ode on the "Future of America," written by Bishop Berkeley on the eve of his coming to this country in 1728. The line preceding those quoted by Webster, —

> "Westward the course of empire takes its way," —

is so familiar as to be hackneyed, and is generally misquoted.

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene be appropriately opened, how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington?

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from *beneath* governments to participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

THE AMERICAN UNION[1]

I HAVE not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. Nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how

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[1] from a speech delivered in the United States Senate, January 26, 1830

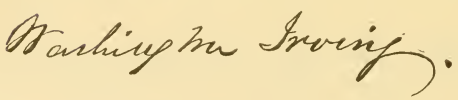
the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full-high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in all their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, of "Liberty first, and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, and blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart, — "Liberty AND Union, — now and forever, — one and inseparable."

OUR fathers raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun in his course, and keeping pace with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

IRVING

1783–1859

No name in our literary annals is more fondly cherished than that of Washington Irving, one of the earliest and most distinguished of American writers. He was born in New York in 1783, and died at Sunnyside, his home on the Hudson, in 1859. He began his literary career by contributing to the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, of which his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, was editor. His health failing, he went to Europe, where he remained



two years. On his return he was admitted to the Bar, but gave little attention to his profession. In 1807 appeared the first number of *Salmagundi; or, the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and Others*, — a semi-monthly periodical of light and agreeable character, which was very popular during its existence of less than two years. In 1809 the famous "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," was published, and had a most cordial reception. The next year Washington Irving became a partner in the mercantile business conducted by his brothers; but in 1812 the firm failed, and the young author returned to literary labors.

"The Sketch-Book" appeared in 1819, and established his fame in England and America. "Bracebridge Hall," "The Conquest of Granada," "The Life of Columbus," and other works, were issued at intervals prior to 1832. In 1842 he was appointed United States Minister to Spain, and held that office four years. After his return he wrote a "Life of Goldsmith," "The Life of Washington," and "Mahomet and his Successors." It is safe to say that no American author has been so generally and heartily loved as Washington Irving, and he was as popular in Great Britain as at home. His style is a model of ease, grace, and refinement. Thackeray pays this tribute to the character of Irving: "In his family gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood, quite unspoiled by prosperity, never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries), eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit, always kind and affable with the young members of his calling, in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful. He was at the same time one of the most charming masters of our lighter language, the constant friend to us and our nation, to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and a pure life." Our extracts are from "The Sketch-Book" and "The Life of Columbus."

ICHABOD CRANE

I

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of Saint Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market-days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about

two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson.[1] Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual revery. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the

[1] Henry Hudson, the English navigator who discovered the Hudson River in 1609

nightmare, with her whole nine fold,[1] seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating[2] the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that, the body of the trooper having been buried in the church-yard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the church-yard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, — to dream dreams and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud;[3] for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed

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[1] Irving's "nine fold" must be construed to mean "nine *foals*," — a grotesque addition to make the fancy more alarming.

[2] *collecting . . . collating;* discriminate

[3] laudation, praise

in the great state of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of Nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, — a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen[1] of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe[2] twisted in the handle of the

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[1] surname

[2] a band of twigs

door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out, — an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree[1] growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it, the longest day he had to live."

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[1] *formidable birch-tree.* Note the humorous suggestiveness of the phrase.

II.

When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom[1] so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody.[2] It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the

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[1] once, formerly

[2] Give the double etymology.

church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins[1] hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New

[1] *bumpkins* (See WEBSTER for the etymology of this word.)

England Witchcraft," — in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, a mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow.[1] It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended[2] his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination, — the moan of the whippoorwill from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if by chance a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet[3] was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm-tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, in "linked sweetness long drawn out,"[4] floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and

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[1] voracity; *i. e.* greedy credulity

[2] What is the commoner form?

[3] a lowly creature (compare *valet*)

[4] from Milton's "L'Allegro"

goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no specter dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind, that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many specters in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment.

Columbus made signals for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Jañez, his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters F. and Y., the initials of the Castilian monarchs Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the two captains, with Rodrigo de Escobedo, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience

to him, as admiral and viceroy representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men, hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods.

Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe, frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor, and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander.

When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his benignity. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvelous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing as they did from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude, but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New World. The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawks' bells, and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the Gold Coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads round

their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island, and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives; some swam off to the ships, others came in light barks, which they called canoes, formed of a single tree, hollowed, and capable of holding from one man up to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed dexterously with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting their canoes with great facility, and baling them with calabashes.[1]

They were eager to procure more toys and trinkets, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because everything from the hands of the strangers possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes, as having been brought from heaven; they even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes. They had but few objects to offer in return, except parrots, of which great numbers were domesticated among them, and cotton yarn, of which they had abundance, and would exchange large balls of five and twenty pounds' weight for the merest trifle.

The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold worn by some of the natives in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawks' bells; and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the Crown all trade for it, wherever it should be found in any quantity.

He inquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south, where, he

[1] gourds from the calabash-tree

understood them, dwelt a king of such wealth that he was served in vessels of wrought gold. He understood, also, that there was land to the south, the southwest, and the northwest; and that the people from the last-mentioned quarter frequently proceeded to the southwest in quest of gold and precious stones, making in their way descents upon the islands, and carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him scars of wounds received in battles with these invaders. It is evident that a great part of this fancied intelligence was self-delusion on the part of Columbus; for he was under a spell of the imagination, which gave its own shapes and colors to every object.

He was persuaded that he had arrived among the islands described by Marco Polo[1] as lying opposite Cathay, in the Chinese Sea, and he construed everything to accord with the account given of those opulent regions. Thus the enemies which the natives spoke of as coming from the northwest he concluded to be the people of the mainland of Asia, the subjects of the great Khan of Tartary, who were represented by the Venetian traveler as accustomed to make war upon the islands and to enslave their inhabitants. The country to the south, abounding in gold, could be no other than the famous island of Cipango; and the king, who was served out of vessels of gold, must be the monarch whose magnificent city and gorgeous palace, covered with plates of gold, had been extolled in such splendid terms by Marco Polo.

The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World, was called by the natives Guanahane. It still retains the name of San Salvador, which he gave to it, though called by the English Cat Island. The light which he had seen the evening previous to his making land may have been on Watling's Island, which lies a few leagues to the east. San Salvador is one of the great cluster of the Lucayos, or Bahama Islands, which stretch southeast and northwest from the coast of Florida to Hispaniola, covering the northern coast of Cuba.

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[1] A renowned Venetian traveler, born about 1252. He was the first European that entered China or made any extended journey into Central Asia.

BYRON

1788–1824

GEORGE GORDON, Lord Byron, was born in 1788, and died in 1824. In youth he was precocious, manifesting remarkable intellectual power, but giving evidence also of a wild and ungovernable temper. Leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of nineteen, he prepared a volume of poems for publication, which, under the title of "Hours of Idleness," was severely

ridiculed by the *Edinburgh Review*. A year later appeared Byron's reply, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," — one of the most powerful and scorching satires ever written. Having traveled for two years on the Continent, Byron returned to England, and in 1812 published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," which is generally esteemed his greatest work. In 1816 he left England, which he declared he would never revisit. He spent some time at Geneva with literary friends, and then settled in Italy, where he wrote "Manfred," the concluding canto of "Childe Harold,"

"Mazeppa," and the first part of "Don Juan." In 1820 he was associated with Shelley and Leigh Hunt in the publication of a periodical called *The Liberal*, in which "The Vision of Judgment" was first printed. In 1823 he went to Greece, where he intended to aid the Greeks in their resistance to Turkish oppression. But he was seized with epilepsy, and rheumatic fever ensuing, he died April 19, 1824.

Byron's poems are marvels of energy and spirit, glittering with poetical beauties and epigrammatic expression. He possesses, in the words of Matthew Arnold, to an extraordinary degree "the virtues of sincerity and strength." But a profound morbidness pervades his poems, and the thoughtful reader feels himself, as he ponders their passionate, defiant philosophy, to be in the presence of an unhealthy mind. Taine's criticism is acute: "No such great poet has had so narrow an imagination; he could not metamorphose himself into another. They are his own sorrows, his own revolts, his own travels, which, hardly transformed and modified, he introduces into his verses. He does not invent, he observes; he does not create, he transcribes. His copy is darkly exaggerated, but it is a copy. 'I could not write upon anything,' says he, 'without some personal experience and foundation.' You will find in his letters and note-book, almost feature for feature, the most striking of his descriptions. The capture of Ismail, the shipwreck of Don Juan, are, almost word for word, like two accounts of it in prose. If none but cockneys could attribute to him the crimes of his heroes, none but blind men could fail to see in him the sentiments of his characters. This is so true, that he has not created more than one."

MODERN GREECE

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?[1]

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[1] Thermopylæ. A mountain defile in Greece where Leonidas (480 B.C.), at the head of three hundred Spartans, withstood the whole force of the Persian army for three days. It is said that more than twenty thousand Persians perished in the memorable combat, and only one Greek survived. This battle is thought to afford the finest recorded instance of heroic bravery.

These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free, —
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis ![1]
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid;
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command, —
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that can not die.
'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace;
Enough, — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain[2] bonds and despot sway.

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[1] Salamis. This refers to a celebrated naval battle between the Greeks and the Persians, where the latter were disastrously defeated.

[2] slavish, servile

ROME

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance[1]? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye,
Whose agonies are evils of a day,—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay!

The Niobe[2] of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle[3] her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;[4]
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site;
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar[5] light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

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[1] suffering, misery
[2] the fabled wife of Tantalus, struck dumb with grief
[3] cover, as with a mantle
[4] *dealt upon . . . pride; i. e.* have worked their pleasure upon, etc.
[5] *i. e.* even a feeble light

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka! it is clear," —
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! — but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside — decay.
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.[1]

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[1] Compare Scott's "Unwept, unhonored, and unsung," page 221.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.[1]

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.[2]

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee, —
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; — not so thou; —
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play, —
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow, —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

[1] Note the bad grammar

[2] This line refers to two historical naval battles in which the British were victorious.

Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime, —
The image of Eternity, — the throne
Of the Invisible; e'en from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers, — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, — 't was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do here.

I SAW THEE WEEP

I saw thee weep, — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew;
I saw thee smile, — the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee[1] ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

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[1] *i. e.* compared with thee

BRYANT

1797–1878

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1797, and died in New York City in 1878, from the effects of a sunstroke. At the age of ten he made translations from the Latin poets, which were published, and three years later wrote "The Embargo," a satirical poem of much merit. He studied law, and practiced that profession for some time in

Great Barrington, Massachusetts. His early productions were regarded as the work of a precocious genius which would surely spend itself in these premature efforts; but the appearance of "Thanatopsis," which was written in his nineteenth year, and was published in the *North American Review*, proved conclusively that he was not a mere youthful prodigy. In 1825 he removed to New York, and, with a partner, established the *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*, to which he contributed some of his best poems.

The next year he became editor of the *Evening Post*, which place he held at the time of his death.

In England his poetry is held in high esteem; "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," and "Green River" have received especial praise from leading English critics. Bryant was distinctively a student and interpreter of Nature; all her aspects and voices were familiar to him, and are reproduced in his poetry with a solemn and ennobling beauty which has never been attained by any other American poet. Washington Irving says: "Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest; to the shores of the lonely lake; the banks of the wild, nameless stream; or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." In many respects his verse resembles Wordsworth's, but its spirit is less introspective. Another striking characteristic of Bryant's poetry is its lofty moral tone, — the eloquence of a great intellect warmed and controlled by high and pure impulses.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images

Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice:

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant[1] world, — with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —

[1] the young, that is, the ancient world

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there.
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep; — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly limned [1] upon the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert [2] and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

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[1] outlined

[2] *adj.* empty, vacant; compare Gray,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart:

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

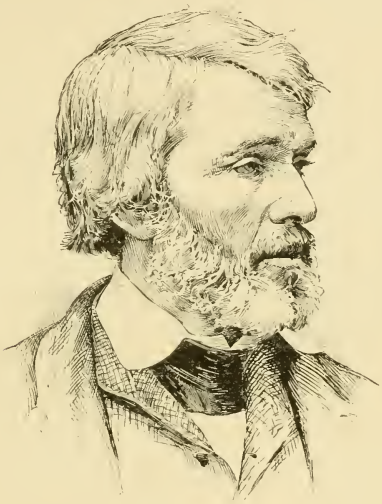
HERE, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron mold and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart:
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest, in mien and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame:
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

From "The Conqueror's Grave"

CARLYLE

1795–1881

THOMAS CARLYLE was born in Scotland in 1795, and died in London February 5, 1881. He was the son of a Dumfriesshire farmer. He studied at Edinburgh University, and is said to have intended to enter the ministry, but abandoned the purpose. His first essays in literature consisted of contributions to several magazines. Next he translated Goethe's "Wilhelm



Thomas Carlyle

Meister," and in his labors acquired a warm and lasting love for German literature. "Sartor Resartus," in which he laid the first substantial foundation of his fame, was published in book form in 1834. It is a characteristic composition, exhibiting the originality and brilliancy of his thought, and the peculiarities and force of his style, in full relief. Three years later appeared his "History of the French Revolution." Among his later works are "Past and Present," "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," Lives of Schiller and Sterling, and "The Life of Frederick the Great."

Lowell's discriminating judgment of Carlyle is in these words: "The leading characteristics of an author who is in any sense original may commonly be traced more or less clearly to his earliest works. Everything that Carlyle wrote during this first period thrills with the purest appreciation of whatever is brave and beautiful in human nature, with the most vehement scorn of cowardly compromise with things base; and yet, immitigable as his demand for the highest in us seems to be, there is always something reassuring in the humorous sympathy with mortal frailty which softens condemnation and consoles for shortcoming.

"By degrees the humorous element in his nature gains ground, till it overmasters all the rest. Becoming always more boisterous and obtrusive, it ends at last, as such humor must, in cynicism. In proportion as his humor gradually overbalanced the other qualities of his mind, Carlyle's taste for the eccentric, amorphous, and violent in men became excessive, disturbing more and more his perception of the more commonplace attributes which give consistency to portraiture. His 'French Revolution' is a series of lurid pictures, unmatched for vehement power, but all is painted by eruption-flashes in violent light and shade. There are no half-tints, no gradations. Of his success, however, in accomplishing what he aimed at, which was to haunt the mind with memories of a horrible political nightmare, there can be no doubt. Carlyle's historical compositions are wonderful prose-poems, full of picture, incident, humor, and character, where we grow familiar with his conception of certain leading personages, and even of subordinate ones, if they are necessary to the scene, so that they come out living upon the stage from the dreary limbo of names; but this is no more history than are the historical plays of Shakespeare."

EXECUTION OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE[1]

On Monday, the 14th of October, 1793, a Cause is pending in the Palais de Justice, in the new Revolutionary Court, such as these old stone walls never witnessed, — the Trial of Marie-Antoinette.[2] The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier-Tinville's Judgment-

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[1] from the "History of the French Revolution"

[2] Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France, was condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal of the French Republicans, and was executed on the 16th October, 1793. (See Burke, page 150.) Her husband, Louis XVI., had been guillotined on the 21st of January preceding.

bar, answering for her life. The Indictment was delivered her last night. To such changes of human fortune what words are adequate? Silence alone is adequate. . . .

Marie-Antoinette, in this her abandonment and hour of extreme need, is not wanting to herself, the imperial woman. Her look, they say, as that hideous indictment was reading, continued calm; "she was sometimes observed moving her fingers, as when one plays on the piano." You discern, not without interest, across that dim Revolutionary Bulletin itself, how she bears herself queen-like. Her answers are prompt, clear, often of Laconic brevity; resolution, which has grown contemptuous without ceasing to be dignified, veils itself in calm words. "You persist then in denial?" — "My plan is not denial; it is the truth I have said, and I persist in that." . . .

At four o'clock on Wednesday morning, after two days and two nights of interrogating, jury-charging, and other darkening of counsel, the result comes out, — sentence of Death! "Have you anything to say?" The Accused shook her head, without speech. Night's candles are burning out; and with her, too, Time is finishing, and it will be Eternity and Day. This Hall of Tinville's is dark, ill-lighted except where she stands. Silently she withdraws from it, to die.

Two Processions, or Royal Progresses, three-and-twenty years apart, have often struck us with a strange feeling of contrast. The first is of a beautiful Archduchess and Dauphiness, quitting her mother's city, at the age of fifteen, towards hopes such as no other Daughter of Eve then had. "On the morrow," says Weber, an eye-witness, "the Dauphiness left Vienna. The whole city crowded out; at first with a sorrow which was silent. She appeared; you saw her sunk back into her carriage, her face bathed in tears; hiding her eyes now with her handkerchief, now with her hands; several times putting out her head to see yet again this Palace of her Fathers, whither she was to return no more. She motioned her regret, her gratitude, to the good Nation, which was crowding here to bid her farewell. Then arose not only tears, but piercing cries, on all sides. Men and

women alike abandoned themselves to such expression of their sorrow. It was an audible sound of wail, in the streets and avenues of Vienna. The last Courier that followed her disappeared, and the crowd melted away."

The young imperial Maiden of Fifteen has now become a worn, discrowned Widow of Thirty-eight, gray before her time. This is the last Procession: "Few minutes after the Trial ended, the drums were beating to arms in all Sections; at sunrise the armed force was on foot, cannons getting placed at the extremities of the Bridges, in the Squares, Crossways, all along from the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Révolution. By ten o'clock, numerous patrols were circulating in the Streets; thirty thousand foot and horse drawn up under arms. At eleven, Marie-Antoinette was brought out. She had on an undress of *piqué blanc* (white piqué); she was led to the place of execution in the same manner as an ordinary criminal: bound on a Cart, accompanied by a Constitutional Priest in Lay dress, escorted by numerous detachments of infantry and cavalry. These, and the double row of troops all along her road, she appeared to regard with indifference. On her countenance there was visible neither abashment nor pride. To the cries of *Vive la République* (Live the Republic!) and *Down with Tyranny*, which attended her all the way, she seemed to pay no heed. She spoke little to her Confessor. The tricolor Streamers on the house-tops occupied her attention, in the Streets du Roule and Saint-Honoré; she also noticed the Inscriptions on the house-fronts. On reaching the Place de la Révolution her looks turned towards the *Jardin National*, whilom Tuileries; her face at that moment gave signs of lively emotion. She mounted the Scaffold with courage enough; at a quarter past Twelve, her head fell; the Executioner showed it to the people, amid universal long-continued cries of *Vive la République.*"

NIGHT VIEW OF A CITY[1]

I LOOK down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive, and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while His Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather; there, top-laden, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains,[2] and cars, come tumbling-in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with Produce manufactured.

That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? From Eternity onwards to Eternity! These are apparitions: what else? Are they not souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient region of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down

[1] from "Sartor Resartus"

[2] *wain*, wagon; these words have a common origin

to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous,[1] unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven!

O! under that hideous coverlet of vapors, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying, — on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir*[2] languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry villains; while Councilors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets-to his pick-locks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow; their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid, dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten. — All these heaped and

[1] from Lat. *stertere*, hoarsely breathing

[2] red-and-black, — a gambler's game

huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them : — crammed-in, like salted fish, in their barrel ; — or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the others : *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane ! — But I sit above it all ; I am alone with the Stars !

THE REIGN OF TERROR[1]

We are now, therefore, got to that black precipitous abyss, whither all things have long been tending ; where, having now arrived on the giddy verge, they hurl down, in confused ruin ; headlong, pellmell, down, down ; — till Sansculottism have consummated itself ; and in this wondrous French Revolution, as in a Doomsday, a World have been rapidly, if not born again, yet destroyed and engulfed. Terror has long been terrible ; — but to the actors themselves it has now become manifest that their appointed course is one of Terror ; and they say, "Be it so." So many centuries had been adding together, century transmitting it with increase to century, the sum of Wickedness, of Falsehood, Oppression of man by man. Kings were sinners, and Priests were, and people. Open-Scoundrels rode triumphant, be-diademed, be-coronetted, be-mitered ; or the still fataller species of Secret-Scoundrels, in their fair-sounding formulas, speciosities, respectabilities, hollow within : the race of quacks was grown many as the sands of the sea. Till at length such a sum of quackery had accumulated itself as, in brief, the Earth and the Heavens were weary of.

Slow seemed the Day of Settlement ; coming on, all imperceptible, across the bluster and fanfaronade of Courtierisms, Conquering-Heroisms, Most Christian *Grand Monarqueisms*, Well-beloved Pompadourisms : yet, behold, it was always coming : behold, it has come, suddenly, unlooked for by any man ! The harvest of long centuries was ripening and whitening so rapidly

[1] from the "History of the French Revolution"

of late; and now it is grown *white*, and is reaped rapidly, as it were, in one day — reaped in this Reign of Terror; and carried home to Hades and the Pit! Unhappy Sons of Adam! it is ever so; and never do they know it, nor will they know it. With cheerfully-smoothed countenances, day after day, and generation after generation, they, calling cheerfully to one another "Well-speed-ye," are at work *sowing the wind.* And yet, as God lives, they *shall reap the whirlwind;* no other thing, we say, is possible, — since God is a Truth and His World is a Truth.

A HIGHLY interesting lean, little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; no crown but an old military cocked hat; no scepter but a walking-stick cut from the woods; and for royal robes a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed, but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished.

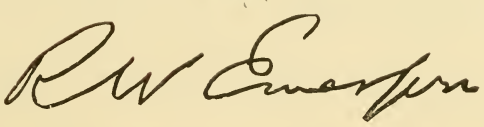
The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world, and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy, clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation.

A Picture of the King, from "Frederick the Great."

EMERSON

1803–1882

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston in 1803, and died at his home in Concord, April 28th, 1882. He graduated at Harvard College in 1821, and after pursuing a course of theological study, became pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston. His ministry was brief, however; a difference of opinion as to points of doctrine arose between himself and his



people, and he resigned his charge. Retiring to the town of Concord, he devoted himself to the study of mental and moral philosophy. His first published writings — "Man Thinking," "Literary Ethics," and "Nature, an Essay" — attracted the attention of thoughtful readers. In 1847 he published his first volume of poems. He is best known by his "Essays" and his "Representative Men." His impress on the thought of his time was great; and though he failed to win a numerous following, he did much towards molding the ethical opinions of New England. His books have been widely read in England and Germany.

Professor John Nichol thus estimates Emerson: "The concentration of his style resembles that of a classic, but, as with others who have adopted the aphoristic mode of conveying their thoughts, he everywhere sacrifices unity to riches of detail. His essays are bundles of loose ideas tacked together by a common title, handfuls of scraps tossed down before his audience like the contents of a conjuror's hat. He delights in proverbs and apt quotations; he exaggerates, loves a contradiction for itself, and prefers a surprise to an argument. His eye is keen, but its range is narrow, and he is ignorant of the fact. His taste is constantly at fault, and an incessant straining after *mots* often leads him into caricature. His judgments of those whose lives and writings do not square with his theories are valueless; and in dealing with foreign languages he betrays the weakness of his scholarship. His soundest judgments relate to the men around him, of whom he is at once the panegyrist and the censor. All that is weak and foolish in their mode of life he condemns, all that is noblest and most hopeful he applauds.

"His faults are manifest; a petulant irreverence, frequent superficiality, a rash bravery, an inadequate solution of difficulties deeming itself adequate, are among the chief. But he is original, natural, attractive, and direct; limpid in his phrase, and pure in fancy. His best eloquence flows as easily as a stream. In an era of excessive reticence and cautious hypocrisy he lives within a case of crystal where there are no concealments. We never suspect him of withholding half of what he knows, or of formularizing for our satisfaction a belief which he does not sincerely hold. He is transparently honest and honorable. His courage has no limits. Isolated by force of character, there is no weakness in his solitude. He leads us into a region where we escape at once from deserts and from noisy cities; for he rises above without depreciating ordinary philanthropy, and his philosophy at least endeavors to meet our daily wants. In every social and political controversy he has thrown his weight into the scale of justice, on the side of a rational and progressive liberty."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Napoleon understood his business. Here was a man who in each moment and emergency knew what to do next. It is an immense comfort and refreshment to the spirits, not only of kings, but of citizens. Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, without plan, and are ever at the end of their line, and, after each action, wait for an impulse from abroad.

Napoleon had[1] been the first man of the world, if his ends had been purely public. As he is, he inspires confidence and vigor by the extraordinary unity of his action.

He is firm, sure, self-denying, self-postponing, sacrificing everything to his aim, — money, troops, generals, and his own safety also; not misled, like common adventurers, by the splendor of his own means. "Incidents ought not to govern policy," he said, "but policy incidents." "To be hurried away by every event, is to have no political system at all." His victories were only so many doors, and he never for a moment lost sight of his way onward in the dazzle and uproar of the present circumstance. He knew what to do, and he flew to his mark.

He would shorten a straight line to come at his object. Horrible anecdotes may, no doubt, be collected from his history, of the price at which he bought his successes; but he must not, therefore, be set down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will: not bloodthirsty, not cruel; but woe to what thing or person stood in his way! "Sire, General Clarke can not combine with General Junot for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery." "Let him carry the battery." "Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed. Sire, what orders?" "*Forward! forward!*"

In the plenitude of his resources every obstacle seemed to vanish. "There shall be no Alps," he said; and he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France. Having decided what was to be done, he did that with might and main.[2] He put out all his strength. He risked everything, and spared nothing, — neither ammunition, nor money, nor troops, nor generals, nor himself. If fighting be the best mode of adjusting national differences (as large majorities of men seem to agree), certainly Bonaparte was right in making it thorough.

"The grand principle of war," he said, "was, that an army

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[1] *had* = would have; a poetic form

[2] A.-S. *mægen*, strength; the two words of this phrase, *might* and *main*, are of common origin.

ought always to be ready, by day and by night, and at all hours, to make all the resistance it is capable of making." He never economized his ammunition, but on a hostile position rained a torrent of iron, — shells, balls, grape-shot, — to annihilate[1] all defense. He went to the edge of his possibility, so heartily was he bent on his object. It is plain that in Italy he did what he could, and all that he could; he came several times within an inch of ruin, and his own person was all but lost. He was flung into the marsh at Arcola. The Austrians were between him and his troops in the confusion of the struggle, and he was brought off with desperate efforts. At Lonato and at other places he was on the point of being taken prisoner.

He fought sixty battles. He had never enough. Each victory was a new weapon. "My power would fall, were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain[1] me." He felt, with every wise man, that as much life is needed for conservation as for creation. We are always in peril, always in a bad plight, just on the edge of destruction, and only to be saved by invention and courage. This vigor was guarded and tempered by the coldest prudence and punctuality. A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation.[1] His idea of the best defense consisted in being always the attacking party. "My ambition," he says, "was great, but was of a cold nature."

Everything depended on the nicety of his combinations: the stars were not more punctual than his arithmetic. His personal attention descended to the smallest particulars. "At Montebello I ordered Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse; and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

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[1] Derivation?

Before he fought a battle Bonaparte thought little about what he should do in case of success, but a great deal about what he should do in case of a reverse of fortune. The same prudence and good sense marked all his behavior. His instructions to his secretary at the palace are worth remembering: "During the night, enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry: but when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost." His achievement of business was immense, and enlarges the known powers of man. There have been many working kings, from Ulysses to William of Orange, but none who accomplished a tithe of this man's performance.

To these gifts of nature Napoleon added the advantage of having been born to a private and humble fortune. In his later days he had the weakness of wishing to add to his crowns and badges the prescription[1] of aristocracy; but he knew his debt to his austere education, and made no secret of his contempt for the born kings, and for "the hereditary donkeys," as he coarsely styled the Bourbons. He said that, in their exile, "they had learned nothing, and forgot nothing." Bonaparte had passed through all the degrees of military service; but, also, was citizen before he was emperor, and so had the key to citizenship. His remarks and estimates discovered the information and justness of measurement of the middle class.

Those who had to deal with him found that he was not to be imposed upon, but could cipher as well as another man. When the expenses of the empress, of his household, of his palaces, had accummulated[2] great debts, Napoleon examined the bills of the creditors himself, detected overcharges and errors, and reduced the claims by considerable sums. His grand weapon, namely, the millions whom he directed, he owed to the representative character which clothed him. He interests us as he stands for France and for Europe; and he exists as captain and

[1] *prescription*, here used in the legal sense of "immemorial sanction"
[2] from Lat. *cumulus*, a heap

king only as far as the Revolution or the interests of the industrious masses found an organ and a leader in him.

In the social interests he knew the meaning and value of labor, and threw himself naturally on that side. The principal works that have survived him are his magnificent roads. He filled his troops with his spirit, and a sort of freedom and companionship grew up between him and them, which the forms of his court never permitted between the officers and himself. They performed under his eye that which no others could do. The best document[1] of his relation to his troops is the order of the day on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises the troops that he will keep his person out of reach of fire. This declaration, which is the reverse of that ordinarily made by generals and sovereigns on the eve of a battle, sufficiently explains the devotion of the army to their leader.

GOOD-BY, PROUD WORLD!

GOOD-BY, proud world! I 'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine:
Too long through weary crowds I roam, —
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I 'm going home.

Good by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace:
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good by, proud world, I 'm going home.

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[1] *document* = official evidence

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,[1]
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

THE SEA

Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July:
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by thy breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,[3]
And, in thy mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea-gods: — who gives gifts but they?

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1 lit. "a little round;" *i. e.* a song whose burden is repeated
2 an allusion to Exodus iii. 2–5
3 Compare "Balm of hurt minds." — *Macbeth*, ii. 2.

They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:
They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,[1]
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find, O waves!
A load your Atlas shoulders can not lift!

CONCORD FIGHT[2]

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

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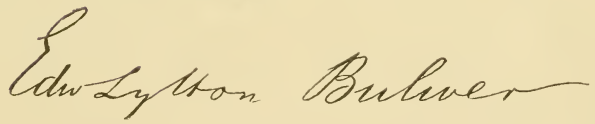
[1] a skilful craftsman of Grecian mythology

[2] This hymn was composed for the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to commemorate the fight at Concord, April 19, 1775.

BULWER

1805–1873

Sir Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton) was born in 1805, and died in 1873. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1826. In 1832 he entered Parliament, continuing a member till 1841; in 1852 he was re-elected to a seat in that body, where he served until his elevation to the peerage. In 1856 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. At a very



early age he began to write verses, and long before he reached his majority, had published a volume. His first book, "Ismael, an Oriental Tale," bears the date of 1820. It was followed by several volumes of verse, and his first novel, "Falkland," appeared in 1827. The next year he gave to the world his famous novel, "Pelham," which established his reputation. It was surpassed in merit, however, by some of his subsequent works, especially by "Rienzi" and by "The Caxtons." Bulwer distinguished himself in almost every department of literature, — as poet, essayist, novelist, and dramatist. Two of his plays, "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu," are among the most popular of the modern stage.

When he died, in January, 1873, after a short, painful illness, Bulwer left three finished works, "The Coming Race," "The Parisians," and "Kenelm Chillingly," besides an uncompleted historical romance entitled "Pausanias, the Spartan." "These," says Professor Minto, "had freshness enough to be the work of youth, and power enough to shame no veteran. The molding force whose operation is traced in 'The Parisians,' is the society of imperial and democratic France; in 'Chillingly,' the society of England in relation to its representative institutions. The leading purpose is kept well in view throughout both works, and the tendencies to corruption analyzed and presented with admirable skill. These last works show no falling off of power; he is as vviid as ever in description, as fertile as ever in the invention of humorous and melodramatic situation. . . . The fact that in the fiftieth year of his authorship, after publishing at least fifty separate works, most of them popular, Bulwer had still vigor and freshness enough to make a new anonymous reputation with 'The Coming Race,' would seem to indicate that critics had not fairly gauged his versatility. . . . His freshness of thought, brilliancy of invention, breadth and variety of portraiture, gave him a just title to his popularity; and, with all allowance for superficial affectations, his generous nobility of sentiment made his influence as wholesome as it was widespread."

ON REVOLUTION[1]

"My dear boy," cried Riccabocca, kindly, "the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you lies at the first step, and that is what is commonly called a Revolution. Now, I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one."

Leonard raised his eyes towards his master with a look of profound respect and great curiosity.

"Yes," added Riccabocca, and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. "Yes, not a revolution for chimeras,[2] but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine, —

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[1] from "My Novel"

[2] foolish fancies

the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner! I have shared in such an attempt. And," continued the Italian, mournfully, "recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain, — ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released."

The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued: —

"Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history, — revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even Lycurgus[1] is proved to be a myth who never existed. Such organic changes are but in the day-dreams of philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions (though generally they were very benevolent, good sort of men, and wrote in an elegant, poetical style) one would no more take on a plain matter of life than one would look upon Virgil's Eclogues as a faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful. But attempt to shape the world according to the poetry, and fit yourself for a madhouse. The farther off the age is from the realization of such projects, the more these poor philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruption of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece, and the successors

[1] the Spartan lawgiver, supposed to have lived about 850 B. C.

of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis.[1] Just in the grimmest period of English history, with the ax hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his Utopia.[2] Just when the world is to be the theater of a new Sesostris,[3] the sages of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason and live in a paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstery[4] than to work eight or ten hours a day; to the man of talent and action and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity and order of a state in which talent and action and industry are a certain capital, — why, the great bankers had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! Whatever disturbs society, yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle, falls first upon the market of labor, and thence affects prejudicially every department of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested, literature is neglected, people are too busy to read anything save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now, Lenny, take this piece of advice. You are young, clever, and aspiring: men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone, and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great crisis of your life; it is the struggle between the new desires knowledge ex-

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[1] Plato's idea of a perfect state is unfolded in the "Laws" and the "Republic." Atlantis was a fabled great island of the west, referred to by Plato, Pliny, and others.

[2] See pages 13 and 399.

[3] a supposed king of Egypt, who conquered the whole world

[4] a community of socialists, as proposed by Fourier (see *phalanx*)

cites, and that sense of poverty which those desires convert either into hope and emulation, or into envy and despair. I grant that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided amongst a great many proprietors and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pickax it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have leveled a yard. It is more than two thousand years ago," quoth the doctor, "since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever!"

Thus saying, Riccabocca came to the end of his pipe, and stalking thoughtfully away, left Leonard Fairfield trying to extract light from the smoke.

THE SURRENDER OF GRENADA[1]

Day dawned upon Grenada, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily upon the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. Alone upon a balcony commanding a view of the beautiful landscape, stood Boabdil,[2] the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had so ardently cultivated.

"What are we," said the musing prince, "that we should fill the earth with ourselves, — we kings! Earth resounds with the

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[1] from "Leila"

[2] Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Grenada. Ferdinand of Aragon dethroned him, 1491. For nearly eight centuries the Moors had held possession of Grenada, which was the last province of the Peninsula recovered by the Christians.

crash of my falling throne; on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost? Nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of all my wretchedness, the Marah of my life! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought and action, or man's more material luxuries of food and sleep, — the common and cheap desires of all? At the worst, I sink but to a level with chiefs and princes; I am but leveled with those whom the multitude admire and envy. . . . But it is time to depart." So saying, he descended to the court, flung himself on his barb,[1] and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown with vines and ivy; thence, amid gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unnoticed way.

When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. At the head of the vanguard rode, upon a snow-white palfrey,[2] the Bishop of Avila, followed by a long train of barefooted monks. They halted as Boabdil approached, and the grave bishop saluted him with the air of one who addresses an infidel and an inferior. With the quick sense of dignity common to the great, and yet more to the fallen, Boabdil felt, but resented not, the pride of the ecclesiastic. "Go, Christian," said he, mildly; "the gates of the Alhambra are open, and Allah has bestowed the palace and the city upon your king. May his virtues atone the faults of Boabdil!" So saying, and waiting no answer, he rode on, without looking to the right or the left. The Spaniards also pursued their way.

The sun had fairly risen above the mountains, when Boabdil and his train beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and at the same moment, louder than

[1] *barb*, a Barbary horse

[2] Lat. *paraveredus*, a saddle-horse for state occasions

the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of *Te Deum*, which preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and acclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, from his own watch-tower, with the sun shining full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe; while beside that badge of the holy war waved the gay and flaunting flag of Saint Jago, the canonized Mars of the chivalry of Spain. At that sight the king's voice died within him; he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and slackened not his speed till almost within bowshot of the first rank of the army.

Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlighted spears and blazoned banners; while beside murmured and glowed and danced the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course. By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the arch-priests of that mighty hierarchy, the peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Roland of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain, relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet and polished mail. Within sight of the royal group, Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and a little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror.

At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival, — their new subject; and as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon

his shoulder. "Brother and prince," said he, "forget thy sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king; resisting man, but resigned at length to God."

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head, and remained a moment silent; then motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and, kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. "O king!" then said Boabdil, "accept the keys of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain. The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Grenada; yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy."

"They do well," said the king; "our promises shall not be broken. But since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of Grenada be surrendered."

Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil, but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the calm and pale features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which the Moor was the first to break.

"Fair Queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues: this is my last, but not least glorious, conquest. But I detain ye; let not my aspect cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell."

"Farewell, my brother," replied Ferdinand, "and may fair fortune go with you! Forget the past!"

Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound respect and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new princi-

pality beyond the Alpuxarras. As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslem.

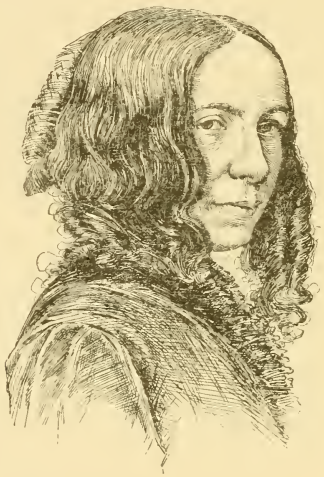
Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother, his slaves, and his faithful wife, Armine (sent on before), awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, and the towers of Grenada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted mechanically and abruptly; every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart, and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valley and crystal river. A universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place, where the king wept at the last view of his lost empire, is still called THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

MRS. BROWNING

1809–1861

Elizabeth Barrett was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1809, and died at Florence in 1861. At the age of ten years she began to compose, and seven years later put forth her first volume, "An Essay on Mind, with other Poems." These juvenile productions did not warrant the expectation of such literary triumphs as she afterwards achieved. But these preliminary



Elizabeth Barrett Browning

exercises were perhaps essential to the great and enduring work in which she was about to engage. This work is represented to the public by several volumes of poems, — issued between 1838 and the year of her death, — "The Seraphim," The "Romaunt of the Page," "The Drama of Exile," etc. In 1846 Miss Barrett became the wife of Robert Browning. Although distinctively a poet Mrs. Browning was not merely a poet. Her scholarship was extensive and accurate, and some of her critical papers entitle her to high rank as a writer of prose. For several years the poets had their home in Italy, and Mrs. Browning, sympathizing ardently with the Italian heart in its

struggles toward political independence, wrote many of her finest poems on Italian themes and inspired by Italian enthusiasm. Her last work of magnitude was "Aurora Leigh," — a long poem, in which she gave vehement, though somewhat mystical and obscure, expression to her opinions as to the mission of woman.

"The poetry of this writer," says George Barnett Smith, "is distinguished for its emotional spirit; had her imagination equaled her capacity for feeling, she might have taken rank with the highest of our poets. Sensibility and intuition, those endowments of supreme importance to writers of genius, whose greatness is to grow in proportion to their understandings and interpretation of human life, were in her united in a degree seldom witnessed. To her it was not always necessary to understand the wrong which she beheld; she saw it and hated it, and she has helped men by her writings to do something towards making an end of it. 'The Cry of the Children' is a striking illustration of her keen feeling and eloquent power as a philanthropist. . . . Her poetry is that which refines, chastens, and elevates. Much of it is imperishable; and although she did not reach the height of the few mighty singers of all time, she has shown us the possibility of the highest forms of the poetic art being within the scope of woman's genius."

A DEAD ROSE

O Rose! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;
But barren and hard, and dry as stubble-wheat,
Kept seven years in a drawer, — thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee
Between the hedgerow thorns, and take away
An odor up the lane, to last all day, —
If breathing now, unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom and flower to burn, —
If shining now, with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grew incarnadined,[1] because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was, —
If dropping now, would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet
Along the leaf's pure edges after heat, —
If lighting now, would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive, —
If passing now, would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete, —
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold! —
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee!

SLEEP

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this, —
"He giveth his beloved sleep?"[2]

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[1] carnation-colored, crimson

[2] Psalm cxvii. 2

What would we give to our belov'd?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved, —
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep, —
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse, —
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our belov'd?
A little faith, all undisproved, —
A little dust to overweep, —
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake;
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, belov'd!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth his beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the jugglers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on his love repose
Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN[1]

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers, —
And *that* can not stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly! —
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun:
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;[2]
They sink in man's despair, without his calm, —
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom, —
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm, —
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The blessings of its memory can not keep, —
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

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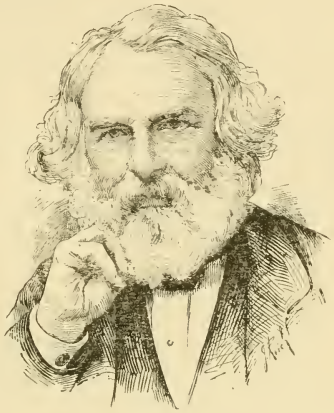
[1] from a poem on the factory children of England

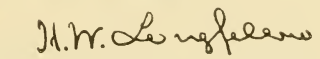
[2] Note the fine series of antitheses here begun.

LONGFELLOW

1807–1882

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 24th, 1882. He graduated from Bowdoin College in the class of 1825, of which Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce were members. The next year he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in this institution, and in 1835 was elected to the chair of Belles-Lettres in Harvard University, which position he held for many years, finally resigning it in order that he might give his attention





wholly to literature. Between these two dates he spent much time in Europe in the study of modern languages and literature. Longfellow's poetry is distinguished by refinement and grace rather than by vigor of thought or expression. His sympathies were quick and strong; and this fact, together with the directness and simplicity of his verse, accounts mainly for the popularity of his writings, not only in this country, but in England also. He was an accomplished student of foreign literature, and translated many poems from the Spanish, German, and Scandinavian languages into his own graceful measures. He was one of the most influential founders of American literature, as well as one of its brightest ornaments.

George William Curtis thus speaks of the poet: "While the magnetism of Longfellow's touch lies in the broad humanity of his sympathy, which

leads him neither to mysticism nor cynicism, and which commends his poetry to the universal heart, his artistic sense is so exquisite that each of his poems is a valuable literary study. The literary style of an intellectually introverted age or author will always be somewhat obscure, however gorgeous; but Longfellow's mind takes a simple, childlike hold of life, and his style never betrays the inadequate effort to describe thoughts or emotions that are but vaguely perceived, — which is the characteristic of the best sensational writing. Indeed, there is little poetry by the eminent contemporary masters which is so ripe and racy as his. He does not make rhetoric stand for passion, nor vagueness for profundity. His literary scholarship also, his delightful familiarity with the pure literature of all languages and times, must rank Longfellow among the learned poets. Yet he wears this various knowledge like a shining suit of chain-mail to adorn and strengthen his gait, like Milton, instead of tripping and clumsily stumbling in it, as Ben Jonson sometimes did. He whips out an exquisitely pointed allusion that flashes like a Damascus rapier, and strikes nimbly home; or he recounts some weird tradition, or enriches his line with some gorgeous illustration from hidden stores; or merely unrolls, as Milton loved to do, the vast perspective of romantic association by recounting, in measured order, names which themselves make music in the mind, — names not musical only, but fragrant, —

> "'Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the Blest.'"

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS"

It was the schooner "Hesperus"
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,[1]
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

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[1] *Main*, the great, or main, sea, as distinguished from its arms

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that can not live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word, —
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.[1]

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

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[1] a reef off the coast of Massachusetts

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
"Ho! ho!" the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the "Hesperus,"
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE SHIP OF STATE

Thou too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock, —
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock, and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

DISASTER

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry[1] in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial lookout,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.
So[2] disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions;

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[1] prey

[2] Note the nice correspondence of parts in the whole of this fine comparison.

When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,[1]
The great Sun rises to behold the sight.

The Ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits, impatient, for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,

[1] arrayed; the verb is archaic: compare Milton's "The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

Her snow-white signals, fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old Sea.

Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores [1] and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the Ocean's arms!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,

[1] props

And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

A NORTHLAND PICTURE

THERE is something patriarchal still[1] lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land, — almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir-boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travelers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, — the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible, — and brings you her heavy silver spoons, — an heirloom, — to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months

[1] This sketch was written in 1835, as a preface to some translations of Swedish verse. The piece has the prose form, but it is the prose of a poet and interpreter of Nature.

before; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plow, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travelers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of peasant women, traveling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark. . . .

In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church-spire, with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.[1] The stones are flat and large and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings;[2] on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

Near the church-yard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church-steps and con their psalm-books. Others are

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[1] *shadow . . . men.* In this beautiful fancy, which gives so much ideality to what was commonplace before, the poet is plainly disclosed to us.

[2] heraldic emblems

coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. . . . The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio,[1] care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding. . . .

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colors come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas.

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[1] Acts xviii. 17

And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas, indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons; but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls, and the great Yule-cake [1] crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. . . .

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh, and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants, —

"Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!"

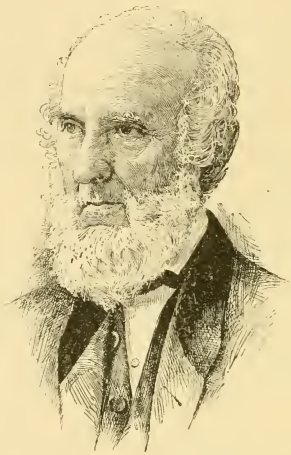
---

[1] *Yule*, from Swedish *jul*, "Christmas;" compare, in WEBSTER, the etymology of *jolly*.

WHITTIER

1807–

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the "Quaker poet," was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. His youth was spent at his native farmstead, where his educational opportunities were of the slenderest. He possessed a keen appetite for knowledge, however, and the age of twenty-one found him editing a newspaper at Boston. A year later he went to Hartford, to take charge of the *New England Weekly*. In 1831 he returned to Haverhill,



where he remained five years, serving the state as representative in the legislature through two terms. From boyhood he had been deeply interested in the subject of slavery, and his convictions of the sinfulness of that institution were strengthened with his growth. He was an original member of the American Antislavery Society, and having been appointed one of its secretaries, he took up his residence at Philadelphia in 1836, and for four years wrote constantly for antislavery periodicals. In 1840 he established himself at Amesbury, Massachusetts, which has ever since been his home. His first volume, "Legends of New England, in Prose and Verse," was pub-

lished in 1831. This has been followed, at frequent intervals, by nearly thirty volumes, mostly of verse. During the civil war he poured forth a multitude of stirring lyrics, which helped not a little to sustain and energize public sentiment; and the literature of the antislavery struggle, from its beginning to its end, had in him an active and efficient contributor.

Whittier's earlier poems deal largely with the colonial annals of New England, and some of the most interesting traditions of that region have been preserved for posterity in his graphic and vigorous lines. Two of Whittier's poems have enjoyed exceptional popularity, — "Maud Muller" and "Snow-bound;" the first tells the story of a universal experience; the second affords the most faithful and finished pictures of winter life in rural New England that have ever been drawn by a poet. No American poet is so free as Whittier from obligations to English writers; his poems show no evidence of appropriation, or of that assiduous study of masterpieces which generally entails some unconscious imitation of form. He is original and American. One principal charm of his poetry consists in its catholicity; he sings not of himself, but for humanity, and his voice is heeded as if it bore a special call to all who hear it.

MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool stream bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I 'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I 'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow and childbirth pain
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,[1]
The tallow candle an astral[2] burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,[3]
Dozing and grumbling o' er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies,
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

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[1] *The weary . . . turned; i. e.* the *spinning*-wheel to a *spinet*, — a musical instrument

[2] *astral*, "star-like," — the name of a brilliant lamp

[3] chimney corner

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flowers' time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,

Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans ! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides ! [1]
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew

[1] the fabled daughters of Hesperus, whose gardens yielded golden fruit

Seemed a complex Chinese toy
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied [1] frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil: [2]
Happy [3] if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;

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[1] spotted like the coat of a piper
[2] grimy labor
[3] Expand this elliptical expression.

Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

WINTER

SHUT in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head ;
The cat's dark silhouette [1] on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

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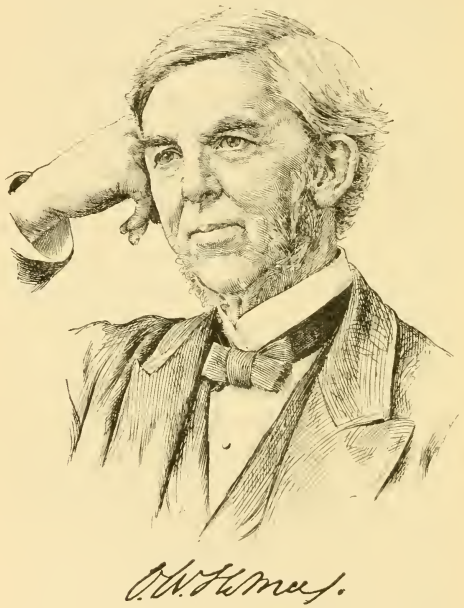
[1] Etymology? See WEBSTER.

HOLMES

1809-

Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the wittiest and wisest of American writers, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809, and graduated at Harvard University in 1829. He began the study of law; but feeling a stronger bent toward the profession of medicine, applied himself zealously to preparation for its practice. In 1836, having spent several years in study



abroad, he received his medical degree; two years later was appointed to a professorship in the Dartmouth Medical School; and in 1847 succeeded Dr. Warren as Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University. His first considerable literary effort was a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard in 1836. It received warm praise from competent critics, and its success undoubtedly confirmed his inclination for literary labors. The first edition of his collected poems was published in the same year, and many editions have followed it in this country and in

England. He confined his efforts in earlier years almost exclusively to long poems like "Urania" and "Astræa," — metrical essays, melodious, polished, and glittering with wit; but in later days he has been content to throw off short lyrics and "occasional pieces."

The most conspicuous characteristic of Holmes's verse is humor, of indescribable and rarely equaled delicacy and brilliancy. Several of his humorous poems, like the "One-Hoss Shay," have by common consent been elevated to the rank of classics in our American literature. Not less felicitous has he been in a few pieces in which a fine pathos relieves the glow of his wit. He was one of the founders of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in its first years was a regular contributor to its pages. For it he wrote "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and later, "The Professor" and "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," a series of papers which are unique in our literature, combining the rarest qualities of the light essay, — freshness of thought, deftness of touch, keen but good-humored satire, and a pervading atmosphere of wit that keeps the reader in a state of continual exhilaration and expectancy. In his "Fable for Critics" Lowell had these lines upon Holmes: —

> There 's Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit, —
> A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
> The electrical tingles of hit after hit.
> His are just the fine hands, too, to weave you a lyric
> Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satiric
> In so kindly a measure that nobody knows
> What to do but just join in the laugh, friends and foes."

ON AMATEUR WRITERS

If I were a literary Pope sending out an Encyclical,[1] I would tell inexperienced persons that nothing is so frequent as to mistake an ordinary human gift for a special and extraordinary endowment. The mechanism of breathing and that of swallowing are very wonderful, and if one had seen and studied them in his own person only, he might well think himself a prodigy. Everybody knows these and other bodily faculties are common gifts; but nobody except editors and school-teachers, and here and there a literary man, knows how common is the capacity of rhyming and

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[1] a general letter

prattling in readable prose, especially among young women of a certain degree of education. In my character of Pontiff, I should tell these young persons that most of them labored under a delusion. It is very hard to believe it; one feels so full of intelligence and so decidedly superior to one's dull relations and schoolmates; one writes so easily, and the lines sound so prettily to one's self; there are such felicities of expression, just like those we hear quoted from the great poets; and besides, one has been told by so many friends that all one had to do was to print and be famous! Delusion, my poor dear, delusion at least nineteen times out of twenty, — yes, ninety-nine times in a hundred.

But as private father-confessor, I always allow as much as I can for the one chance in the hundred. I try not to take away all hope, unless the case is clearly desperate, and then to direct the activities into some other channel.

Using kind language, I can talk pretty freely. I have counseled more than one aspirant after literary fame to go back to his tailor's board or his lapstone. I have advised the *dilettanti*,[1] whose foolish friends praised their verses or their stories, to give up all their deceptive dreams of making a name by their genius, and go to work in the study of a profession which asked only for the diligent use of average, ordinary talents. It is a very grave responsibility which these unknown correspondents throw upon their chosen counselors. One whom you have never seen, who lives in a community of which you know nothing, sends you specimens more or less painfully voluminous of his writings, which he asks you to read over, think over, and pray over, and send back an answer informing him whether fame and fortune are awaiting him as the possessor of the wonderful gifts his writings manifest, and whether you advise him to leave all, — the shop he sweeps out every morning, the ledger he posts, the mortar in which he pounds, the bench at which he urges the reluctant plane, — and follow his genius whithersoever it may lead him. The next correspondent wants you to mark out a whole course of

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[1] Italian; literally, those who *delight* in the fine arts, — hence, amateurs

life for him, and the means of judgment he gives you are about as adequate as the brick which the simpleton of old carried round as an advertisement of the house he had to sell. My advice to all young men that write to me depends somewhat on the handwriting and spelling. If these are of a certain character, and they have reached a mature age, I recommend some honest manual calling, such as they have very probably been bred to, and which will at least give them a chance of becoming President of the United States by and by, if that is any object to them.

What would *you* have done with the young person who called on me a good many years ago, — so many that he has probably forgotten his literary effort, — and read as specimens of his literary workmanship lines like those which I will favor you with presently? He was an able-bodied, grown-up young person, whose ingenuousness interested me; and I am sure if I thought he would ever be pained to see his maiden effort in print, I would deny myself the pleasure of submitting it to the reader. The following is an exact transcript of the lines he showed me, and which I took down on the spot: —

> "Are you in the vein for cider?
> Are you in the tune for pork?
> Hist! for Betty 's cleared the larder,
> And turned the pork to soap."

Do not judge too hastily this sincere effort of a maiden Muse. Here was a sense of rhythm, and an effort in the direction of rhyme; here was an honest transcript of an occurrence of daily life, told with a certain idealizing expression, recognizing the existence of impulses, mysterious instincts, impelling us even in the selection of our bodily sustenance. But I had to tell him that it wanted dignity of incident and grace of narrative, that there was no atmosphere to it, nothing of "the light that never was," and so forth.[1] I did not say this in these very words, but I

[1] An allusion to Wordsworth's lines: —

> "The light that never was, on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream."

gave him to understand, without being too hard upon him, that he had better not desert his honest toil in pursuit of the poet's bays.[1] This, it must be confessed, was a rather discouraging case. A young person like this may *pierce*, as the Frenchmen say, by and by, but the chances are all the other way.

I advise aimless young men to choose some profession without needless delay, and so get into a good strong current of human affairs, and find themselves bound up in interests with a compact body of their fellow-men.

I advise young women who write to me for counsel, — perhaps I do not advise them at all; only sympathize a little with them, and listen to what they have to say (eight closely written pages on the average, which I always read from beginning to end, thinking of the widow's cruse, and myself in the character of Elijah),[2] and — and — Come now, I don't believe Methuselah would tell you what he said in his letters to young ladies, written when he was in his nine hundred and sixty-ninth year.

But, dear me! how much work all this private criticism involves! An editor has only to say "respectfully declined," and there is the end of it. But the confidential adviser is expected to give the reasons of his likes and dislikes in detail, and sometimes to enter into an argument for their support. *That* is more than any martyr can stand; but what trials he must go through, as it is! Great bundles of manuscripts, verse or prose, which the recipient is expected to read, perhaps to recommend to a publisher, at any rate to express a well-digested and agreeably flavored opinion about; which opinion, nine times out of ten, disguise it as we may, has to be a bitter draught; every form of egotism, conceit, false sentiment, hunger for notoriety, and eagerness for display of anserine plumage[3] before the admiring public; — all these come in by mail or express, covered with postage-stamps of so much more cost than the value of the waste words they overlie, that one comes at last to groan and change color at the very sight of a package, and to dread the

[1] *i. e.* a garland of laurel

[2] 1 Kings xvii. 12

[3] *anserine plumage*, the plumes of a goose (Lat. *anser*)

postman's knock as if it were that of the other visitor whose naked knuckles rap at every door.

Still, there are experiences which go far towards repaying all these inflictions. My last young man's case looked desperate enough; some of his sails had blown from the rigging, some were backing in the wind, and some were flapping and shivering. But I told him which way to head, and, to my surprise, he promised to do just as I directed.

What if I should tell my last, my very recent, experience with the other sex? I received a paper containing the inner history of a young woman's life, the evolution of her consciousness from its earliest record of itself, written so thoughtfully, so sincerely, with so much firmness and yet so much delicacy, with such truth of detail and such grace in the manner of telling, that I finished the long manuscript almost at a sitting, with a pleasure rarely, almost never, experienced in voluminous communications which one has to spell out of handwriting. This was from a correspondent who made my acquaintance by letter when she was little more than a child, some years ago. How easy at that early period to have silenced her by indifference, to have wounded her by a careless epithet, perhaps even to have crushed her as one puts his heel on a weed! A very little encouragement kept her from despondency, and brought back one of those overflows of gratitude which make one more ashamed of himself for being so overpaid, than he would be for having committed any of the lesser sins. But what pleased me most in the paper lately received was to see how far the writer had outgrown the need of any encouragement of mine; that she had strengthened out of her tremulous questionings into a self-reliance and self-poise which I had hardly dared to anticipate for her.

Some of my readers who are also writers have very probably had more numerous experiences of this kind than I can lay claim to, — self-revelations from unknown and sometimes nameless friends, who write from strange corners, where the winds have wafted some stray words of theirs which have lighted in the minds and reached the hearts of those to whom they were

as the angel that stirred the pool of Bethesda. Perhaps this is the best reward authorship brings; it may not imply much talent or literary excellence, but it means that your way of thinking and feeling is just what some one of your fellow-creatures needed.

I KNOW nothing in the world tenderer than the pity that a kind-hearted young girl has for a young man who feels lonely. It is true that these dear creatures are all compassion for every form of human woe, and anxious to alleviate all human misfortunes. They will go to Sunday-schools, through storms their brothers are afraid of, to teach the most unpleasant and intractable classes of little children the age of Methuselah and the dimensions of Og the king of Bashan's bedstead. They will stand behind a table at a fair all day until they are ready to drop, dressed in their prettiest clothes and their sweetest smiles, and lay hands upon you, — to make you buy what you do not want, at prices which you can not afford; all this as cheerfully as if it were not martyrdom to them as well as to you. Such is their love for all good objects, such their eagerness to sympathize with all their suffering fellow-creatures! But there is nothing they pity as they pity a lonely young man. — *From "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table."*

WHEN we are as yet small children there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold, — TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse

just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns — thus we learn — to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

The schoolmistress was polite enough to say that she was pleased with this, and that she would read it to her little flock the next day. But she should tell the children, she said, that there were better reasons for truth than could be found in mere experience of its convenience, and the inconvenience of lying. — *From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."*

UNDER THE VIOLETS

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light; —
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;

A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say, that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, "What maiden lies below?"
Say only this: "A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

TENNYSON

1810–

ALFRED (BARON) TENNYSON, the first of living poets, was born in Lincolnshire, England, in 1810. He is the youngest of three brothers, all of whom were educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and gave promise of intellectual greatness. Indeed, Wordsworth, estimating a volume of poems, published in 1829, the joint work of Charles and Alfred Tennyson, found the

contributions of Charles to be entitled to the higher praise. Alfred Tennyson's first volume, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," was published in 1830, and had a favorable reception, though there was nothing in it to foreshadow his later masterpieces. Two editions of Poems followed in 1832 and 1842. "The Princess," appearing in 1847, elicited various comment, though there was but one opinion among critics as to the delicacy and grace of its execution.

In 1850 Tennyson gave to the world a work which quieted all doubts as to his title to the highest rank among contemporary poets, and which was uni-

versally received as an ample warrant for his appointment to succeed Wordsworth as Poet Laureate, — an appointment which was made in the same year. This was "In Memoriam," a lament for the poet's friend, Arthur Hallam. In it noble thoughts are conveyed in a guise of ideal beauty, in a combination which has hardly been surpassed in our literature. "Maud," published in 1855, added nothing to the poet's fame; and this must also be said of the many short poems from his pen which preceded the publication of "The Idyls of the King," in 1859. These poems are his masterpieces. They are, however, unequal in merit, the earlier Idyls being superior to their successors. Yet to the mass of readers the Laureate is best known by his shorter pieces. Among these are "The Queen of the May," "Locksley Hall," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and the exquisite songs which are scattered through "The Princess." The charm of Tennyson's poetry lies mainly in his felicity of diction, in his choice and arrangement of words and adjustment of phrase and epithet. His influence upon the poetical spirit of our time has been very great, and to the purity of his Muse is largely due the comparative health of our poetical literature.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns," he said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.[1]

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:

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[1] The poem celebrates the great cavalry charge of the British at the battle of Balaklava, 25th October, 1854.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke
Shattered and sundered:
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made;
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,

For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
O, your sweet eyes, your low replies!
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a specter in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fixed a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent

The grand old gardener and his wife
  Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
  'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
  And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
  You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
  Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
  But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
  You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
  If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
  Nor any poor about your lands?
O, teach the orphan boy to read,
  Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
  And let the foolish yeoman go.

ARDEN SHIPWRECKED[1]

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The luster of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran

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[1] from "Enoch Arden"

Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world —
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise, — but no sail.

WIDOW AND CHILD[1]

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
All her maidens, watching, said
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low;
Called him worthy to be loved:
Truest friend and noblest foe.
Yet she neither spake nor moved.

[1] from "The Princess"

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee.
Like summer tempest came her tears:
"Sweet my child, I live for thee!"

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

TEARS, idle tears! I know not what they mean:
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge:
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

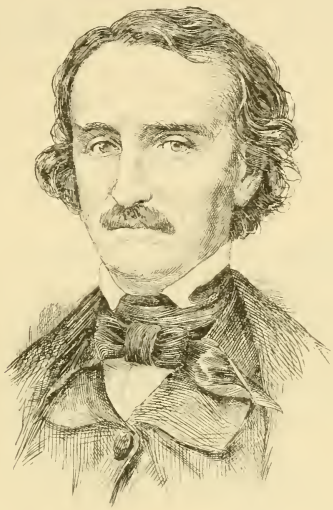
Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square:
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others — deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret:
O death in life! the days that are no more.

POE

1811–1849

EDGAR ALLAN POE, the most brilliant of the early American poets, was born in Boston in 1811. On the death of his parents, who were members of the theatrical profession, he was adopted by a merchant of Richmond and sent to school. In 1822 he entered the University of Virginia; but his habits



were such as to compel his expulsion. His foster-father refusing young Poe's demands for money, the latter resolved to go, like Byron, to the aid of the struggling Greeks. He went to Europe, only to be sent home by the United States Consul at St. Petersburg. His benefactor next procured him an appointment to West Point; but young Poe could not endure the strict discipline of cadet-life, and in less than a year he was dismissed. Again he was received at the house of his foster-father; but his stay, this time, was short: for some offense whose nature has never been clearly explained, he was shut out forever from the house that had been his only home.

In 1829 a small collection of his poems had been published in Baltimore, and received with some favor; but his early literary work had little permanent value. In 1839 he went to New York, where he wrote for newspapers and magazines, and in 1840 to Philadelphia, where he edited *Graham's Magazine*. Returning to the metropolis, he engaged in miscellaneous literary labors, contributing his most famous poem, "The Raven," to *The American Review*, in February, 1845. He died October 7, 1849.

Although Poe is best known as a poet, many critics agree that he was even greater as a writer of tales. His imagination was exceptionally powerful, his love of the weird and marvelous was very strong, and his skill in producing somber and uncanny effects was extraordinary. As a critic he was remarkable mainly for his violent prejudices, and his "Literati of New York City," though spicy reading, gives no evidence of real critical power. Two or three of his poems, "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee," will always be read and admired.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee, —
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came,
And bore her away from me,

To shut her up in a sepulcher,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

FROM THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more." . . .

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door, —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas,[1] just above my chamber door, —
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian[2] shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

THE BELLS

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells, —
Silver bells, —
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight, —
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

[1] the goddess of Wisdom

[2] *Plutonian*, dark, gloomy; Pluto was the fabled god of the underworld

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells, —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells, —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
O the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells, —
Of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells, —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody[1] compels
In the silence of the night;
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone;
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

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[1] a mournful solo

And the people, — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone, —
They are neither man nor woman, —
They are neither brute nor human, —
They are gholes.
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan[1] from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells, —
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells;
Of the bells, bells, bells, —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, —
Bells, bells, bells, —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

[1] song of triumph

RUSKIN

1819–

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in 1819. He was educated at Oxford, where he won the Newdigate Prize for English poetry. He has devoted most of his life to the study and exposition of Art, and has written many books, most of which treat of architecture and painting. His first work was "Modern Painters," which at once established his reputation. It

elicited profuse criticism, which in effect was favorable; but high authorities severely censured it as illogical and as extravagant in style. In the preface to this work Ruskin says: "In the main aim and principle of the book there is no variation from its first syllable to its last. It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the Work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with, or subjection to, that. And it differs from most books, and has a chance of being in some respects better for the difference, that it has not been written for fame, or for money, or for conscience' sake,

but of necessity." Among his best-known works are "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Stones of Venice," and "Lectures on Architecture and Painting." Within a few years he has given much attention to questions of political economy.

On few writers have praise and blame been bestowed in so great volume and in so nearly equal measure. In the early years of his career the weight of critical authority was against him; but to-day his hold upon popular respect seems firm. His dogmatism has cost him many friends, and the eccentricities of his style — which, however, is forcible, and vigorous with a certain wild beauty — have repelled many readers from his books. But it is impossible not to admire his earnestness, his love of truth, and his detestation of shams. He has done more than any other living writer to stimulate public interest in art, and to formulate sound theories about it.

WATER

Of all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modeled into symmetry, and its crags chiseled into grace; then as, in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen; then as it exists in the foam of the torrent, — in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul.

Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge,

but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery, from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each; the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind, whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it, and covers its surface, not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and, finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos, and you will understand that there is, indeed, no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract. Few people have had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time, and when they have, can not face it. To hold by a mast or a rock, and watch it, is a prolonged endurance of drowning which few people have courage to go through. To those who have, it is one of the noblest lessons of nature.

All rivers, small or large, agree in one character: they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one

bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow, and foolish, and childlike; and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves fully together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play, and another for work; and can be brilliant, and chattering, and transparent when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to the main purpose. And rivers are just in this divided, also, like wicked and good men; the good rivers have serviceable deep places all along their banks that ships can sail in, but the wicked rivers go scoopingly, irregularly, under their banks until they get full of strangling eddies, which no boat can row over without being twisted against the rocks, and pools like wells which no one can get out of but the water-kelpie[1] that lives at the bottom; but, wicked or good, the rivers all agree in having two sides.

When water, not in very great body, runs in a rocky bed much interrupted by hollows, so that it can rest every now and then in a pool as it goes along, it does not acquire a continuous velocity of motion. It pauses after every leap, and curdles about, and rests a little, and then goes on again; and if in this comparatively tranquil and rational state of mind it meets with an obstacle, as a rock or stone, it parts on each side of it with a little bubbling foam, and goes round; if it comes to a step in its bed, it leaps it lightly, and then after a little plashing at the bottom, stops again to take breath. But if its bed be on a continuous slope, not much interrupted by hollows, so that it can not rest, or if its own mass be so increased by flood that its usual resting-places are not sufficient for it, but that it is perpetually pushed out of them by the following current, before it has had time to tranquillize itself, it of course gains velocity with every yard that it runs; the impetus got at one leap is carried to the credit of the next, until the whole stream becomes one mass of unchecked, accelerating motion.

[1] a warning water-spirit

Now, when water in this state comes to an obstacle, it does not part at it, but clears it like a race-horse; and when it comes to a hollow, it does not fill it up and run out leisurely at the other side, but it rushes down into it and comes up again on the other side, as a ship into the hollow of the sea. Hence the whole appearance of the bed of the stream is changed, and all the lines of the water altered in their nature.

The quiet stream is a succession of leaps and pools; the leaps are light and springy, and parabolic, and make a great deal of splashing when they tumble into the pool; then we have a space of quiet curdling water, and another similar leap below. But the stream when it has gained an impetus takes the shape of its bed, never stops, is equally deep and equally swift everywhere, goes down into every hollow, not with a leap, but with a swing, not foaming, nor splashing, but in the bending line of a strong sea-wave, and comes up again on the other side, over rock and ridge, with the ease of a bounding leopard; if it meet a rock three or four feet above the level of its bed, it will neither part nor foam, nor express any concern about the matter, but clear it in a smooth dome of water, without apparent exertion, coming down again as smoothly on the other side; the whole surface of the surge being drawn into parallel lines by its extreme velocity, but foamless, except in places where the form of the bed opposes itself at some direct angle to such a line of fall, and causes a breaker; so that the whole river has the appearance of a deep and raging sea, with this only difference, that the torrent-waves always break backwards, and sea-waves forwards. Thus, then, in the water which has gained an impetus, we have the most exquisite arrangements of curved lines, perpetually changing from convex to concave, and *vice versâ*, following every swell and hollow of the bed with their modulating grace, and all in unison of motion, presenting perhaps the most beautiful series of inorganic forms which nature can possibly produce; for the sea runs too much into similar and concave curves with sharp edges, but every motion of the torrent is united, and all its curves are modifications of beautiful lines.

THE CLOUDS

STAND upon the peak of some isolated mountain at daybreak, when the night-mists first rise from off the plains, and watch their white and lake-like fields as they float in level bays and winding gulfs about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight. Watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts and passes away; and down under their depths the glittering city and green pasture lie, like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the spires, starry as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain.

Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they couch in quiet masses, iridescent[1] with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back and back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its luster, to appear again above, in the serene heaven, like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piling with every instant higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds and the motion of the leaves together; and then you will see

[1] rainbow-colored

horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, along the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipices, as a hawk pauses over his prey.

And then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain let down to the valleys, swinging from the burdened clouds in black, bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking, and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again; while the smoldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, and as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood. And then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter — brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heaven, to give light upon the earth, which move together hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them.

And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long ava-

lanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to the heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven — one scarlet canopy — is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love o the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this his message unto men!

Nature has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestations of her capability of color are in the sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapor, which would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which give therefore fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity, of the hues assumed. The whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind, — things which can only be conceived while they are visible, — the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, — showing here deep and pure and lightless, there modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold.

LOWELL

1819–1891

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, poet, critic, and essayist, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, and died in the same place, Aug. 12, 1891. Having graduated at Harvard College, he studied law; but after a brief experience of the profession, he abandoned the courts for the more congenial walks of literature. His first volume of poetry, "A Year's Life," was published in 1841. In 1844 appeared a second collection of his poems, and in 1848 a third. This last year was a memorable one in his literary career, it having witnessed the publication of some of his most famous compositions. Among these are "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Fable for Critics," and "The Biglow Papers," besides a fresh collection of his shorter poems. In 1855 Lowell succeeded to the chair of Belles-Lettres in Harvard College, for many years occupied by Longfellow. After this he undertook no important literary enterprises. He wrote, however, occasional poems, among them

the "Commemoration Ode" and "The Cathedral," which exhibit his powers at their best; and he was, from 1857 to 1862, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and from 1863 to 1872 editor of the *North American Review*. The chief volumes bearing his name issued in his later years were two collections of essays, — "My Study Windows," and "Among my Books; a life of his old friend Hawthorne; a collection of poems, "Heartsease and Rue;" and a volume of prose, "Democracy and other Addresses."

Lowell was far from sacrificing vigor to finish, yet his compositions illustrate the highest American attainment in style. His "Fable for Critics" exhibited him as a successful pioneer in a department of poetical effort which had been almost untried in this country. "The Biglow Papers" are a unique product of American humor, and though written with reference to a temporary condition of public sentiment, must always be valued for their graphic and faithful representations of Yankee character, and for the mingled wit and wisdom with which they abound. As an essayist, Lowell is at his best in dealing with literary topics; his essays on certain old English writers are hardly surpassed in English literature. He was, however, a sympathetic student of Nature as well as of books, as may be seen in "My Garden Acquaintance." Lowell was appointed in 1873 to be United States minister to Spain, and later to be minister to England, which latter office he resigned in 1885.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE

Dr. Watts's statement that "birds in their little nests agree," like too many others intended to form the infant mind, is very far from being true. On the contrary, the most peaceful relation of the different species to each other is that of armed neutrality. They are very jealous of neighbors. A few years ago I was much interested in the house-building of a pair of summer yellow-birds. They had chosen a very pretty site near the top of a tall white lilac, within easy eyeshot of a chamber window. A very pleasant thing it was to see their little home growing with mutual help, to watch their industrious skill interrupted only by little flirts and snatches of endearment, frugally cut short by the common-sense of the tiny housewife. They had brought their work nearly to an end, and had already begun to line it with fern-down, the gathering of which demanded more distant journeys

and longer absences. But, alas! the syringa, immemorial manor of the catbirds, was not more than twenty feet away, and these "giddy neighbors" had, as it appeared, been all along jealously watchful, though silent, witnesses of what they deemed an intrusion of squatters. No sooner were the pretty mates fairly gone for a new load of lining, than

> "To their unguarded nest these weasel Scots
> Came stealing."

Silently they flew back and forth, each giving a vengeful dab at the nest in passing. They did not fall-to and deliberately destroy it, for they might have been caught at their mischief. As it was, whenever the yellow-birds came back, their enemies were hidden in their own sight-proof bush. Several times their unconscious victims repaired damages; but at length, after counsel taken together, they gave it up. Perhaps, like other unlettered folk, they came to the conclusion that the Devil was in it, and yielded to the invisible persecutions of witchcraft.

The robins, by constant attacks and annoyances, have succeeded in driving off the blue-jays who used to build in our pines, their gay colors and quaint, noisy ways making them welcome and amusing neighbors. I once had the chance of doing a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had had my eye for some time upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew nigh. At last I climbed the tree, in spite of angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of packthread had been somewhat loosely woven in. Three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves upon the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in its struggles to escape had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed itself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery. When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds,

the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly intent. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand, and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but erelong I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute[1] of his wings, came lightly to the ground, and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited on by his elders. A week later, I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine walk, in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot. I have no doubt that in his old age he accounted for his lameness by some handsome story of a wound received at the famous Battle of the Pines, when our tribe, overcome by numbers, was driven from its ancient camping-ground.

Of late years the jays have visited us only at intervals; and in winter their bright plumage, set off by the snow, and their cheerful cry, are especially welcome. They would have furnished Æsop with a fable, for the feathered crest in which they seem to take so much satisfaction is often their fatal snare. Country boys make a hole with their finger in the snow-crust just large enough to admit the jay's head, and, hollowing it out somewhat beneath, bait it with a few kernels of corn. The crest slips easily into the trap, but refuses to be pulled out again, and he who came to feast remains a prey.[2]

Twice have the crow-blackbirds attempted a settlement in my pines, and twice have the robins, who claim a right of pre-emption, so successfully played the part of border-ruffians as to drive them away, — to my great regret, for they are the best substitute we have for rooks. At Shady Hill (now, alas! empty of its so long loved household) they build by hundreds, and nothing can be more cheery than their creaking clatter (like a convention

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[1] from Fr. *parer*, "to ward off," and *chute*, "a fall"

[2] This is a playful allusion to Goldsmith's lines, —

> "Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
> And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray."

of old-fashioned tavern-signs) as they gather at evening to debate in mass-meeting their windy politics, or to gossip at their tent-doors over the events of the day. Their port is grave, and their stalk across the turf as martial as that of a second-rate ghost in "Hamlet." They never meddled with my corn, so far as I could discover.

For a few years I had crows; but their nests are an irresistible bait for boys, and their settlement was broken up. They grew so wonted[1] as to throw off a great part of their shyness, and to tolerate my near approach. One very hot day I stood for some time within twenty feet of a mother and three children, who sat on an elm-bough over my head, gasping in the sultry air, and holding their wings half spread for coolness. All birds during the pairing season become more or less sentimental, and murmur soft nothings in a tone very unlike the grinding-organ repetition and loudness of their habitual song. The crow is very comical as a lover; and to hear him trying to soften his croak to the proper Saint-Preux standard has something the effect of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson. Yet there are few things to my ear more melodious than his caw of a clear winter morning as it drops to you filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp blue air. The hostility of all smaller birds makes the moral character of the crow, for all his deaconlike demeanor and garb, somewhat questionable. He could never sally forth without insult. The golden robins, especially, would chase him as far as I could follow with my eye, making him duck clumsily to avoid their importunate bills. I do not believe, however, that he robbed any nests hereabouts, for the refuse of the gas-works, which, in our free-and-easy community, is allowed to poison the river, supplied him with dead alewives in abundance. I used to watch him making his periodical visits to the salt-marshes, and coming back with a fish in his beak to his young savages, who, no doubt, like it in that condition which makes it savory to the Kanakas[2] and other corvine[3] races of men.

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[1] habituated to surroundings, and hence, familiar

[2] Sandwich Island natives [3] from Lat. *corvus*, "a crow;" crow-like

DEMOCRACY[1]

I.

I SHALL address myself to a single point only in the long list of offenses of which we[2] are more or less gravely accused, because that really includes all the rest. It is that we are infecting the Old World with what seems to be thought the entirely new disease of Democracy.

There can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and political theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind; but, whether for good or evil, it should not be overlooked that the acorn from which it sprang was ripened on the British oak. Every successive swarm that has gone out from this *officina gentium*[3] has, when left to its own instincts — may I not call them hereditary instincts? — assumed a more or less thoroughly democratic form. This would seem to show, what I believe to be the fact, that the British constitution, under whatever disguises of prudences or decorum, is essentially democratic. People are continually saying that America is in the air; and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent.

The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. I say wherever the conditions were favorable; for it is certain that the germs of disease do not stick or find a prosperous field for their development and noxious activity unless where the simplest sanitary pre-

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[1] This selection is taken from Lowell's "Inaugural Address" as President of the Midland Institute, at Birmingham, England, in the autumn of 1884. The text as here given was revised by Mr. Lowell himself for publication in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

[2] *we; i. e.* the American people

[3] *Lat.*, workshop of the world

cautions have been neglected. It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable; only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy. Fairy tales are made out of the dreams of the poor. No; the sentiment which lies at the root of democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other, and not its cause. It is merely the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gaining that control, and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency, or drift, — what we are being taught to call, more wisely, the evolution,[1] — of things has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. And in this case, also, the prudent will prepare themselves to encounter what they can not prevent. . . .

To the door of every generation there comes a knocking,[2] and unless the household, like the Thane of Cawdor[3] and his wife, have been doing some deed without a name, they need not shudder. It turns out at worst to be a poor relation who wishes to come in out of the cold. The porter always grumbles and is slow to open. "Who 's there, in the name of Beëlzebub?" he mutters. Not a change for the better in our mortal housekeeping has ever taken place that wise and good men have not opposed it, have not prophesied, with the alderman, that the world would wake up to find its throat cut in consequence of it. The world, on the contrary, wakes up, rubs its eyes, yawns, stretches itself, and goes about its business as if nothing had happened. Suppression of the slave trade, abolition of slavery, trade-unions, — at all of these, excellent people shook their heads

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[1] evolving, unfolding, development

[2] a reference to the knocking at the gate in "Macbeth," ii. 3

[3] Macbeth

despondingly, and murmured "Ichabod."[1] But the trade-unions are now debating instead of conspiring, and we all read their discussions with comfort and hope, sure that they are learning the business of citizenship and the difficulties of practical legislation.

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts,[2] it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with specters and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people by the people, *for* the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant, not 'I 'm as good as you are,' but 'You 're as good as I am.'" And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement[3] to the other, — a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaludeen tells us that "One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within,

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[1] Hebrew, "the glory is departed".

[2] allusion to —

> "To be worse than worst
> Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
> Imagine howling!" — *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1

[3] that which makes complete; Lat. *complere*. "to fill up"

'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee;' and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert, and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said 'It is thyself;' and the door was opened to him." But that is idealism,[1] you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal.

II.

The framers of the American constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth, and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had a profound disbelief in theory, and knew better than to commit the folly of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of Time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. They recognized fully the value of tradition and habit as the great allies of permanence and stability. They all had that distaste for innovation which belonged to their race, and many of them a distrust of human nature derived from their creed. The day of sentiment was over, and no dithyrambic[2] affirmations or fine-drawn analyses of the rights of man would serve their present turn. This was a practical question, and they addressed themselves to it as men of knowledge and judgment should. Their problem was how to adapt English principles and precedents to

[1] the proposal of exalted conceptions for imitation and realization

[2] enthusiastic (See Webster)

the new conditions of American life; and they solved it with singular discretion. They put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the people's will, but of their whim. With few exceptions, they probably admitted the logic of the then accepted syllogism,[1] — democracy, anarchy, despotism. But this formula was framed upon the experience of small cities shut up to stew within their narrow walls, where the number of citizens made but an inconsiderable fraction of the inhabitants, where every passion was reverberated from house to house and from man to man with gathering rumor till every impulse became gregarious and therefore inconsiderate, and every popular assembly needed but an infusion of eloquent sophistry[2] to turn it into a mob all the more dangerous because sanctified with the formality of law.

Fortunately their case was wholly different. They were to legislate for a widely-scattered population and for States already practiced in the discipline of a partial independence. They had an unequaled opportunity and enormous advantages. The material they had to work upon was already democratical by instinct and habitude. It was tempered to their hands by more than a century's schooling in self-government. They had but to give permanent and conservative form to a ductile[3] mass. In giving impulse and direction to their new institutions, especially in supplying them with checks and balances, they had a great help and safeguard in their federal organization. The different, sometimes conflicting, interests and social systems of the several States made existence as a Union and coalescence into a nation conditional on a constant practice of moderation and compromise. The very elements of disintegration were the best guides in political training. Their children learned the lesson of compromise only too well, and it was the application of it to a question of fundamental morals that cost us our civil war. We learned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella, but a poor roof; that it is a temporary expedient, often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship.

[1] logical form of argument [2] fallacious reasoning [3] tractable, yielding

Has not the trial of democracy in America proved on the whole successful? If it had not, would the Old World be vexed with any fears of its proving contagious? . . . We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principle of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius. If these things were so, society could not hold together. . . . As for authority, it is one of the symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere; but this is due partly to the fact that statecraft is no longer looked upon as a mystery, but as a business, and partly to the decay of superstition, by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough and tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits, and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is, perhaps, neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can.

But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo, the least vulgar of men, the most austerely genial, and the most independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism[1]

[1] the opinion that "whatever is, is right" and for the best

distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so justify them in respecting others.

All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels; and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants. And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper, and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate. If we can not equalize conditions and fortunes any more than we can equalize the brains of men, — and a very sagacious person has said that "where two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind," — we can yet, perhaps, do something to correct those methods and influences that lead to enormous inequalities, and to prevent their growing more enormous.

I do not believe in violent changes, nor do I expect them. Things in possession have a very firm grip. One of the strongest cements of society is the conviction of mankind that the state of things into which they are born is a part of the order of the universe, as natural, let us say, as that the earth should go round the sun. It is a conviction that they will not surrender except on

compulsion; and a wise society should look to it that this compulsion be not put upon them. For the individual man there is no radical cure for the evils to which human nature is heir outside of human nature itself. The rule will always hold good that you must

"Be your own palace, or the world's your jail."

But for artificial evils, for evils that spring from want of thought, thought must find a remedy somewhere. There has been no period of time in which wealth has been more sensible of its duties than now. It builds hospitals, it establishes missions among the poor, it endows schools. It is one of the advantages of accumulated wealth, and of the leisure it renders possible, that people have time to think of the wants and sorrows of their fellows.

But all these remedies are partial and palliative merely. It is as if we should apply plasters to a single pustule of the small-pox with a view of driving out the disease. The true way is to discover and to extirpate [1] the germs. As society is now constituted, these are in the air it breathes, in the water it drinks, in things that seem, and which it has always believed, to be the most innocent and healthful. The evil elements it neglects corrupt these in their springs, and pollute them in their courses. Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. The world has cultivated much, and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

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[1] eradicate, destroy; etymology?

YUSSOUF

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold,
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I can not leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.

I thought: These men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that can not die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O, mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mold the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling, — wide
In the great mass its base is hid,

And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century; —

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,[1]
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

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[1] *Verse or line; i. e.* verse or prose, as in the next stanza

THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds[1] with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,

[1] *hinds*, literally farm-servants; hence, laborers

A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

BRITISH HISTORIANS

MACAULAY — FROUDE

IN preceding pages we have caught some passing glimpses of historical writing from the works of Gibbon and of Burke, though nothing that could give us any impressions beyond those of tone and style. No comparison that we could here make would suffice to show how completely History in our own day differs from all writing in the same department that has gone before it. Put in few words, the earlier historians nearly all set out with a purpose that was artistic in its nature. They sought, for the most part, to please the fancy and to excite the emotions. Of the laws of social progress they had scarcely any notion. For painstaking research their facilities were few and their inclination was slight. The historians of this century look upon society as an organism, governed, like all other organisms, by certain laws of development; and the methods they adopt are borrowed from the order of science.

An account of the growth and development of this species of writing — a history, that is, of History — would show the several steps of the slow transition through which History has ceased to be an unreliable chronicle of dynastic events, and has become the truthful record of man's progress, and of the reasons of his progress, out of savagery and into conditions of ever-increasing enlightenment.

Of the more recent British historians, none have had a wider influence than the two, Macaulay and Froude, from whose works are taken the selections which follow. Of their compeers in the same field, it must here suffice to mention some of the more influential, with the subjects of their principal works.

Lingard's "History of England," Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of the Anglo-Saxons," Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest," and Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," are important contributions to our knowledge of the social and political development of the English people.

Grote and Thirlwall gave to the world, in the same year, histories of Greece, and Merivale a "History of Rome."

Sir William Napier's "Peninsular War" and Kinglake's "Crimean War" afford luminous pictures of warfare in modern Europe.

James Mill's "History of British India" and Helps's "History of the Spanish Conquest in America" trace for us the spread of European civilization over opposite quarters of the globe.

Lecky in his "History of European Morals," Green in his "History of the English People," and Buckle in his "History of Civilization in England" have brought to the historian's task the habits of mind of the sociologist.

Two great histories of the English Constitution are those of Henry Hallam and Walter Bagehot. Among English lecturers on the general subject of History, Thomas Arnold of Rugby, Professor Goldwin Smith, and Rev. Charles Kingsley have given us works of lasting value.

MACAULAY

1800–1859

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, one of the greatest of modern historians, was born in Leicestershire, England, in 1800, and died in 1859. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was an eminent philanthropist. The subject of this notice entered Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1822 with a repu-

tation for varied and readily available learning. In 1826 he was called to the Bar, and in 1830 was elected to represent the borough of Calne in Parliament. In that body he was an active supporter of the Reform measures. In 1834 he was sent to India as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta; in 1839 he was made Secretary of War; in 1841 he went out of office, on the accession of Sir Robert Peel; in 1846, the Whigs returning to power,

he was appointed Paymaster-General of the Forces, and had a seat in the Cabinet. In 1847 he was defeated in the Parliamentary elections, his Edinburgh constituents disapproving his course on the Maynooth Grant question. Five years later, however, these same constituents chose him as their representative in Parliament, where he served them till 1856, when he withdrew finally from political life. Meantime, in 1849, he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1857 he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron, or Lord, Macaulay.

Macaulay's first essays in literature were in the department of poetry; during his university career he won two prizes for poetical composition, and he was a frequent contributor of verse to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Among his best-known youthful productions were "The Battle of Ivry" and "The Spanish Armada,"—poems which foreshadowed the maturer excellence of his "Lays of Ancient Rome," which were first published in 1842. In the periodical above mentioned, Macaulay began his work as an essayist; but his first great triumph in this character was in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, in which, in 1825, appeared his essay on Milton, which at once gave him rank among the ablest English critics. This essay was followed by many others. The essay on Bacon, though less popular than some others, illustrates with admirable effect the original intellectual power and vast acquired resources of the author. His poetry, vigorous and dramatic though it is, has never become popular with the mass of readers. His history has been assailed for its partisanship and its occasional inaccuracies. But in the presence of his essays unfriendly criticism has stayed its hand; and even the eye of envy has failed to find any serious blemishes in their beautiful and symmetrical fabric.

The first and second volumes of Macaulay's "History of England, from the time of James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living," appeared in 1849, and won immediate success. The work did not, however, escape censure; John Wilson Croker attacked it violently, though his judgment was said to be biased by personal feeling, and Sir Archibald Alison deplored its general lack of candor. But these few protesting voices were drowned in the chorus of applause with which the literary leaders of England and America welcomed the history.

THE PURITANS

We would speak of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting

attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness[1] of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were, as a body, unpopular: they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play,[2] turn

[1] unrestrained license, contemptuous abuse

[2] Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice"

from the specious[1] caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God.[2] If their names were not found in the registers of heralds,[3] they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a spendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them.

Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the

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[1] superficially attractive

[2] *i. e.* the sacred Scriptures

[3] *registers of heralds*, the records of aristocratic genealogies and lineage

imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, — the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions and groans and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle.

These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus[1] with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

THE PROGRESS OF ENGLAND

THE history of England is emphatically the history of progress. It is the history of a constant movement in the public mind, of a constant change in the institutions of a great society. We see that society, at the beginning of the twelfth century, in a state more miserable than the state in which the most degraded nations of the East now are. We see it subjected to the tyranny of a handful of armed foreigners. We see a strong distinction of caste separating the victorious Norman from the vanquished Saxon. We see the great body of the population in a state of personal slavery. We see the most debasing and cruel superstition exercising boundless dominion over the most elevated

[1] *Sir Artegal . . . Talus*, characters allegorically representing Justice and an attendant, in Spenser's "Faërie Queene"

and benevolent minds. We see the multitude sunk in brutal ignorance, and the studious few engaged in acquiring what did not deserve the name of knowledge.

In the course of seven centuries the wretched and degraded race have become the greatest and most highly civilized people that ever the world saw; have spread their dominion over every quarter of the globe; have scattered the seeds of mighty empires and republics over vast continents of which no dim intimation had ever reached Ptolemy[1] or Strabo;[2] have created a maritime power which would annihilate in a quarter of an hour the navies of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice, and Genoa together; have carried the science of healing, the means of locomotion and correspondence, every mechanical art, every manufacture, everything that promotes the convenience of life, to a perfection which our ancestors would have thought magical; have produced a literature which may boast of works not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; have discovered the laws which regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies; have speculated with exquisite subtilty on the operations of the human mind; have been the acknowledged leaders of the human race in the career of political improvement.

The history of England is the history of this great change in the moral, intellectual, and physical state of the inhabitants of our own island. There is much amusing and instructive episodical[3] matter, but this is the main action. To us, we will own, nothing is so interesting and delightful as to contemplate the steps by which the England of the Domesday Book,[4] the England of the Curfew and the Forest Laws, the England of crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade.

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[1] a Greek-Egyptian astronomer of the second century

[2] a Greek geographer, born about 60 B. C.

[3] incidental

[4] See *Webster's Dictionary*.

FROUDE

1818–

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the historian, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1818. He graduated at Oxford University, and became a Fellow of Exeter College. His first book, a novel entitled "The Shadows of the Clouds," is now forgotten. His second was entitled "The Nemesis of

J. A. Froude

Faith,"—a theological work which attracted much attention. His third essay, made in the field of history, was conspicuously successful. His "History of England" embraces the period between the fall of Wolsey and the death of Elizabeth, and furnishes the completest view of that time that has yet been written. In its preparation the author availed himself of a large collection of manuscripts before unused, and these threw a strong light upon his subject.

Froude is not absolutely impartial as an historian; he often gives way to his prejudices, and seems to turn his back upon testimony that is opposed to his own opinions. His treatment of the case of Mary Queen of Scots has been shown to be unjust. But he has admirable qualifications for historical writing; his philosophical reflections are judicious, and his style is spirited and forcible. Some of his dramatic passages are among the finest in our historical literature. Although best known, in this country at least, by his History, Froude has written many essays on moral, social, and educational topics, some of which have been collected in a work entitled "Short Studies on Great Subjects," from which our second selection is taken.

EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE[1]

At daybreak More was awoke[2] by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations and to tell him it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. "I am much bounden to the king," he said, "for the benefits and honors he has bestowed on me; and, so help me God, most of all I am bounden to him that it pleaseth his Majesty to rid me so shortly out of the miseries of this present world."

Pope told him the king desired that he would not "use many words on the scaffold." "Mr. Pope," he answered, "you do well to give me warning, for otherwise I had purposed somewhat to have spoken; but no matter wherewith his Grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his Highness's command."

He afterwards discussed the arrangements for the funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present; and when all was settled, Pope rose to leave him. He was an old friend. He

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[1] Sir Thomas More, philosopher and statesman, author of the famous "Utopia," was born in London in 1480. In 1529 he was appointed Lord Chancellor by Henry VIII. in place of Cardinal Wolsey. More refused to sanction the divorce of Queen Catherine and the marriage of King Henry to Anne Boleyn, and for this refusal he was beheaded, July 6th, 1535. (See page 13.)

[2] Note the unusual form.

took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears.

"Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope," More said, "and be not discomfited, for I trust we shall once see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss."

As soon as he was alone he dressed in his most elaborate costume. It was for the benefit, he said, of the executioner, who was to do him so great a service.[1] Sir William Kingston remonstrated, and with some difficulty induced him to put on a plainer suit; but that his intended liberality should not fail, he sent the man a gold angel[2] in compensation, "as a token that he maliced him nothing, but rather loved him extremely."

So about nine of the clock he was brought by the Lieutenant out of the Tower; his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven. He had been unpopular as a judge, and one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston. "For my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the Miserere psalm[3] on his knees; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short. Take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving of thine

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[1] The executioner received the clothes worn by the sufferer.

[2] an old English coin

[3] Psalm li.

honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said; and binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt, and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured, "that has not committed treason." With which strange words, the strangest, perhaps, ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed forever.

"So," concludes his biographer, "with alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal ax, which no sooner had severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him which can never fade nor decay; and then he found those words true which he had often spoken, that a man may lose his head and have no harm."

This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act which sounded out into the far corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural [1] composure with which it was borne. Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which in his eyes was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their color from the simplicity of his faith; and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evidenced than in that last scene lighted with its lambent [2] humor.

THE BOOK OF JOB

With the Book of Job analytical criticism has only served to clear up the uncertainties which have hitherto always hung about it. It is now considered to be beyond all doubt a genuine

[1] more than natural (Lat. *præter*, beyond) [2] playing upon the surface

Hebrew original, completed by its writer almost in the form in which it now remains to us. It is the most difficult of all the Hebrew compositions, — many words occurring in it, and many thoughts, not to be found elsewhere in the Bible. How difficult our translators found it may be seen by the number of words which they were obliged to insert in italics, and the doubtful renderings which they have suggested in the margin. There are many mythical and physical allusions scattered over the poem, which, in the sixteenth century, there were positively no means of understanding; and perhaps, too, there were mental tendencies in the translators themselves which prevented them from adequately apprehending even the drift and spirit of the composition.

The form of the story was too stringent[1] to allow such tendencies any latitude; but they appear, from time to time, sufficiently to produce serious confusion. With these recent assistances, therefore, we propose to say something of the nature of this extraordinary book, — a book of which it is to say little to call it unequaled of its kind, and which will one day, perhaps, when it is allowed to stand on its own merits, be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world. How it found its way into the canon,[2] smiting as it does through and through the most deeply seated Jewish prejudices, is the chief difficulty about it now; to be explained only by a traditional acceptance among the sacred books, dating back from the old times of the national greatness, when the minds of the people were hewn in a larger type than was to be found among the Pharisees of the great synagogue.[3] But its authorship, its date, and its history are alike a mystery to us; it existed at the time when the canon was composed; and this is all that we know beyond what we can gather out of the language and contents of the poem itself.

The conjectures which have been formed upon the date of this book are so various that they show of themselves on how slight a foundation the best of them must rest. The language is no guide,

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[1] restrictive, causing restraint

[2] the body of authoritatively adopted sacred books

[3] "the great synagogue," the Sanhedrim, or court of elders of the Jews

for although unquestionably of Hebrew origin, the poem bears no analogy to any of the other books in the Bible; while of its external history nothing is known at all, except that it was received into the canon at the time of the great synagogue. Ewald[1] decides, with some confidence, that it belongs to the great prophetic period, and that the writer was a contemporary of Jeremiah. Ewald is a high authority in these matters, and this opinion is the one which we believe is now commonly received among biblical scholars. In the absence of proof, however (and the reasons which he brings forward are really no more than conjectures), these opposite considerations may be of moment. It is only natural that at first thought we should ascribe the grandest poem in a literature to the time at which the poetry of the nation to which it belongs was generally at its best; but, on reflection, the time when the poetry of prophecy is the richest, is not likely to be favorable to compositions of another kind. The prophets wrote in an era of decrepitude, dissolution, sin, and shame, when the glory of Israel was falling round them into ruin, and their mission, glowing as they were with the ancient spirit, was to rebuke, to warn, to threaten, and to promise. Finding themselves too late to save, and only, like Cassandra,[2] despised and disregarded, their voices rise up singing the swan song of a dying people, now falling away in the wild wailing of despondency over the shameful and desperate present, now swelling in triumphant hope that God will not leave them forever, and in his own time will take his chosen to himself again. But such a period is an ill occasion for searching into the broad problems of human destiny; the present is all-important and all-absorbing; and such a book as that of Job could have arisen only out of an isolation of mind, and life, and interest, which we can not conceive of as possible under such conditions.

The more it is studied, the more the conclusion forces itself upon us that, let the writer have lived when he would, in his struggle with the central falsehood of his own people's creed, he must have divorced himself from them outwardly as well as

[1] a German biblical critic

[2] See *Webster's Dictionary.*

inwardly; that he traveled away into the world, and lived long, perhaps all his matured life, in exile. Everything about the book speaks of a person who had broken free from the narrow littleness of "the peculiar people." The language, as we said, is full of strange words. The hero of the poem is of a strange land and parentage, — a Gentile certainly, not a Jew. The life, the manners, the customs, are of all varieties and places: Egypt, with its river and its pyramids, is there; the description of mining points to Phœnicia; the settled life in cities, the nomad Arabs, the wandering caravans, the heat of the tropics, and the ice of the north, all are foreign to Canaan, speaking of foreign things and foreign people. No mention, or hint of mention, is there throughout the poem of Jewish traditions or Jewish certainties. We look to find the three friends vindicate themselves, as they so well might have done, by appeals to the fertile annals of Israel, to the Flood, to the cities of the plain, to the plagues of Egypt, or the thunders of Sinai. But of all this there is not a word; they are passed by as if they had no existence; and instead of them, when witnesses are required for the power of God, we have strange un-Hebrew stories of the Eastern astronomic mythology, the old wars of the giants, the imprisoned Orion, the wounded dragon, "the sweet influences of the seven stars," and the glittering fragments of the sea-snake Rahab trailing across the northern sky. Again, God is not the God of Israel, but the father of mankind; we hear nothing of a chosen people, nothing of a special revelation, nothing of peculiar privileges; and in the court of heaven there is a Satan, not the prince of this world and the enemy of God, but the angel of judgment, the accusing spirit whose mission was to walk to and fro over the earth, and carry up to heaven an account of the sins of mankind. We can not believe that thoughts of this kind arose out of Jerusalem in the days of Josiah. The scenes, the names, and the incidents are all contrived as if to baffle curiosity, — as if, in the very form of the poem, to teach us that it is no story of a single thing which happened once, but that it belongs to humanity itself, and is the drama of the trial of man, with Almighty God and the angels as the spectators of it.

No reader can have failed to have been struck[1] with the simplicity of the opening. Still, calm, and most majestic, it tells us everything which is necessary to be known in the fewest possible words.[2] The history of Job was probably a tradition in the East; his name, like that of Priam in Greece, the symbol of fallen greatness, and his misfortunes the problem of philosophers. In keeping with the current belief, he is described as a model of excellence, the most perfect and upright man upon the earth, "and the same was the greatest man in all the East." So far, greatness and goodness had gone hand in hand together, as the popular theory required. The details of his character are brought out in the progress of the poem. He was "the father of the oppressed, and of those who had none to help them." When he sat as a judge in the market-places, "righteousness clothed him" there, and "his justice was a robe and a diadem." He "broke the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth;" and, humble in the midst of his power, he "did not despise the cause of his man-servant, or his maid-servant, when they contended with him," knowing that "He who had made him had made them." Above all, he was the friend of the poor; "the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him," and he "made the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Setting these characteristics of his daily life by the side of his unaffected piety, as it is described in the first chapter, we have a picture of the best man who could then be conceived; not a hard ascetic,[3] living in haughty or cowardly isolation, but a warm figure of flesh and blood, a man full of all human loveliness, and to whom God himself bears the emphatic testimony, that "there was none like him upon the earth, a perfect and upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil."

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[1] "can have . . . struck:" Note the unhappy diction.

[2] "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil."

[3] an austere person, rigid in religiosity

THREE AMERICAN HISTORIANS

PRESCOTT — BANCROFT — MOTLEY

THE phrase "historical perspective" means no more than this, — that there must be sufficient remoteness of the events discussed to permit of the collection of all possible testimony concerning them; to enable us to see the relations between things that have not before been thought of together; and to allow of an examination into causes and conditions without bias from interest or passion. When we reflect that our total population only two centuries ago was less than that of some of our second-rate cities to-day, we may see that history, so far as it has to do with our own country and its people, must confine itself within limits that are relatively narrow. American history, in the true sense, is, in fact, restricted to the colonial, the revolutionary, and the early constitutional periods. Two of the most distinguished of American historians — Prescott and Motley, from whose works selections are here made — have accordingly found, in other lands and earlier times, themes most congenial to their peculiar aptitudes and talents. With one exception, — that of Draper, in his "Intellectual Development of Europe," — all other notable American historians have directed their researches and studies to the history of our own country.

The principal works that are devoted to the colonial period are the histories of New England by Palfrey and Fiske. Dealing specially with the wars with England are Lossing's two "Field Books," Cooper's "Naval History," and Fiske's "American Revolution." General and comprehensive histories of the United States are those of Bancroft, Hildreth, and McMaster. Still more detailed and exhaustive of the general subject is the "Narrative

and Critical History of the United States," edited and compiled by Mr. Justin Winsor, of Cambridge.

Two political memoirs — those of Benton and Blaine — afford interesting and valuable historical materials. Of the many works called forth by the events and results of the Civil War, permanent value must attach to the volumes of Davis upon the Southern side, and of Grant upon the part of the North, though both were actors in the struggle, and wrote under the limitations which that fact involved.

Biographies of leaders in public affairs have a value that is mainly historical. From the letters, diaries, and reported conversations of such men a deeper insight into the causes of things can be got than from the records of public transactions. Thus the "Autobiography" of Jefferson, John Adams's "Letters to his Wife," and the correspondence of Franklin, together with the last part of his "Autobiography," give not only the best idea of the men who wrote them, but the fullest knowledge of the affairs they took part in.

American history owes much to the biographies of *Washington* by Irving, Henry C. Lodge, and Chief-Justice Marshall; of *Franklin* by James Parton and Jared Sparks; of *Jefferson* by Parton and H. S. Randall; of *Hamilton* by Lodge and John T. Morse; of *Samuel Adams* by J. K. Hosmer; and of *Gouverneur Morris* by Theodore Roosevelt. Lives of Patrick Henry, Benedict Arnold, and Lafayette are contained in Sparks's series of "American Biographies."

PRESCOTT

1796–1859

William Hickling Prescott, grandson of Colonel William Prescott, commander of the patriot troops at the battle of Bunker Hill, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1796, and died in 1859. He graduated from Harvard in 1814, having won distinction by his attainments in the classics. An accident at college occasioned injuries which resulted finally in almost total blindness.

Wm. H. Prescott

He spent two years in Europe, and returned with the purpose of devoting himself to historical labors. His first work, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," was published in 1838, and was reprinted in France, Germany, and Spain. The author was soon afterwards elected a member of the Spanish Royal Academy of History. In 1843 he gave to the world his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and in 1847 the "History of the Conquest of Peru." In 1850 Prescott visited Europe, traveling in Great Britain and on the Continent. Five years later the first two volumes, and in 1858 the third, of the "History of the Reign of Philip the Second of Spain" were issued; but he did not live to complete the work. In addition to the histories

named above, Prescott contributed to our literature a volume of "Biographical and Critical Miscellanies," which includes a valuable essay on Spanish Literature.

His style is well suited to historical composition, presenting a happy compound of loftiness, brilliancy, and elegance. His unfinished work, "The History of Philip the Second," is generally accounted his best. Prescott's success is due in part to his genius and indomitable industry, and in part to the steady concentration of his powers on his several arduous undertakings. Many of his narrative passages are as enthralling as any romance, yet their author never allows himself to forget that he is writing history.

THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO[1]

THE troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.[2]

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for

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[1] from "The Conquest of Mexico"

[2] The Montezumas were the Aztec, or native, rulers of Mexico. They built fine cities and temples, and were able and powerful monarchs In 1519 Cortez with an army of Spaniards invaded the country and conquered it.

flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the center of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls, — the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters, — the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs." High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and still farther on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have moldered into ruins, — even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty? It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

But these feelings of admiration were soon followed by others of a very different complexion, as they saw in all this the evidences of a civilization and power far superior to anything they had yet encountered. The more timid, disheartened by the prospect, shrunk from a contest so unequal, and demanded, as they had done on some former occasions, to be led back again to Vera Cruz. Such was not the effect produced on the sanguine spirit of the general.[1] His avarice was sharpened by the display of the dazzling spoil at his feet; and if he felt a natural anxiety at the formidable odds, his confidence was renewed as he gazed on the lines of his veterans, whose weather-beaten visages and battered armor told of battles won and difficulties surmounted, while his bold barbarians, with appetites whetted by the view of their enemies' country, seemed like eagles on the mountains, ready to pounce upon their prey. By argument, entreaty, and menace he endeavored to restore the faltering courage of the soldiers, urging them not to think of retreat, now that they had reached the goal for which they had panted, and the golden gates were opened to receive them. In these efforts he was well seconded by the brave cavaliers, who held honor as dear to them as fortune; until the dullest spirits caught somewhat of the enthusiasm of their leaders, and the general had the satisfaction to see his hesitating columns, with their usual buoyant step once more on their march down the slopes of the sierra.

THE COLONIZATION OF AMERICA

It is not easy at this time to comprehend the impulse given to Europe by the discovery of America. It was not the gradual acquisition of some border territory, a province or a kingdom, that had been gained, but a new world that was now thrown open to the European. The races of animals, the mineral treasures, the vegetable forms, and the varied aspects of nature, man in the

[1] Cortez

different phases of civilization, filled the mind with entirely new sets of ideas, that changed the habitual current of thought, and stimulated it to indefinite conjecture. The eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active that the principal cities of Spain were, in a manner, depopulated, as emigrants thronged one after another to take their chance upon the deep. It was a world of romance that was thrown open; for, whatever might be the luck of the adventurer, his reports on his return were tinged with a coloring of romance that stimulated still higher the sensitive fancies of his countrymen, and nourished the chimerical sentiments of an age of chivalry. They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to realize[1] the classic legends of antiquity; to stories of Patagonian giants; to flaming pictures of an *El Dorado* (Golden Land), where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers.

Yet that the adventurers were no impostors, but dupes, too easy dupes, of their own credulous fancies, is shown by the extravagant character of their enterprises; by expeditions in search of the magical Fountain of Health, of the golden Temple of Doboyba, of the golden Sepulchers of Yenu, — for gold was ever floating before their distempered vision, and the name of *Castilla del Oro* (Golden Castle), the most unhealthy and unprofitable region of the Isthmus, held out a bright promise to the unfortunate settler, who too frequently instead of gold found there only his grave.

In this realm of enchantment all the accessories served to maintain the illusion. The simple natives, with their defenceless bodies and rude weapons, were no match for the European warrior, armed to the teeth in mail. The odds were as great as those found in any legend of chivalry, where the lance of the good knight overturned hundreds at a touch. The perils that lay in the discoverer's path, and the sufferings he had to sustain, were scarcely inferior to those that beset the knight-errant. Hunger and thirst and fatigue, the deadly effluvia of the morass, with its

[1] *i. e.* make real; hence, to convert from fable to fact

swarms of venomous insects, the cold of mountain snows, and the scorching sun of the tropics, — these were the lot of every cavalier who came to seek his fortunes in the New World. It was the reality of romance. The life of the Spanish adventurer was one chapter more, and not the least remarkable, in the chronicles of knight-errantry.

The character of the warrior took somewhat of the exaggerated coloring shed over his exploits. Proud and vainglorious, swelled with lofty anticipations of his destiny, and an invincible confidence in his own resources, no danger could appall and no toil could tire him. The greater the danger, indeed, the higher the charm; for his soul reveled in excitement, and the enterprise without peril wanted that spur of romance which was necessary to rouse his energies into action. Yet in the motives of action meaner influences were strangely mingled with the loftier, the temporal with the spiritual. Gold was the incentive and the recompense, and in the pursuit of it his inflexible nature rarely hesitated as to the means. His courage was sullied with cruelty, the cruelty that flowed equally, strange as it may seem, from his avarice and his religion; religion as it was understood in that age, — the religion of the Crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to Heaven, and the conversion of those who survived amply atoned for the foulest offenses. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance — the spirit of the Inquisitor at home, and of the Crusader abroad — should have emanated from a religion which preached "peace upon earth, and good-will towards man!"

What a contrast did these children of southern Europe present to the Anglo-Saxon races, who scattered themselves along the great northern division of the Western Hemisphere! For the principle of action with these latter was not avarice, nor

the more specious pretext of proselytism ;[1] but independence, — independence religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of frugality and toil. They asked nothing from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labor. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path, and beckoned them onwards through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of their social polity.[2] They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brow, till it took deep root in the land and sent up its branches high towards the heavens, while the communities of the neighboring continent, shooting up into the sudden splendors of a tropical vegetation, exhibited, even in their prime, the sure symptoms of decay.

It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonize them. Thus the northern section was consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly, industrious habits found an ample field for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result, if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now free America.

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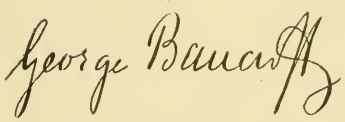
[1] the making of converts

[2] constitution, organization

BANCROFT

1800–1891

GEORGE BANCROFT was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800, and died in 1891. In 1817 he graduated at Harvard, bearing off, despite his tender age, the second honors of his class. The next year he went to Germany, where he studied under the direction of Heeren, Schlosser, and other eminent scholars. In 1823 he made his first public literary essay in a volume



of poems, and in the next year put forth a translation of Heeren's "Reflections on the Politics of Ancient Greece." About this time he associated himself with the late Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell in the establishment of the Round Hill School at Northampton. The life of a teacher, however, proved uncongenial to him, although the school enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity. He next turned his attention to historical study and the discussion of public questions. In 1838 he was appointed Collector of the Port of Boston; he was an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1844, and in 1845 was made Secretary of the Navy. This office he held about a year,

effecting many reforms in the department. In 1846 he became Minister to England, and remained abroad till 1849. From that time till the date of his appointment as Minister to Berlin by President Grant, he devoted himself to the completion of his "History of the United States."

The first volume of this work had been published in 1834, and the succeeding volumes followed at long intervals. In preparing those volumes which treat of the years immediately preceding the Revolution, he had the use of a vast number of manuscripts to which no earlier historian had access. His natural qualifications, reinforced by wide reading, for the historian's work were exceptionally great. It has been charged by some English critics that his democratic prejudices are too manifest in his History; but this allegation has had little weight with his own countrymen. His style is scholarly yet not pedantic, in narrative animated and picturesque, and in philosophical passages weighty and temperate.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI

All the disasters which had been encountered, far from diminishing the boldness of De Soto,[1] served only to confirm his obstinacy by wounding his pride. Should he, who had promised greater booty than Mexico or Peru had yielded, now return as a defeated fugitive, so naked that his troops were clad only in skins and mats of ivy? The search for some wealthy region was renewed; the caravan marched still farther to the west.

For seven days it struggled through a wilderness of forests and marshes, and at length came to Indian settlements in the vicinity of the Mississippi. The lapse of nearly three centuries has not changed the character of the stream. It was then described as more than a mile broad, flowing with a strong current, and, by the weight of its waters, forcing a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy; trees and timber were continually floating down the stream.

The Spaniards were guided to the Mississippi by the natives; and were directed to one of the usual crossing-places, probably at

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[1] Fernando de Soto, the Spanish explorer, discovered the Mississippi River in 1541, and died in Louisiana the year following.

the lowest Chickasa Bluff, not far from the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. The arrival of the strangers awakened curiosity and fear. A multitude of people from the western banks of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bow and arrows in their hands, the chieftains sitting under awnings as magnificent as the artless manufactures of the natives could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards "like a fair army of galleys."

They brought gifts of fish and loaves made of the fruit of the persimmon. At first they showed some desire to offer resistance; but, soon becoming conscious of their relative weakness, they ceased to defy an enemy who could not be overcome, and suffered injury without attempting open retaliation. The boats of the natives were too weak to transport horses; almost a month expired before barges large enough to hold three horsemen each were constructed for crossing the river. At length the Spaniards embarked upon the Mississippi, and were borne to its western bank.

The Dacotah tribes, doubtless, then occupied the country southwest of the Missouri. De Soto had heard its praises; he believed in its vicinity to mineral wealth, and he determined to visit its towns. In ascending the Mississippi the party was often obliged to wade through morasses; at length they came, as it would seem, upon the district of Little Prairie, and the dry and elevated lands which extend towards New Madrid.[1]

Here the religions of the invaders and the natives came in contrast. The Spaniards were adored as children of the Sun, and the blind were brought into their presence, to be healed by the sons of light. "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever ye need," said De Soto in reply; and the sublime doctrine which, thousands of years before, had been proclaimed in the deserts of Arabia, now first found its way into the prairies of the Far West.

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[1] *i. e.* the vicinity of what is now southeastern Missouri

The wild fruits of that region were abundant; the pecan-nut, the mulberry, and the two kinds of wild plums, furnished the natives with articles of food. At Pacaha, the northernmost point which De Soto reached near the Mississippi, he remained forty days. The spot can not be identified; but the accounts of the amusements of the Spaniards confirm the truth of the narrative of their ramblings. Fish were taken, such as are now found in the fresh waters of that region; one of them, the spade-fish, — the strangest and most whimsical production of the muddy streams of the west, so rare that, even now, it is hardly to be found in any museum, — is accurately described by the best historian of the expedition.

An exploring party, which was sent to examine the regions to the north, reported that they were almost a desert. The country still nearer the Missouri was said by the Indians to be thinly inhabited; the bison abounded there so much that no maize could be cultivated, and the few inhabitants were hunters. De Soto turned, therefore, to the west and northwest, and plunged still more deeply into the interior of the continent. The highlands of White River, more than two hundred miles from the Mississippi, were probably the limit of his ramble in this direction.

The mountains offered neither gems nor gold; and the disappointed adventurers marched to the south. They passed through a succession of towns, of which the position can not be fixed, till at length we find them among the Tunicas, near the hot springs and saline tributaries of the Washita. It was at Autiamque, a town on the same river, that they passed the winter; they had arrived at the settlement through the country of the Kappaws.

The native tribes, everywhere on the route, were found in a state of civilization beyond that of nomadic hordes. They were an agricultural people, with fixed places of abode, and subsisted upon the produce of the fields more than upon the chase. Ignorant of the arts of life, they could offer no resistance to their unwelcome visitors; the bow and arrow were the most effective weapons with which they were acquainted. They seem not to

have been turbulent or quarrelsome; but as the population was moderate, and the earth fruitful, the tribes were not accustomed to contend with each other for the possession of territories.

Their dress was, in part, mats wrought of ivy and bulrushes, or of the bark and lint of trees; in cold weather they wore mantles woven of feathers. The settlements were by tribes, — each tribe occupied what the Spaniards called a province; their villages were generally near together, but were composed of few habitations. The Spaniards treated them with no other forbearance than their own selfishness demanded, and enslaved such as offended, employing them as porters and guides.

On a slight suspicion, they would cut off the hands of numbers of the natives, for punishment or intimidation; while the young cavaliers, from desire of seeming valiant, ceased to be merciful, and exulted in cruelties and carnage.[1] The guide who was unsuccessful, or who purposely led them away from the settlements of his tribe, would be seized and thrown to the hounds. Sometimes a native was condemned to the flames. Any trifling consideration of safety would induce the governor to set fire to a hamlet. He did not delight in cruelty; but the happiness, the life, and the rights of the Indians were held of no account. The approach of the Spaniards was heard with dismay, and their departure hastened by the suggestion of wealthier lands at a distance.

In the spring of the following year De Soto determined to descend the Washita to its junction,[2] and to get tidings of the sea. As he advanced he was soon lost amidst the bayous and marshes which are found along the Red River and its tributaries. Near the Mississippi he came upon the country of Nilco,[3] which was well peopled. The river was there larger than the Guadalquivir at Seville. At last he arrived at the province where the Washita, already united with the Red River, enters the Mississippi. The province was called Guachoya.[3]

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[1] Etymology?

[2] *i. e.* with the Mississippi, as De Soto then supposed

[3] *Nilco, Guachoya,* — these are the Spanish spellings of Indian sounds.

De Soto anxiously inquired the distance to the sea; the chieftain of Guachoya could not tell. Were there settlements extending along the river to its mouth? It was answered that its lower banks were an uninhabited waste. Unwilling to believe so disheartening a tale, De Soto sent one of his men with eight horsemen to descend the banks of the Mississippi and explore the country. They traveled eight days, and were able to advance not much more than thirty miles, they were so delayed by the frequent bayous, the impassable canebrakes, and the dense woods.

The governor received the intelligence with concern; he suffered from anxiety and gloom. His horses and men were dying around him, so that the natives were becoming dangerous enemies. He attempted to overawe a tribe of Indians near Natchez by claiming a supernatural birth, and demanding obedience and tribute. "You say you are the child of the Sun," replied the undaunted chief; "dry up the river, and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you with special good-will; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back."

But De Soto was no longer able to abate the confidence[1] or punish the temerity of the natives. His stubborn pride was changed by long disappointments into a wasting melancholy, and his health sunk rapidly and entirely under a conflict of emotions. A malignant fever ensued, during which he had little comfort, and was neither visited nor attended as the last hours of life demand. Believing his death near at hand, he held the last solemn interview with his faithful followers; and yielding to the wishes of his companions, who obeyed him to the end, he named a successor. On the next day he died.[2]

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[1] assurance, self-reliance

[2] The surviving members of this expedition built boats and found their way down the Mississippi to the Gulf.

MOTLEY

1814 – 1877

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the historian, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814, and died in England in June, 1877. Graduating at Harvard College at the age of seventeen, he went to Europe, where he spent several years in preparation for a task to which he had early devoted himself, — the writing of a "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic."

J. L. Motley.

Young as he was, he had already produced two romances, "Morton's Hope; or, The Memoirs of a Provincial," and "Merry-Mount: A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony," — both long since forgotten. After fifteen years of arduous labor he finished his "History," and its reception on both sides of the Atlantic was exceptionally cordial. Everett said of it that it was, in his judgment, "a work of the highest merit," and placed "the name of Motley by the side of those of our great American historical trio, — Bancroft, Irving, and Prescott." The success of this History — the work of a

young and unknown writer — was immediate. Motley at once set about a new enterprise, the results of which appear in "The History of the United Netherlands," in which the career of the young nation, the story of whose birth had been told in the previous work, is described with equal spirit and accuracy. In 1874 Motley's third historical work, "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," was published; and at the time of his death he was at work on a "History of the Thirty Years' War."

In common with the eminent historians with whom Everett classed him, Motley possessed in rare combination the highest intellectual qualifications for his work. He was especially remarkable for a certain breadth of mind which impelled him to take comprehensive and exhaustive views of his subject. His style is full of vigor and grace, and in dramatic quality it is surpassed by that of no other historian of this century. It would be, perhaps, impossible to indicate any other historical works than his, of comparatively modern issue, touching which the judgment of critics has been so generally favorable. Some foreign reviewers have charged him with excessive severity in his denunciation of Spanish despotism; but with this exception, his candor and conscientious accuracy have never been impugned. Motley was appointed United States Minister to Austria by President Lincoln, and was later transferred to England, where he represented the American government with conspicuous ability.

HISTORIC PROGRESS

We talk of History. No man can more highly appreciate than I do the noble labors of your Society,[1] and of others in this country, for the preservation of memorials belonging to our brief but most important past. We can never collect too much of them, nor ponder them too carefully, for they mark the era of a new civilization. But that interesting past presses so closely upon our sight that it seems still a portion of the present; the glimmering dawn preceding the noontide of to-day.

I shall not be misunderstood, then, if I say that there is no such thing as human history. Nothing can be more profoundly, sadly true. The annals of mankind have never been written,

[1] The selection is from an address delivered before the New York Historical Society in December 1868, the subject being "Historic Progress and American Democracy."

never can be written; nor would it be within human capacity to read them if they were written. We have a leaf or two torn from the great book of human fate as it flutters in the storm-winds ever sweeping across the earth. We decipher them as we best can with purblind eyes, and endeavor to learn their mystery as we float along to the abyss; but it is all confused babble, hieroglyphics of which the key is lost. Consider but a moment. The island on which this city stands is as perfect a site as man could desire for a great commercial, imperial city. Byzantium,[1] which the lords of the ancient world built for the capital of the earth; which the temperate and vigorous Turk in the days of his stern military discipline plucked from the decrepit hands which held the scepter of Cæsar and Constantine, and for the succession to which the present lords of Europe are wrangling, — not Byzantium, nor hundred-gated Thebes,[2] nor London nor Liverpool, Paris nor Moscow, can surpass the future certainties of this thirteen-mile-long Manhattan.

And yet it was but yesterday — for what are two centuries and a half in the boundless vista of the past? — that the Mohawk and the Mohican were tomahawking and scalping each other throughout these regions, and had been doing so for centuries; while the whole surface of this island, now groaning under millions of wealth which oppress the imagination, hardly furnished a respectable hunting-ground for a single sachem, in his war-paint and moccasins, who imagined himself proprietor of the soil.

But yesterday Cimmerian[3] darkness, primeval night. To-day, grandeur, luxury, wealth, power. I come not here to-night to draw pictures or pour forth dithyrambics[4] that I may gratify

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[1] This was the original name of Constantinople. The beauty and convenience of its situation were observed by the Emperor Constantine, who made it the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire A. D. 328, and called it Constantinopolis, *i. e.* the City of Constantine.

[2] a great city of Egypt, formerly the capital of that country, now in ruins which extend for seven miles along both banks of the Nile

[3] the Cimmerii were fabled cave-dwellers

[4] enthusiastic strains

your vanity or my own, whether municipal or national. To appreciate the unexampled advantages bestowed by the Omnipotent upon this favored republic, this youngest child of civilization, is rather to oppress the thoughtful mind with an overwhelming sense of responsibility; to sadden with quick-coming fears; to torture with reasonable doubts. The world's great hope is here. The future of humanity — at least for that cycle in which we are now revolving — depends mainly upon the manner in which we deal with our great trust.

The good old times! Where and when were those good old times?

> "All times when old are good,"

says Byron.

> "And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death,"

says the great master of morals and humanity. But neither fools nor sages, neither individuals nor nations, have any other light to guide them along the track which all must tread, save that long, glimmering vista of yesterdays which grows so swiftly fainter and fainter as the present fades into the past. And I believe it possible to discover a law out of all this apparently chaotic whirl and bustle, this tangled skein of human affairs, as it spins itself through the centuries. That law is Progress, — slow, confused, contradictory, but ceaseless development, intellectual and moral, of the human race.

It is of Human Progress that I speak to-night. It is of Progress that I find a startling result when I survey the spectacle which the American Present displays. This nation stands on the point towards which other people are moving, — the starting-point, not the goal. It has put itself — or rather destiny has placed it — more immediately than other nations in subordination to the law governing all bodies political as inexorably as Kepler's law controls the motions of the planets. The law is Progress; the result, Democracy.

Sydney Smith once alluded, if I remember rightly, to a person who allowed himself to speak disrespectfully of the equator. I have a strong objection to be suspected of flattering the equator.

Yet were it not for that little angle of 23° 27′ 26″, which it is good enough to make with the plane of the ecliptic, the history of this earth and of "all which it inherit"[1] would have been essentially modified, even if it had not been altogether a blank. Out of the obliquity of the equator has come forth our civilization. It was long ago observed by one of the most thoughtful writers that ever dealt with human history, John von Herder, that it was to the gradual shading away of zones and alternation of seasons that the vigor and variety of mankind were attributable.

I have asked where and when were the good old times? This earth of ours has been spinning about in space, great philosophers tell us, some few hundred millions of years. We are not very familiar with our predecessors on this continent. For the present, the oldest inhabitant must be represented here by the man of Natchez, whose bones were unearthed not long ago under the Mississippi bluffs in strata which were said to argue him to be at least one hundred thousand years old. Yet he is a mere modern, a *parvenu*[2] on this planet, if we are to trust illustrious teachers of science, compared with the men whose bones and whose implements have been found in high mountain-valleys and gravel-pits of Europe; while these again are thought by the same authorities to be descendants of races which flourished many thousands of years before, and whose relics science is confidently expecting to discover, although the icy sea had once ingulfed them and their dwelling-places.

We of to-day have no filial interest in the man of Natchez. He was no ancestor of ours, nor have he and his descendants left traces along the dreary track of their existence to induce a desire to claim relationship with them. We are Americans; but yesterday we were Europeans, — Netherlanders, Saxons, Normans, Swabians, Celts; and the day before yesterday, Asiatics, Mongolians, what you will.

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[1] . . . The great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve. — *Tempest*, iv. 1.

[2] upstart, mere newcomer

The orbit of civilization, so far as our perishing records enable us to trace it, seems preordained from East to West. China, India, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Rome, are successively lighted up as the majestic orb of day moves over them; and as he advances still farther through his storied and mysterious zodiac, we behold the shadows of evening as surely falling on the lands which he leaves behind him. Man still reeled on, — falling, rising again, staggering forward with hue and cry at his heels, — a wounded felon daring to escape from the prison to which the grace of God had inexorably doomed him. And still there was progress. Besides the sword, two other instruments grew every day more potent, — the pen and the purse.

The power of the pen soon created a stupendous monopoly. Clerks obtained privilege of murder because of their learning; a Norman king gloried in the appellation of "fine clerk," because he could spell; the sons of serfs and washerwomen became high pontiffs, put their feet on the necks of emperors, through the might of education, and appalled the souls of tyrants with their weird anathemas. Naturally, the priests kept the talisman of learning to themselves. How should education help them to power and pelf, if the people could participate in the mystic spell? The icy Deadhand of the Church, ever extended, was filled to overflowing by trembling baron and superstitious hind.

But there was another power steadily augmenting, — the magic purse of Fortunatus, with its clink of perennial gold. Commerce changed clusters of hovels, cowering for protection under feudal castles, into powerful cities. Burghers wrested or purchased liberties from their lords and masters. And still man struggled on. An experimenting friar, fond of chemistry, in one corner of Europe, put niter, sulphur, and charcoal together;[1] a sexton or doctor, in another obscure nook, carved letters on blocks of wood;[2] and lo! there were explosions shaking the solid earth, and causing the iron-clad man on horseback to reel in his saddle.

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[1] Roger Bacon, the English philosopher, born in 1214

[2] Gutenberg, born in Germany about 1400, was the first to print from letters cut on blocks of wood and metal

It was no wonder that Dr. Faustus[1] was supposed to have sold his soul to the fiend. Whence but from devilish alliance could he have derived such power to strike down the grace of God?

Speech, the alphabet, Mount Sinai, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Nazareth, the wandering of the nations, the feudal system, Magna Charta, gunpowder, printing, the Reformation, the mariner's compass, America, — here are some of the great landmarks of human motion. As we pause for a moment's rest, after our rapid sweep through the eons and the centuries, have we not the right to record proof of man's progress since the days of the rhinoceros-eaters of Bedfordshire, of the man of Natchez?

And for details and detached scenes in the general phantasmagoria, which has been ever shifting before us, we may seek for illustration, instruction, or comfort in any age or land where authentic record can be found. We may take a calm survey of passionate, democratic Greece in her great civil war, through the terse, judicial narrative of Thucydides;[2] we may learn to loathe despotism in that marvelous portrait-gallery of crime which the somber and terrible Tacitus[3] has bequeathed; we may cross the yawning abysses and dreary deserts which lie between two civilizations over that stately viaduct of a thousand arches which the great hand of Gibbon has constructed; we may penetrate to the inmost political and social heart of England, during a period of nine years, by help of the magic wand of Macaulay; we may linger in the stately portico to the unbuilt dome which the daring genius of Buckle[4] consumed his life in devising; we may yield to the sweet fascinations which ever dwell in the picturesque pages of Prescott; we may investigate rules, apply and ponder examples: but the detail of history is essentially a blank, and nothing could be more dismal than its pursuit, unless the mind be filled by a broad view of its general scheme.

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[1] See WEBSTER for an account of "Dr. Faustus" and Johann Fust.

[2] A Greek historian, born 471 B. C.

[3] A Roman historian, born about 55 A. D. His "Annals" cover the years from the death of Augustus, A. D. 14, to that of Nero, A. D. 68.

[4] Henry Thomas Buckle (1822–1862), author of an unfinished "History of Civilization in England."

BRITISH SCIENTISTS

LYELL — TYNDALL — HUXLEY

WHAT is called "natural law" is simply the general conception in which a series of processes that recur with invariable likeness may be embraced. Accordingly, every such law that we know has been discovered from the observation of facts. Two centuries ago the universality of natural law was not broadly comprehended; we now expect, as much as we expect to-morrow's sunrise, that natural phenomena will always and with exactness conform themselves to law. Not until we find out the law by which any set of phenomena is regulated can we fully understand the phenomena themselves, — have scientific knowledge of them.

Science, in the full meaning of the term, includes every department of systematized knowledge of physical nature and its phenomena. It therefore embraces the whole of mathematics, chemistry, physics, as well as zoölogy and botany, which are commonly joined under the name of "natural history."

When Newton scattered the clouds which enveloped man's early ideas of the universe, by establishing the conception of continuous change as going on throughout the whole of Nature, then Science in the modern sense came into being. The greatest of the general laws that have been established since his time are these: —

I. That matter is immutable; that is, that elementary substances are indestructible, unalterable in mass and in properties. From every condition into which they may have been converted they can invariably be isolated, and recover those qualities which they previously possessed in the free state.

II. That force is indestructible; that is, that the total energy of any material system is a quantity which can not be either increased or diminished in any action between the parts of the system.

III. That all forces are forces of motion, and are measurable by the same standard. Thus heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and chemical affinity are but modes of motion, and are convertible each into the others.

IV. That changes such as are now going on in the condition of the earth's crust would, if conceived to have operated throughout vast periods of time, afford a full solution of all the problems of geology.

V. That all living species have been derived, by gradual modifications in successive generations, from earlier and simpler organisms.

With the discovery of the second and third of these laws are associated the names of Grove and Joule. Eminent among British geologists are Lyell, Buckland, and Hugh Miller. In the same year (1858), and independently of each other, Darwin and Wallace published their theory of "natural selection" in its influence on the evolution of species.

Great names connected with the progress of Astronomy in the present century are, Sir David Brewster, Sir John Herschel, Joseph N. Lockyer, and Thomas Young; of Chemistry, Sir Humphrey Davy and Michael Faraday; of Botany, John Lindley, Charles Darwin, and Sir William Hooker; and of Natural History, Darwin, Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir John Lubbock, and St. George Mivart.

Foremost among recent philosophers is Herbert Spencer. He has dealt with the whole doctrine of Evolution, showing that it is the central thought of modern biology, and that as such it has vastly and permanently influenced the progress of science.

LYELL

1797–1875

Sir Charles Lyell, the English geologist, was born in 1797, and died in 1875. He ranks among the foremost of scientific discoverers and writers of the present century. His best-known works, "The Principles of Geology," "The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man," "Travels in North

America," and its sequel, "A Second Visit to the United States," have been widely read in this country, and valued for their candid views of American institutions, as well as for the vast fund of geological information which they contain. His style is well suited to scientific exposition, and invests his books with a charm which is rarely found in works of this character.

Miss Arabella B. Buckley, the distinguished naturalist, says of Lyell's influence on the development of modern science: "His early study of natural history gave him advantages possessed by few of his contemporaries,

while the clear insight and calm judgment for which he was remarkable led him alone of the younger school of geologists to grasp the truth enunciated by Hutton of the power of gradual changes to produce great results if only time enough be allowed. This truth he illustrated with such a wealth of facts, derived from his own observation and that of others, that in the first edition of the 'Principles' we find sketched in broad outline, and demonstrated by actual examples, nearly all those fundamental truths which, though often vehemently opposed at the time, have now become so much the accepted basis of geology that it is difficult to realize how novel they were in 1830. . . .

"By recognizing the value of the new principle of natural selection, according to the evidence adduced by Darwin and Wallace, and incorporating its results in his 'Principles of Geology,' Lyell completed in 1872, in a fuller sense than he had contemplated in 1850, the task of 'explaining former changes of the earth's surface (including the history of its living inhabitants) by reference to causes now in action;' while at the same time he gave to his original conception that element of expansion and pliability which was alone needed to insure its continued influence and the permanent celebrity of its author."

THE DISMAL SWAMP

THERE are many swamps or morasses in this low, flat region, and one of the largest of these occurs between the towns of Norfolk and Weldon. We traversed several miles of its northern extremity on the railway, which is supported on piles. It bears the appropriate and very expressive name of the "Great Dismal," and is no less than forty miles in length from north to south, and twenty-five miles in its greatest width from east to west, the northern half being situated in Virginia, the southern in North Carolina. I observed that the water was obviously in motion in several places, and the morass had somewhat the appearance of a broad inundated river-plain, covered with all kinds of aquatic trees and shrubs, the soil being as black as in a peat-bog. The accumulation of vegetable matter going on here in a hot climate, over so vast an area, is a subject of such high geological interest that I shall relate what I learnt of this singular morass. It is one enormous quagmire, soft and muddy,

except where the surface is rendered partially firm by a covering of vegetables and their matted roots; yet, strange to say, instead of being lower than the level of the surrounding country, it is actually higher than nearly all the firm and dry land which encompasses it, and, to make the anomaly complete, in spite of its semi-fluid character, it is higher in the interior than towards its margin.

The only exception to both these statements is found on the western side, where, for the distance of about twelve or fifteen miles, the streams flow from slightly elevated but higher land, and supply all its abundant and overflowing water. Towards the north, the east, and the south the waters flow from the swamp to different rivers, which give abundant evidence, by the rate of their descent, that the Great Dismal is higher than the surrounding firm ground. This fact is also confirmed by the measurements made in leveling for the railway from Portsmouth to Suffolk, and for two canals cut through different parts of the morass, for the sake of obtaining timber. The railway itself, when traversing the Great Dismal, is literally higher than when on the land some miles distant on either side, and is six to seven feet higher than where it passes over dry ground near to Suffolk and Portsmouth. Upon the whole, the center of the morass seems to lie more than twelve feet above the flat country round it.

If the streams which now flow in from the west had for ages been bringing down black fluid mire instead of water, over the firm subsoil, we might suppose the ground so inundated as to have acquired its present configuration. Some small ridges, however, of land must have existed in the original plain or basin, for these now rise like low islands in various places above the general surface. But the streams to the westward do not bring down liquid mire, and are not charged with any sediment. The soil of the swamp is formed of vegetable matter, usually without any admixture of earthy particles. We have here, in fact, a deposit of peat from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, in a latitude where, owing to the heat of the sun and length of the

summer, no peat-mosses like those of Europe would be looked for under ordinary circumstances.

In countries like Scotland and Ireland, where the climate is damp, and the summer short and cool, the natural vegetation of one year does not rot away during the next in moist situations. If water flows into such land it is absorbed, and promotes the vigorous growth of mosses and other aquatic plants, and when they die, the same water arrests their putrefaction. But, as a general rule, no such accumulation of peat can take place in a country like that of Virginia, where the summer's heat causes annually as large a quantity of dead plants to decay as is equal in amount to the vegetable matter produced in one year.

There are many trees and shrubs in the region of the Pine Barrens (and the same may be said of the United States generally) which, like our willows, flourish luxuriantly in water. The juniper-trees, or white cedar, stand firmly in the softest part of the quagmire, supported by their long tap-roots, and afford, with many other evergreens, a dark shade, under which a multitude of ferns, reeds, and shrubs, from nine to eighteen feet high, and a thick carpet of mosses, four or five inches high, spring up, and are protected from the rays of the sun. When these are most powerful, the large cedar and many other deciduous[1] trees are in full leaf. The black soil formed beneath this shade, to which the mosses and the leaves make annual additions, does not perfectly resemble the peat of Europe, most of the plants being so decayed as to leave little more than soft black mud, without any traces of organization. This loose soil is called "sponge" by the laborers; and it has been ascertained that when exposed to the sun and thrown out on the bank of a canal where clearings have been made, it rots entirely away. Hence it is evident that it owes its preservation in the swamp to moisture and the shade of the dense foliage. The evaporation continually going on in the wet, spongy soil during summer cools the air and generates a tempera-

[1] leaf-shedding trees, as distinguished from evergreens; from Lat. *decidere*, to fall off

ture resembling that of a more northern climate, or a region more elevated above the level of the sea.

Numerous trunks of large and tall trees lie buried in the black mire of the morass. In so loose a soil they are easily overthrown by winds, and nearly as many have been found lying beneath the surface of the peaty soil as standing erect upon it. When thrown down, they are soon covered by water, and keeping wet, they never decompose, except the sap-wood, which is less than an inch thick. Much of the timber is obtained by sounding a foot or two below the surface, and it is sawn into planks while half under water.

The Great Dismal has been described as being highest towards its center. Here, however, there is an extensive lake of an oval form, seven miles long and more than five wide, the depth, where greatest, fifteen feet; and its bottom consisting of mud like the swamp, but sometimes with a pure white sand, a foot deep, covering the mud. The water is transparent, though tinged of a pale brown color, like that of our peat-mosses, and contains abundance of fish. This sheet of water is usually even with its banks, on which a thick and tall forest grows. There is no beach, for the bank sinks perpendicularly, so that if the waters are lowered several feet, it makes no alteration in the breadth of the lake.

Much timber has been cut down and carried out from the swamp by means of canals, which are perfectly straight for long distances, with the trees on each side arching over, and almost joining their branches across, so that they throw a dark shade on the water, which of itself looks black, being colored as before mentioned. When the boats emerge from the gloom of these avenues into the lake, the scene is said to be "as beautiful as fairy-land."

The bears inhabiting the swamp climb trees in search of acorns and gum-berries, breaking off large boughs of the oaks in order to draw the acorns near to them. These same bears are said to kill hogs, and even cows. There are also wild-cats, and occasionally a solitary wolf, in the morass.

That the ancient seams of coal were produced for the most part by terrestrial plants of all sizes, not drifted but growing on the spot, is a theory more and more generally adopted in modern times; and the growth of what is called sponge in such a swamp, and in such a climate as the Great Dismal, already covering so many square miles of a low level region, bordering the sea, and capable of spreading itself indefinitely over the adjacent country, helps us greatly to conceive the manner in which the coal of the ancient carboniferous [1] rocks may have been formed. The heat, perhaps, may not have been excessive when the coal-measures [2] originated, but the entire absence of frost, with a warm and damp atmosphere, may have enabled tropical forms to flourish in latitudes far distant from the line.[3] Huge swamps in a rainy climate, standing above the level of the surrounding firm land, and supporting a dense forest, may have spread far and wide, invading the plains, like some European peat-mosses when they burst; and the frequent submergence of these masses of vegetable matter beneath seas or estuaries, as often as the land sank down during subterranean movements, may have given rise to the deposition of strata of mud, sand, or limestone immediately upon the vegetable matter. The conversion of successive surfaces into dry land where other swamps supporting trees may have formed, might give origin to a continued series of coal-measures of great thickness. In some kinds of coal the vegetable texture is apparent throughout under the microscope; in others, it has only partially disappeared; but even in this coal, the flattened trunks of trees, converted into pure coal, are occasionally met with, and erect fossil trees are observed in the overlying strata, terminating downwards in seams of coal.

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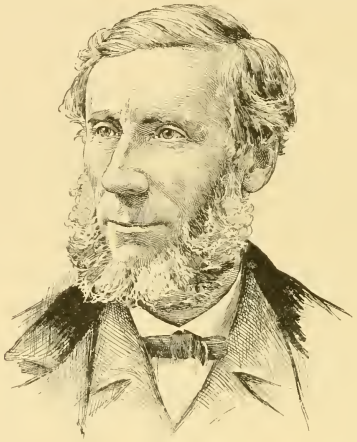
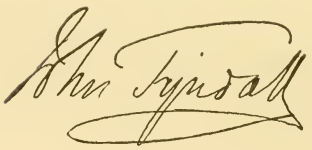
[1] Etymology? [2] coal-beds, or strata [3] the equator

TYNDALL

1820-

JOHN TYNDALL, the distinguished scientist, is a native of Ireland, where he was born in 1820. At an early age he devoted himself to the study of physics, and soon achieved a reputation which led to his appointment, at the age of thirty-three, to the chair of Natural Philosophy in the Royal





Institution of London. He has won fame as a writer and lecturer on subjects of natural science, and has of all men most exhaustively discussed the important theory of the mutual convertibility of heat and motion. He is a vigorous and fascinating writer. His best-known works are "Heat, considered as a Mode of Motion;" "Hours of Exercise in the Alps," "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," and "Six Lectures on Light." These lectures were delivered by the author in the principal cities of the United States, and were cordially admired for their rhetorical beauty and their instructiveness.

Professor Tyndall's experience as an instructor at Queenswood College, though brief, seems to have had an important part in the molding of his character and in confirming his predilection for the special field of labor in which he has toiled with a success so signal. Though best known as an explorer in experimental physics, he is highly esteemed as a philosophic thinker.

AN ADDRESS TO STUDENTS

I.

The doctrine has been held that the mind of the child is like a sheet of white paper, on which by education we can write what characters we please. This doctrine assuredly needs qualification and correction. In physics, when an external force is applied to a body with a view of affecting its inner texture, if we wish to predict the result, we must know whether the external force conspires with or opposes the internal forces of the body itself; and in bringing the influence of education to bear upon the new-born man, his inner powers must be also taken into account. He comes to us as a bundle of inherited capacities and tendencies, labeled "from the indefinite past to the indefinite future;" and he makes his transit from the one to the other through the education of the present time. The object of that education is, or ought to be, to provide wise exercise for his capacities, wise direction for his tendencies, and through this exercise and this direction to furnish his mind with such knowledge as may contribute to the usefulness, the beauty, and the nobleness of his life.

How is this discipline to be secured, this knowledge imparted? Two rival methods now solicit attention, — the one organized and equipped, the labors of centuries having been expended in bringing it to its present state of perfection; the other, more or less chaotic, but becoming daily less so, and giving signs of enormous power, both as a source of knowledge and as a means of discipline. These two methods are the classical and the scientific method. I wish they were not rivals; it is only bigotry and

short-sightedness that make them so; for assuredly it is possible to give both of them fair play.

Though hardly authorized to express any opinion whatever upon the subject, I nevertheless hold the opinion that the proper study of a language is an intellectual discipline of the highest kind. If I except discussions on the comparative merits of Popery and Protestantism, English grammar was the most important discipline of my boyhood. The piercing through the involved and inverted sentences of "Paradise Lost;" the linking of the verb to its often distant nominative, of the relative to its distant antecedent, of the agent to the object of the transitive verb, of the preposition to the noun or pronoun which it governed; the study of variations in mood and tense, the transformations often necessary to bring out the true grammatical structure of a sentence, — all this was to my young mind a discipline of the highest value, and, indeed, a source of unflagging delight. How I rejoiced when I found a great author tripping, and was fairly able to pin him to a corner from which there was no escape! As I speak, some of the sentences which exercised me when a boy rise to my recollection. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." That was one of them, where the "he" is left, as it were, floating in mid-air without any verb to support it. I speak thus of English, because it was of real value to me. I do not speak of other languages, because their educational value for me was almost insensible. But, knowing the value of English so well, I should be the last to deny, or even to doubt, the high discipline involved in the proper study of Latin and Greek.

That study, moreover, has other merits and recommendations which have been already slightly touched upon. It is organized and systematized by long-continued use. It is an instrument wielded by some of the best intellects of the country in the education of youth; and it can point to results in the achievements of our foremost men. What, then, has science to offer which is in the least degree likely to compete with such a system? Speaking of the world and all that therein is, of the sky and the stars around it, the ancient writer says, "And God saw every thing that

He had made, and behold it was very good." It is the body of things thus described which science offers to the study of man.

The ultimate problem of physics is to reduce matter by analysis to its lowest condition of divisibility, and force to its simplest manifestations, and then by synthesis [1] to construct from these elements the world as it stands. We are still a long way from the final solution of this problem; and when the solution comes, it will be one more of spiritual insight than of actual observation. But though we are still a long way from this complete intellectual mastery of Nature, we have conquered vast regions of it, have learned their politics and the play of their powers.

We live upon a ball of matter eight thousand miles in diameter, swathed by an atmosphere of unknown height. This ball has been molten by heat, chilled to a solid, and sculptured by water; it is made up of substances possessing distinctive properties and modes of action, properties which have an immediate bearing upon the continuance of man in health, and on his recovery from disease, on which moreover depend all the arts of industrial life. These properties and modes of action offer problems to the intellect, some profitable to the child, and others sufficient to tax the highest powers of the philosopher.

Our native sphere turns on its axis and revolves in space. It is one of a band which do the same. It is illuminated by a sun which, though nearly a hundred millions of miles distant, can be brought virtually into our closets and there subjected to examination. It has its winds and clouds, its rain and frost, its light, heat, sound, electricity, and magnetism. And it has its vast kingdoms of animals and vegetables. To a most amazing extent the human mind has conquered these things, and reveals the logic which runs through them. Were they facts only, without logical relationship, science might, as a means of discipline, suffer in comparison with language. But the whole body of phenomena is instinct with law; the facts are hung on principles; and the value of physical science as a means of discipline consists in the

[1] putting together; the opposite of analysis

motion of the intellect, both inductively and deductively,[1] along the lines of law marked out by phenomena. As regards that discipline to which I have already referred as derivable from the study of languages, — that, and more, are involved in the study of physical science. Indeed, I believe it would be possible so to limit and arrange the study of a portion of physics as to render the mental exercise involved in it almost qualitatively the same as that involved in the unraveling of a language.

II.

I HAVE thus far limited myself to the purely intellectual side of this question. But man is not all intellect. If he were so, science would, I believe, be his proper nutriment. But he feels as well as thinks; he is receptive of the sublime and the beautiful as well as of the true. Indeed, I believe that even the intellectual action of a complete man is, consciously or unconsciously, sustained by an undercurrent of the emotions. It is vain, I think, to attempt to separate moral and emotional nature from intellectual nature. Let a man but observe himself, and he will, if I mistake not, find that, in nine cases out of ten, moral or immoral considerations, as the case may be, are the motive force which pushes his intellect into action. The reading of the works of two men, neither of them imbued with the spirit of modern science, neither of them, indeed, friendly to that spirit, has placed me here to-day. These men are the English Carlyle and the American Emerson. I never should have gone through Analytical Geometry and the Calculus had it not been for those men. I never should have become a physical investigator, and hence without them I should not have been here to-day. They told me what I ought to do in a way that caused me to do it, and all my consequent intellectual action is to be traced to this purely moral source. To Carlyle and Emerson I ought to add Fichte, the greatest representative of pure idealism. These three unscientific men made me a practical scientific worker. They called out,

[1] See Bacon, p. 42

"Act!" I hearkened to the summons; taking the liberty, however, of determining for myself the direction which effort was to take.

And I may now cry, "Act!" but the potency of action must be yours. I may pull the trigger, but if the gun be not charged there is no result. We are creators in the intellectual world as little as in the physical. We may remove obstacles, and render latent capacities active, but we cannot suddenly change the nature of man. The "new birth" itself implies the pre-existence of the new character which requires not to be created but brought forth. You can not by any amount of missionary labor suddenly transform the savage into the civilized Christian. The improvement of man is secular,[1] — not the work of an hour or of a day. But, though indubitably bound by our organizations, no man knows what the potentialities of any human mind may be, which require only release to be brought into action.

The circle of human nature is not complete without the arc of feeling and emotion. The lilies of the field have a value for us beyond their botanical ones, — a certain lightening of the heart accompanies the declaration that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The sound of the village bell which comes mellowed from the valley to the traveler upon the hill, has a value beyond its acoustical one. The setting sun when it mantles with the bloom of roses the alpine snows, has a value beyond its optical one. The starry heavens, as you know, had for Immanuel Kant a value beyond their astronomical one.[2] Round about the intellect sweeps the horizon of emotions from which all our noblest impulses are derived. I think it very desirable to keep this horizon open; not to permit either priest or philosopher to draw down his shutters between you and it. And here the dead languages, which are sure to be beaten by science in the purely intellectual fight, have an irresistible claim. They supplement the work of science by exalting and refining the

[1] *i. e.* through considerable periods of time

[2] Kant was a metaphysician, but his scientific speculations led directly to the "nebular hypothesis" of Laplace.

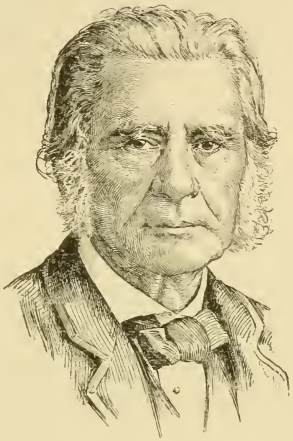
æsthetic faculty, and must on this account be cherished by all who desire to see human culture complete. There must be a reason for the fascination which these languages have so long exercised upon the most powerful and elevated minds, — a fascination which will probably continue for men of Greek and Roman mold to the end of time.

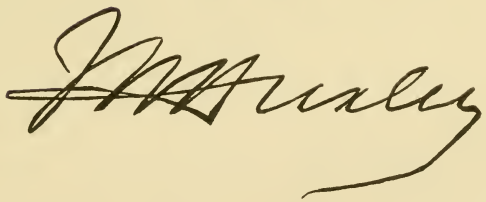
Let me utter one practical word in conclusion, — take care of your health. There have been men who by wise attention to this point might have risen to any eminence, — might have made great discoveries, written great poems, commanded armies, or ruled states, but who by unwise neglect of this point have come to nothing. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat: what can he do there but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft? Take care, then, of the timbers of your boat, and avoid all practices likely to introduce either wet or dry rot among them. And this is not to be accomplished by desultory or intermittent efforts of the will, but by the formation of *habits*. The will, no doubt, has sometimes to put forth its strength in order to strangle or crush the special temptation. But the formation of right habits is essential to your permanent security. They diminish your chance of falling when assailed, and they augment your chance of recovery when overthrown.

HUXLEY

1825–

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY, physiologist and naturalist, was born at Ealing, England, May 4, 1825. At the age of twenty he entered the British navy in the capacity of surgeon. In 1848 he produced his essay, "On the Anatomy and Affinities of the Family of the Medusæ." In 1854 he became





Professor of Natural History in the School of Mines, and a few years later was appointed Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution. From 1870 to 1872 he served as a member of the London School Board.

To the recent discussion of the origin of man, Huxley has been an important contributor. His "Man's Place in Nature" was largely instrumental in directing public attention to this subject, and the ability of the book made a profound impression on thoughtful minds. His later work, "Protoplasm, or the Physical Basis of Life," was not less stimulating and impres-

sive. Huxley is one of the ablest supporters of the evolutionary doctrines associated with the name of Darwin. From the lecture platform he has wor the attention of the best minds of England, and through his published works has gained the ear of the whole scientific world. To no man now living does science owe a larger debt, whether as an investigator or as an expounder.

"All," says Hæckel, "who have read the masterly papers contained in 'Lay Sermons,' or the 'Critiques and Addresses,' will acknowledge Huxley's fine and vigorous command of English, and the literary richness of his style. He has a keen enjoyment of literary excellence, and 'keeps up' with poetry, fiction, and the progress of critical thought, notwithstanding his indefatigable scientific investigations. Owing to these traits, he has a high reputation as a popular scientific teacher; and even his 'Lectures to Workingmen' are models of what such discourses should be — clear, simple, and attractive, yet carefully accurate and strictly scientific."

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION

I HOPE you will consider that the arguments I have now stated, even if there were no better ones, constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions. There are other forms of culture besides physical science; and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic culture for the sake of science. Such a narrow view of the nature of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced into all schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every school-boy should be taught everything in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is, that no boy or girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face

scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it, but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and by being able to apply the methods of science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science; in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay, more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows: To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography;" that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it. If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that, so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head. The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?" "What is this water, and where does it run?" "What is the wind?" "What makes the waves in the sea?" "Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bounds to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way. To all such questions answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge, and not mere book learning; and a panoramic[1] view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of

[1] literally, *all-seeing* (from Gr. *pan*, all, *horama*, view)

the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge, — reading, writing, and elementary mathematics, — he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now, there are two kinds of physical science. The one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind, of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented for the present if they, added to physical geography, furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England, if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it, in the elements of physics and of botany; but I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry, and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

So far as school education is concerned, I want to go no further just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum[1] of instruction must be so given as to insure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere book-work, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin Grammar, which makes no pretense to be anything but book-work.

If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real; that is to say, that the mind

[1] from Lat. *modicus*, moderate; hence, a measured supply

of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is *so* and no otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training, that in virtue of which it can not be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever, is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact, and practicing the intellect in the completest form of induction; that is to say, in drawing conclusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions, the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtile deductions from them. The teaching of languages, at any rate as ordinarily practiced, is of the same general nature, — authority and tradition furnish the data, and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

Again, if history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You can not make a boy see the battle of Thermopylæ for himself, or know, of his own knowledge, that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no getting into direct contact with natural fact by this road; there is no dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

In all these respects science differs from other educational discipline, and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in every-day life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In the one case, as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril. Fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

But if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons. In teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt, until he is compelled by the absolute authority of nature to believe, that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say with the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-lesson of one sort or another; and as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their learning their Catechism, which contains propositions far harder to comprehend than anything in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but, in my belief, that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, is unnatural, and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but essentially indigestible.

Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success; important in all kinds of teaching, but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is, that the teacher should himself really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has got up; and a dead dogmatism, which oppresses or raises opposition, will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

At the period of the Renascence, the few and scattered students of Nature picked up the clew to her secrets exactly as it fell from the hands of the Greeks a thousand years before. The foundations of mathematics were so well laid by them that our children learn their geometry from a book written for the schools of Alexandria two thousand years ago. Modern astronomy is the natural continuation and development of the work of Hipparchus and of Ptolemy; modern physics of that of Democritus and of Archimedes.

We can not know all the best thoughts and sayings of the Greeks unless we know what they thought about natural phenomena. We falsely pretend to be the inheritors of their culture, unless we are penetrated, as the best minds among them were, with an unhesitating faith that the free employment of reason, in accordance with scientific method, is the sole method of reaching truth.

AMERICAN SCIENTISTS

AGASSIZ — GRAY — DANA

TWO names of great significance in the history of eighteenth-century science are those of Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson, better known as "Count Rumford." Both these men were American by birth and by education. The most important of Franklin's many scientific achievements was his discovery that lightning is merely a manifestation of electricity. Thompson was the first to demonstrate that heat is a mode of motion.

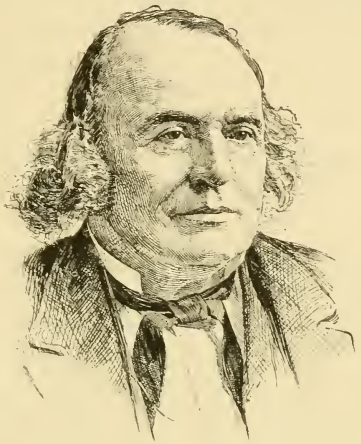
Selections from the works of three American scientists of distinction — Agassiz, Gray, and Dana — will be found in the following pages. Among many recent investigators and writers, Alexander Winchell, Spencer F. Baird, Simon Newcomb, Charles A. Young, and Matthew F. Maury are especially noteworthy. Professor Winchell has made original researches into the geology of the Mississippi Basin. His principal works are "Sketches of Creation" and "A Geological Excursion." Baird has published many valuable studies in Zoölogy. Professors Newcomb and Young are distinguished in the department of Astronomy. Lieutenant Maury is famous for his "Physical Geography of the Sea."

John Fiske, whose historical writings have already been referred to, has even higher claims to lasting repute as the chief American representative of the evolutionary school of philosophy. His principal work, "The Cosmic Philosophy," is in substantial agreement with the system of Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Mr. Fiske has also published two lectures, entitled "The Idea of God," and "The Destiny of Man," that are of a metaphysical and speculative nature.

AGASSIZ

1807–1873

Louis Jean Rodolphe Agassiz was born in the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, in 1807. While still very young he became a zealous student of scientific subjects, and early gave promise of the eminence which he afterwards attained in that department of intellectual effort. For several years he occupied the chair of Natural History at Neufchâtel, and in the discharge



of his duties and the prosecution of independent investigations commended himself to the attention and respect of leading scientists in Europe. He was the intimate friend of Cuvier, the great naturalist. He was urgently invited by several universities, and when in 1847 there came a call to him from Harvard, he accepted it.

The history of his work in the twenty-five years of his life in this country is familiar; he was esteemed by universal consent the foremost naturalist in the United States. The recent rapid growth of popular interest in science and the establishment and progress of many scientific institutions in this

country are largely attributable to his influence. Long before his coming to America Agassiz had won enviable fame in connection with the Glacial Theory, which he promulgated in 1837. During his residence here he was a frequent contributor to scientific periodicals, and produced several works of originality and value. Conspicuous among these are "Methods of Study in Natural History" and "Geological Sketches."

In 1865 Professor Agassiz made a voyage to Brazil in the interests of science. The labors resulting from this enterprise, and his arduous efforts in behalf of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, proved too severe for his physical strength, and near the close of his sixty-sixth year the great naturalist passed away. The first extract is from "A Journey in Brazil," the joint work of Professor and Mrs. Agassiz; the second is from "Geological Sketches."

AMERICA THE OLD WORLD

I.

First-born among the Continents, though so much later in culture and civilization than some of more recent birth, America, so far as her physical history is concerned, has been falsely denominated the New World. Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters, hers the first shore washed by the ocean that enveloped all the earth beside; and while Europe was represented only by islands rising here and there above the sea, America already stretched an unbroken line of land from Nova Scotia to the Far West.[1]

In the present state of our knowledge, our conclusions respecting the beginning of the earth's history, the way in which it took form and shape as a distinct, separate planet, must, of course, be very vague and hypothetical.[2] Yet the progress of science is

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[1] "It would be inexpedient to encumber this essay," Agassiz remarks, "with references to all the authorities on which such geological results rest. They are drawn from the various State Surveys, including that of the mineral lands of Lake Superior, in which the early rise of the American continent is for the first time affirmed, and from other more general works on American geology."

[2] supposititious, conjectural and tentative

so rapidly reconstructing the past that we may hope to solve even this problem; and to one who looks upon man's appearance upon the earth as the crowning work in a succession of creative acts, all of which have had relation to his coming in the end, it will not seem strange that he should at last be allowed to understand a history which was but the introduction to his own existence. It is my belief that not only the future, but the past also, is the inheritance of man, and that we shall yet conquer our lost birthright.

Even now our knowledge carries us far enough to warrant the assertion that there was a time when our earth was in a state of igneous fusion,[1] when no ocean bathed it and no atmosphere surrounded it; when no wind blew over it, and no rain fell upon it, but an intense heat held all its materials in solution. In those days the rocks which are now the very bones and sinews of our mother Earth — her granites, her porphyries, her basalts, her sienites — were melted into a liquid mass.

As I am writing for the unscientific reader, who may not be familiar with the facts through which these inferences have been reached, I will answer here a question which, were we talking together, he might naturally ask in a somewhat skeptical tone. How do you know that this state of things ever existed, and, supposing that the solid materials of which our earth consists were ever in a liquid condition, what right have you to infer that this condition was caused by the action of heat upon them? I answer, Because it is acting upon them still; because the earth we tread is but a thin crust floating on a liquid sea of molten materials; because the agencies that were at work then are at work now, and the present is the logical sequence of the past. From Artesian[2] wells, from mines, from geysers, from hot springs, a mass of facts has been collected, proving incontestably the heated condition of all substances at a certain depth below the earth's surface; and if we need more positive evidence, we have

[1] *igneous fusion*, fiery moltenness

[2] *Artesian*, from Artois in France (anciently known as Artesium), where such wells have long been sunk.

it in the fiery eruptions that even now bear fearful testimony to the molten ocean seething within the globe and forcing its way out from time to time.

The modern progress of Geology has led us by successive and perfectly connected steps back to a time when what is now only an occasional and rare phenomenon was the normal condition of our earth; when those internal fires were inclosed in an envelope so thin that it opposed but little resistance to their frequent outbreak, and they constantly forced themselves through this crust, pouring out melted materials that subsequently cooled and consolidated on its surface. So constant were these eruptions, and so slight was the resistance they encountered, that some portions of the earlier rock-deposits are perforated with numerous chimneys, narrow tunnels as it were, bored by the liquid masses that poured out through them and greatly modified their first condition.

There is, perhaps, no part of the world, certainly none familiar to science, where the early geological periods can be studied with so much ease and precision as in the United States. Along their northern borders, between Canada and the United States, there runs the low line of hills known as the Laurentian[1] Hills. Insignificant in height, nowhere rising more than fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the level of the sea, these are nevertheless the first mountains that broke the uniform level of the earth's surface, and lifted themselves above the waters. Their low stature, as compared with that of other more lofty mountain-ranges, is in accordance with an invariable rule, by which the relative age of mountains may be estimated. The oldest mountains are the lowest, while the younger and more recent ones tower above their elders, and are usually more torn and dislocated also. This is easily understood when we remember that all mountains and mountain-chains are the result of upheavals, and that the violence of the outbreak must have been in proportion to the strength of the resistance. When the crust of the earth was so thin that the

[1] the adjective is derived from the name of the St. Lawrence River

heated masses within easily broke through it, they were not thrown to so great a height, and formed comparatively low elevations, such as the Canadian hills, or the mountains of Bretagne and Wales. But in later times, when young, vigorous giants, such as the Alps, the Himalayas, or, later still, the Rocky Mountains, forced their way out from their fiery prison-house, the crust of the earth was much thicker, and fearful indeed must have been the convulsions which attended their exit.

II.

The Laurentian Hills form, then, a granite range, stretching from eastern Canada to the upper Mississippi, and immediately along its base are gathered the Azoic[1] deposits, the first stratified beds, in which the absence of life need not surprise us, since they were formed beneath a heated ocean. As well might we expect to find the remains of fish or shells or crabs at the bottom of geysers or of boiling springs, as on those early shores bathed by an ocean of which the heat must have been so intense. Although from the condition in which we find it, this first granite range has evidently never been disturbed by any violent convulsion since its first upheaval, yet there has been a gradual rising of that part of the continent, for the Azoic beds do not lie horizontally along the base of the Laurentian Hills in the position in which they must originally have been deposited, but are lifted and rest against their slopes. They have been more or less dislocated in this process, and are greatly metamorphosed[2] by the intense heat to which they must have been exposed. Indeed, all the oldest stratified rocks have been baked by the prolonged action of heat.

It may be asked how the materials for those first stratified deposits were provided. In later times, when an abundant and various soil covered the earth, when every river brought down to the ocean, not only its yearly tribute of mud or clay or lime, but

[1] *Azoic* (Gr. *a*, without, *zoe*, life) destitute of evidences of organic life

[2] changed, transformed; etymology?

the *débris* of animals and plants that lived and died in its waters or along its banks, when every lake and pond deposited at its bottom in successive layers the lighter or heavier materials floating in its waters and settling gradually beneath them, the process by which stratified materials are collected and gradually harden into rock is more easily understood. But when the solid surface of the earth was only just beginning to form, it would seem that the floating matter in the sea can hardly have been in sufficient quantity to form any extensive deposits. No doubt there was some abrasion even of that first crust; but the more abundant source of the earliest stratification is to be found in the submarine volcanoes that poured their liquid streams into the first ocean. At what rate these materials would be distributed and precipitated in regular strata it is impossible to determine; but that volcanic materials were so deposited in layers is evident from the relative position of the earliest rocks.

I have already spoken of the innumerable chimneys perforating the Azoic beds, narrow outlets of Plutonic rock, protruding through the earliest strata. Not only are such funnels filled with the crystalline mass of granite that flowed through them in a liquid state, but it has often poured over their sides, mingling with the stratified beds around. In the present state of our knowledge, we can explain such appearances only by supposing that the heated materials within the earth's crust poured out frequently, meeting little resistance, — that they then scattered and were precipitated in the ocean around, settling in successive strata at its bottom, — that through such strata the heated masses within continued to pour again and again, forming for themselves the chimney-like outlets above mentioned.

Such, then, was the earliest American land, — a long, narrow island, almost continental in its proportions, since it stretched from the eastern borders of Canada nearly to the point where now the base of the Rocky Mountains meets the plain of the Mississippi Valley. We may still walk along its ridge and know that we tread upon the ancient granite that first divided the waters into a northern and southern ocean; and if our imaginations will

carry us so far, we may look down toward its base and fancy how the sea washed against this earliest shore of a lifeless world. This is no romance, but the bald, simple truth; for the fact that this granite band was lifted out of the waters so early in the history of the world, and has not since been submerged, has, of course, prevented any subsequent deposits from forming above it. And this is true of all the northern part of the United States. It has been lifted gradually, the beds deposited in one period being subsequently raised, and forming a shore along which those of the succeeding one collected, so that we have their whole sequence before us. In regions where all the geological deposits, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian, Triassic,[1] etc., are piled one upon another, and we can get a glimpse of their internal relations only where some rent has laid them open, or where their ragged edges, worn away by the abrading action of external influences, expose to view their successive layers, it must, of course, be more difficult to follow their connection.

For this reason the American continent offers facilities to the geologist denied to him in the so-called Old World, where the earlier deposits are comparatively hidden, and the broken character of the land, intersected by mountains in every direction, renders his investigation still more difficult. Of course, when I speak of the geological deposits as so completely unveiled to us here, I do not forget the sheet of drift which covers the continent from north to south; but the drift is only a superficial and recent addition to the soil, resting loosely above the other geological deposits, and arising from very different causes.

In this article I have intended to limit myself to a general sketch of the formation of the Laurentian Hills, with the Azoic stratified beds resting against them. In the Silurian epoch following the Azoic we have the first beach on which any life stirred; it extended along the base of the Azoic beds, widening by its extensive deposits the narrow strip of land already upheaved.

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[1] *Devonian . . . Triassic:* See the geological diagram and table at page 621 of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

GRAY

1810–1888

Professor Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, was born in Paris, Oneida County, New York, November 18, 1810, and died in 1888. He studied medicine, but his enthusiastic love of botanical investigation withheld him from the practice of his profession. In 1834 he received the appointment of botanist to the United States Exploring Expedition; but, impatient of the

delays which hindered that enterprise, he resigned his office in 1837. About that time he was chosen Professor of Botany in the University of Michigan; before that institution was opened he accepted the Fisher Professorship of Natural History in Harvard University. His first contribution to the literature of botany was "North American Gramineæ and Cyperaceæ," of which two volumes were published in 1834–35. This brought him prominently before the scientific world. His botanical career, however, may be said to date from his reading, in December, 1834, before the New York Lyceum of Natural History, "A Notice of some New, Rare, or otherwise Interesting Plants from the Northern and Western Portions of the State of New York."

In 1838, in conjunction with John Torrey, M. D., he prepared the first part of "The Flora of North America." This work has never been completed; but in its fragmentary state it is esteemed one of the most valuable contributions ever made in America to the science of botany. The collections made by the Exploring Expedition of Commodore Wilkes, during the years 1838–42, except those obtained from the Pacific coast, were placed in the hands of Professor Gray for elaboration, and the fruits of his labors are preserved in two volumes on the "Botany of the United States Exploring Expedition."

His numerous papers in the memoirs of the learned societies, although not of a popular character, comprise a large part of his most important contributions to science. The most generally interesting one is his "Memoir on the Botany of Japan in its Relations to that of the United States," which subject was followed up in his Address as President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered at Dubuque, August, 1872. His "Structural Botany" is universally accepted as one of the best expositions of vegetable physiology and morphology ever written, while his "Manual of Botany" has long been known as a standard work. He produced several books of an elementary character, among which are "How Plants Grow," "How Plants Behave," "Lessons in Botany," "The School and Field Book of Botany," etc. Professor Gray possessed remarkable qualifications for this work, his expositions being singularly clear, and his style in all respects attractive.

HOW CERTAIN PLANTS CAPTURE INSECTS[1]

This is not a common habit of plants. Insects are fed, and allowed to depart unharmed. When captures are made, they must sometimes be purely accidental and meaningless; as in those species of *Silene* called Catch-fly, because small flies and other weak insects, sticking fast to a clammy exudation[2] of the calyxes in some species, of a part of the stem in others, are unable to extricate themselves, and so perish. But in certain cases insects are caught in ways so remarkable that we can not avoid regarding them as contrivances, as genuine *fly-traps*.

Flower fly-traps are certainly to be found in some plants of the Orchis family. One instance is that of Cypripedium, or Lady's-Slipper, which is a contrivance for cross-fertilization. Here the insect is entrapped for the purpose of securing its services; and

[1] from "How Plants Behave"

[2] a discharge of moisture

the detention is only temporary. If it did not escape from one flower to enter into another, the whole purpose of the contrivance would be defeated. Not so, however, in leaf fly-traps. These all take the insect's life, — whether with intent or not, it may be difficult to make out. The commonest and the most ambiguous leaf fly-traps are such as Pitchers, of which those of our *Sarracenia*, or Sidesaddle-flower, are most familiar. A common yellow-flowered species of the Southern States has them so very long and narrow, that they are popularly named *trumpets*. In these pitchers, or tubes, water is generally found, sometimes caught from rain, but in other cases evidently furnished by the plant, the pitcher being so constructed that water can not rain in: this water abounds with drowned insects, commonly in all stages of decay. One would suppose that insects which have crawled into the pitcher might as readily crawl out; but they do not, and closer examination shows that escaping is not as easy as entering. In most pitchers of this sort there are sharp and stiff hairs within, all pointing downward, which offer considerable obstruction to returning, but none to entering.

Why plants which are rooted in wet bogs or in moist ground need to catch water in pitchers, or to secrete it there, is a mystery, unless it is wanted to drown flies in. And what they gain from a solution of dead flies is equally hard to guess.

Into such pitchers as those of the common species rain may fall; but not readily into others, not at all into those of the Parrot-headed species of the Southern States, for the inflated lid or cover arches over the mouth of the pitcher completely. This is even more strikingly so in *Darlingtonia*, the curious Californian Pitcher-plant lately made known and cultivated: in this the contracted entrance to the pitcher is concealed under the hood, and looks downward instead of upward; and even the small chance of any rain entering by aid of the wind is, as it were, guarded against by a curious appendage, resembling the forked tail of some fish, which hangs over the front. Any water found in this pitcher must come from the plant itself. So it also must in the combined Pitcher and Tendril of Nepenthes. These Pitcher-

plants are woody climbers, natives of the Indian Archipelago, and not rarely cultivated in hothouses as a curiosity. Some of their leaves lengthen the tip into the tendril only; some of the lower bear a pitcher only; but the best-developed leaves have both, — the tendril for climbing, the pitcher one can hardly say for what purpose. The pitcher is tightly closed by a neatly fitting lid when young; and in strong and healthy plants there is commonly a little water in it, which could not possibly have been introduced from without. After they are fully grown, the lid opens by a hinge; then a little water might be supposed to rain in. In the humid, sultry climates they inhabit, it probably does so freely; and the leaves are found partly filled with dead flies, as in our wild Pitcher-plants.

All species of Sundew (*Drosera*) have their leaves, and some their stalks also, beset with bristles tipped with a gland from which oozes a drop of clear but very glutinous liquid, making the plant appear as if studded with dew-drops. These remain, glistening in the sun, long after dew-drops would have been dissipated. Small flies, gnats, and such-like insects, seemingly enticed by the glittering drops, stick fast upon them, and perish by starvation, one would suppose without any benefit whatever to the plant. But in the broad-leaved wild species of our bogs, such as the common Round-leaved Sundew, the upper face and edges of the blade of the leaf bear stronger bristles, tipped with a larger glutinous drop, and the whole forms what we must allow to be a veritable fly-trap; for, when a small fly alights on the upper face, and is held by some of the glutinous drops long enough for the leaf to act, the surrounding bristles slowly bend inwards so as to bring their glutinous tips also against the body of the insect, adding, one by one, to the bonds, and rendering captivity and death certain. This movement of the bristles must be of the same nature as that by which tendrils and some leafstalks bend or coil. It is much too slow to be visible except in the result, which takes a few hours, or even a day or two to be completed. Here, then, is a contrivance for catching flies, a most elaborate one, in action slow but sure. And the different species of Sun-

dew offer all gradations between those with merely scattered and motionless dewy-tipped bristles, to which flies may chance to stick, and this more complex arrangement, which we can not avoid regarding as intended for fly-catching. Moreover, in both of our commoner species, the blade of the leaf itself incurves, so as to fold round its victim!

And a most practiced observer, whose observations are not yet published, declares that the leaves of the common Round-leaved Sundew act differently when different objects are placed upon them. For instance, if a particle of raw meat be substituted for the living fly, the bristles will close upon it in the same manner; but to a particle of chalk or wood they remain nearly indifferent. If any doubt should still remain whether the fly-catching in Sundews is accidental or intentional, — in other words, whether the leaf is so constructed and arranged in order that it may capture flies, — the doubt may perhaps disappear upon the contemplation of another and even more extraordinary plant of the same family of the Sundew, namely, Venus's Flytrap, or *Dionæa muscipula*. This plant abounds in the low savannas around Wilmington, North Carolina, and is native nowhere else. It is not very difficult to cultivate, at least for a time, and it is kept in many choice conservatories as a vegetable wonder.

The trap is the end of the leaf. It is somewhat like the leaf of Sundew, only larger, about an inch in diameter, with bristles still stouter, but only round the margin, like a fringe, and no clammy liquid or gland at their tips. The leaf folds on itself as if hinged at the midrib. Three more delicate bristles are seen on the face upon close inspection. When these are touched by the finger or the point of a pencil, the open trap shuts with a quick motion, and after a considerable interval it reopens. When a fly or other insect alights on the surface and brushes against these sensitive bristles, the trap closes promptly, generally imprisoning the intruder. It closes at first with the sides convex and the bristles crossing each other like the fingers of interlocked hands or the teeth of a steel trap. But soon the sides of the trap flatten down and press firmly upon the victim; and it now

requires a very considerable force to open the trap. If nothing is caught, the trap presently reopens of itself and is ready for another attempt. When a fly or any similar insect is captured it is retained until it perishes, — is killed, indeed, and consumed; after which it opens for another capture. But after the first or second it acts sluggishly and feebly, it ages and hardens, at length loses its sensibility, and slowly decays.

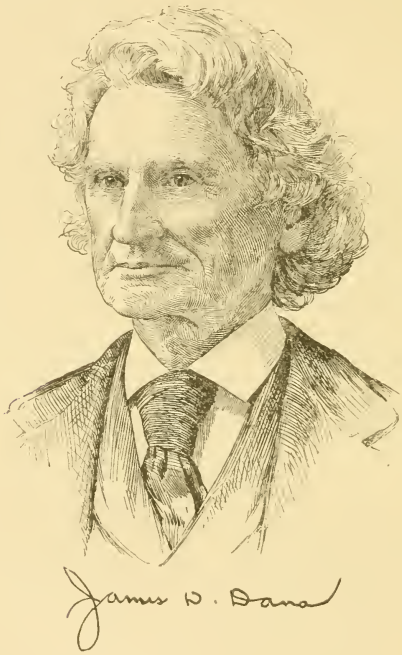
It can not be supposed that plants, like boys, catch flies for pastime or in objectless wantonness. Living beings though they are, yet they are not of a sufficiently high order for that. It is equally incredible that such an exquisite apparatus as this should be purposeless. And in the present case the evidence of the purpose and of the meaning of the strange action is well-nigh complete. The face of this living trap is thickly sprinkled with glands immersed in its texture, of elaborate structure under the microscope, but large enough to be clearly discerned with a hand-lens; these glands, soon after an insect is closed upon, give out a saliva-like liquid, which moistens the insect, and in a short time (within a week) dissolves all its soft parts, — digests them, we must believe; and the liquid, with the animal matter it has dissolved, is re-absorbed into the leaf! We are forced to conclude that, in addition to the ordinary faculties and functions of a vegetable, this plant is really carnivorous.

That, while all plants are food for animals, some few should, in turn and to some extent, feed upon them, will appear more credible when it is considered that whole tribes of plants of the lowest grade (Mould-Fungi and the like) habitually feed upon living plants and living animals, or upon their juices when dead. An account of them would make a volume of itself, and an interesting one. But all goes to show that the instances of extraordinary behavior which have been recounted in these chapters are not mere prodigies, wholly out of the general order of Nature, but belong to the order of Nature, and indeed are hardly different in kind from, or really more wonderful than, the doings of many of the commonest plants, which, until our special attention is called to them, ordinarily pass unregarded.

DANA

1813–

Professor James Dwight Dana, the eminent geologist and naturalist, was born at Utica, New York, in 1813. At the age of twenty he graduated at Yale College. Devoting himself assiduously to scientific studies, he soon acquired a reputation which justified his appointment to be the geologist and



mineralogist of Commodore Wilkes's Exploring Expedition, sent out by the United States government in 1838. During his four years' absence in this capacity he gathered materials for his notable contributions to the literature of science. Among these are his "Report on Zoöphytes," "Report on the Geology of the Pacific," and "Report on Crustacea." Before his departure with this expedition he published his "System of Mineralogy," the fourth edition of which was issued in 1854, and the descriptive part of the fifth in 1868. In 1850 he was called to the chair of Natural History and Geology at Yale

University, but did not enter upon its duties until five years later. Since 1846 he has been a principal editor of the "American Journal of Science." Professor Dana's "Manual of Geology" is a standard text-book. His latest work is a volume entitled "Corals and Coral Islands." He has long been recognized in the scientific circles of Europe as one of the foremost living naturalists; he is a member of many European scientific societies, and of the French Academy. Professor Dana has been a close observer of Nature, and his special qualifications for scientific investigation are supplemented by intellectual powers which admirably fit him for the office of leader and instructor in his chosen department of science.

KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE

I.

When man, at the word of his Maker, stood up to receive his birthright, God pronounced a benediction, and gave him this commission: "*Replenish the earth: subdue it: and have dominion over every living thing.*"

"*Subdue and have dominion.*" These were the first recorded words that fell on the human ear; and Heaven's blessing was in them.

But what is this subduing of the earth? How is Nature brought under subjection? Man's highest glory consists in obedience to the Eternal Will; and in this case, is he actually taking the reins into his own hands? Far from it. He is but yielding submission. He is learning that will, and placing himself, as Bacon has said, in direct subserviency to divine laws. When he sets his sails, and drives over the waves before the blast, feeling the pride of power in that the gale has been broken into a willing steed, he still looks up reverently, and acknowledges that God in nature has been his teacher, and is his strength. When he strikes the rock, and out flows the brilliant metal, he admits that it is in obedience to a higher will than his own, and a reward of careful searching for truth, in complete subjection to that will. When he yokes together a plate of copper and zinc, and urges them to action by a cup of acid, and then dispatches

burdens of thought on errands of thousands of miles, — man may indeed claim that he has Nature at his bid, subdued, a willing messenger; and yet it is so because man himself acts in perfect obedience to law. He may well feel exalted; but his exaltation proceeds from the fact that he has drawn from a higher source of strength than himself.

These are the rewards of an humble and teachable spirit, kneeling at the shrine of Nature; and if there is indeed that forgetfulness of self, and that unalloyed love of truth, which alone can insure the highest success in research, this shrine will be viewed as only the portal to a holier temple, where God reigns in his purity and love.

The command, "subdue, and have dominion," is, then, a mark both of man's power and of God's power. It requires man to study his Maker's works, that he may adapt himself to his laws, and use them to his advantage; to become wise, that he may be strong; to elevate and ennoble mind, that matter may take its true place of subjection. It involves not merely a study of Nature in the ordinary sense of those words, but also a study of man himself, and the utmost exaltation of the moral and mental qualities; for man is a part of Nature; and moreover, to understand the teachings of Infinite Wisdom, the largest expansion of intellect and loftiest elevation of soul are requisite.

Solomon says, that, in his day, there was "nothing new under the sun." What is, is what has been, and what shall be. The sentiment was not prompted by any modern scientific spirit, — impatience of so little progress; for it is immediately connected with sighings for the good *old* times. Much the same spirit is often shown in these days, and elaborate addresses are sometimes written to prove that, after all our boasted progress, Egypt and Greece were the actual sources of existing knowledge. They point to the massy stones of the pyramids; the sublime temples and palaces of the old empires; the occasional utensils of half-transparent glass, and implements of bronze or iron, found among their buried ruins; the fine fabrics and costly Tyrian dyes. They descant upon the wonderful perfection attained in the fine arts, in

poetry and rhetoric, and the profound thought of the ancient philosophers, and then are almost ready to echo, "There is nothing new under the sun."

But what had those old philosophers, or the whole ancient world, done toward bringing Nature under subjection, in obedience to the command, "Subdue it"? They had, it is true, built magnificent temples. But the taste of the architect, or that of the statuary or poet, is simply an emanation from the divine breath within man, and is cultivated by contemplation, and only surface contact with Nature. They piled up Cyclopean rocks into walls and pyramids. But the use of the lever and pulley comes also from the workings of mind, and but shallow views of the world. And adding man to man till thousands have worked together, as in one harness, has been a common feat of despots from the time of the Pharaohs onward. They educed profound systems of philosophy, showing a depth of thought since unsurpassed. But these again were the results of cogitating mind, acting in its own might, — glancing, it may be, at the landscape and the stars in admiration, but centering on man and mind; and often proving to be as erroneous as profound. They cultivated the intellect, and made progress in political knowledge. But in their attempts to control Nature, they brought to bear little beyond *mere physical force*.

Although ancient wisdom treats of air, earth, fire, and water, not one of these so-called elements was, in any proper sense, brought under subjection.

The *Air*, — was it subdued when the old Roman still preferred his banks of oars, and on the land, the wind was trained only to turn a wind-mill, carry off chaff, or work in a bellows?

Was the *Earth* subdued, when, instead of being forced to pour out in streams its wealth of various ores, but half-a-dozen metals were known? and, instead of being explored and found to be marshaled, for man's command, under sixty or more elements, each with its laws of combination, and all bound to serve the arts, the wisest minds saw only a mass of earth, something to tread upon, and grow grain and grass?

Was *Fire* subdued, when almost its only uses were to warm, and cook, and to bake clay, and few of its other powers were known, besides those of destruction? or *Light*, when not even its component colors were recognized, and it served simply as a means of sight, in which man shared its use with brutes?

Was *Water* subdued when it was left to run wild along the watercourses, and its ocean-waves were a terror to all the sailors of the age? when steam was only the ephemeral[1] vapor of a boiling kettle, yet unknown in its might, and unharnessed? when the clouds sent their shafts where they willed? when the constituents of water — the life-element *oxygen* and the inflammable *hydrogen* — had not yet yielded themselves to man as his vassals?

II.

Hardly the initial step had been taken, through the thousands of years of the earth's existence, to acquire that control of Nature which mind should have, and God had ordered. The sciences of observation and experiment had not emerged from the mists of empiricism[2] and superstition. There were few ascertained principles beyond those that flow from mathematical law, or from cogitations of mind after surface surveys of the world.

No wonder that Nature unsubdued should have proved herself a tyrant. She *is* powerful. Vast might is embodied in her forces, that may well strike terror into the uninstructed; and man has shown his greatness in that he has at last dared to claim obedience. The air, earth, water, fire, had become filled with fancied fiends, which any priest or priestess could evoke; and even the harmless moon, or two approaching or receding planets, or the accidental flight of a thoughtless bird, caused fearful forebodings; and a long-tailed comet made the whole world to shake with terror.

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[1] from Gr. *epi*, "over," and *hemera*, "a day;" hence, lasting over a day, or but a little time

[2] from Gr. *en*, "in," and *peira*, "trial;" hence, merely experimental observation

Christianity, although radiant with hope, could not wholly break the spell. The Christian's trust, Heaven's best gift to man, makes the soul calm and strong mid dangers, real or unreal; yet it leaves the sources of terror in Nature untouched, to be assailed by that power which comes from knowledge. Man thus suffered for his disobedience. He was the slave, — Nature, the feared master; to many, even the evil demon himself. Is this now true of Nature? We know that, to a large extent, Nature is yet unsearched and unsubdued. Still, vast progress has been made toward gaining control of her ten thousand agencies. In gathering this knowledge, we have not sought for it among the faded monuments and rolls of the *ancients*, as we call the inhabitants of the earth's childhood, but have looked to records of vaster antiquity, — the writings of the infinite God in creation, which are now as fresh with beauty and wisdom as when His finger first mapped out the heavens, or traced the flowers and crystals of the earth. This is the fountain whence we have drawn; and what is the result?

How is it with *Water* in these last times? Instead of wasting its powers in gambols down valleys, or in sluggish quiet about "sleepy hollows," it is trained to toil. With as much glee as it ever displayed running and leaping in its free channel, a single stream now turns over a million of spindles in this New England. Changed to steam, there is terror in its strength even now. Yet the laws of steam, of its production, condensation, and elasticity, have been so carefully studied, and also the strength and other qualities of the metal used to confine it, as well as the nature and effects of fuel, that, if we are careful not to defy established principles, steam is our most willing worker, — turning saw-mills, printing-presses, cotton-gins; speeding over our roads with indefinite trains of carriages and freight; bearing away floating mansions, against wind and tide, across the oceans; cooking, heating, searching out dyes from coarse logwood, and the like; and applying itself to useful purposes, one way or another, in almost all the arts. Again, if we will it, and follow Nature's laws, water gives up its oxygen and hydrogen, and thus the chemist secures the

means of burning even the diamond; the aëronaut makes wings for his adventurous flight, and the lighthouse derives the famous Drummond light for its work of mercy.

Light is no longer a mere colorless medium of sight. We may evoke from it any color we please, either for use or pleasure. We may also take its chemical rays from the rest, or its light rays, or its heat rays, and employ them separately or together; for we have found out where its strength lies in these particulars, so that at will, light may pass from our manipulations, shorn of its heating power, or of its power of promoting growth, or chemical change. Ay, the subtile agent will now use its pencil in taking sketches from Nature, or portraits, if we desire it; and the work is well done.

The ancient wise men, discoursing on the power which holds matter together, sometimes attributed to the particles convenient hooks for clinging to one another. Little was it dreamed that the force of combination in matter — now called attraction — included the lightning among its effects, and would be made to run errands and do hard work for man. Electricity, galvanism, magnetism, are modern names for some of the different moods under which this agent appears; and none of Nature's powers now do better service. It is kept on constant run with messages over the continents, scaling mountains or traversing seas with equal facility. It does our gilding and silver-plating. Give it an engraved plate as a copy, and it will make a hundred such in a short time. If taken into employ, it will, in case of fire, set all the bells of a city ringing at once; or it will strike a common beat for all the clocks of a country; or be the astronomer's best and surest aid in observing phases in the heavens, or measuring longitude on the earth. All this and more it accomplishes for us.

Nature is not now full of gloom and terror. Her fancied fiends have turned out friends. Although God still holds supreme control, and often makes man remember whence his strength, yet every agent, however mighty in itself, is becoming a gentle and ready assistant, both in our work and play, — in the material progress of nations, as well as their moral and intellectual advancement.

THREE BRITISH NOVELISTS

THACKERAY — DICKENS — "GEORGE ELIOT"

THE records of public libraries and the accounts of booksellers point to the conclusion that no agency, except perhaps the newspaper, can compare in influence with the novel. The novel is popular because it is the most interesting of literary forms. To interest us is, in fact, one of the avowed purposes that the novelist sets out with. From him the young derive much of their moral teaching, and no small share of their information. The impressions of life which we receive from works of fiction are almost as vivid as those we receive from what is going on in the world about us, and by them many of our opinions and habits of thought are insensibly molded. The vast influence of this species of writing has been mainly good, because from the times of Goldsmith and Scott till now, the great English novelists have been men of high ideals.

All but a fraction of the best novels of our literature have been written in the present century. The works of Scott and Bulwer have already been represented in this book by selections that appeared in their proper chronological places. In addition to their historical novels, these two writers have fully portrayed for us life and manners, — the one of Scotland, the other of England. The influence of both has been elevating.

Of later English novelists, the three — Dickens, Thackeray, and "George Eliot" — from whose works the accompanying pieces are chosen are indisputably the greatest. These writers, while affording healthful entertainment to hundreds of thousands of readers, have also given expression to the best tendencies of our time, and their influence for good can not be estimated. Dickens celebrated the love

of the fireside; from him well-to-do readers learned of the trials and the virtues of the lowly; he stirred public sympathy for the oppressed, in workhouses, in prisons, in schools. It was Thackeray's task to unmask vulgarity in high life, and to pillory meanness and wickedness everywhere. "George Eliot" held up the mirror to the tragedy and the comedy of common lives.

Among novels of definite purpose, a high place must be assigned to several of Charles Reade's. His "Never too Late to Mend" was directed against prison abuses, and his "Very Hard Cash" led to reforms in the treatment of the insane.

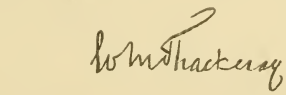
Maria Edgeworth, Charles Lever, John Banim, and Samuel Lover have written the best novels of Irish life. Trollope's numerous works give faithful pictures of contemporary English society. From Captain Marryatt, Michael Scott, and Clarke Russell we have powerful tales of the sea. Thomas Hughes, in his "Tom Brown" stories, has made effective appeal to all that is healthful and noble in boyish nature. Miss Braddon, Edmund Yates, and Wilkie Collins have produced many novels of the emotional order. To Benjamin Disraeli — more eminent in affairs than in letters — we owe several highly imaginative works of fiction, the most famous of which is his "Lothair." From George Borrow, who translated the Bible into the Romany tongue, we have two striking tales of gypsy life, — "Lavengro," and "The Romany Rye."

The many novels "by the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman'" (Mrs. Craik), with their noble views of life, have afforded a wholesome stimulus to two generations of young people. Another woman novelist, Charlotte Brontë, is famous for her "Jane Eyre." Of contemporary British novelists, three are writers whose work must become classic, — William Black, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Richard D. Blackmore.

THACKERAY

1811–1863

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born in Calcutta in 1811, but was sent to England while a child, and educated in the Charterhouse School — immortalized in "The Newcomes" — and at Cambridge University. On the death of his parents he found himself in possession of a handsome fortune; but that soon vanished, and he was compelled to earn a livelihood.



He dallied with Law, courted Art with greater earnestness, and finally — a resolution for which the lovers of high fiction will never cease to be grateful — resolved to devote himself to Literature. His first essay in letters was in journalism; he wrote for the *Times*, *The New Monthly Magazine*, and *Punch*, to which last periodical he contributed the inimitable "Snob Papers," "Jeames's Diary," etc. His first volume, "The Paris Sketch-Book," was published in 1840, and was followed during the next seven years by collections of essays, sketches, etc. In 1848 appeared his first novel, "Vanity Fair," — one of the masterpieces of English fiction. Two years later "The

History of Pendennis" was given to the world, — a story which, if it did not enhance the author's reputation, confirmed his title to a high place among English novelists. "The History of Henry Esmond," "The Virginians," and "The Newcomes," appeared at short intervals; the last, which was issued in 1855, being pronounced by high literary authority his masterpiece. "Lovel the Widower" appeared in 1861, "The Adventures of Philip" in 1862, and at his death, the next year, he left unfinished a novel called "Denis Duval." "The Four Georges" consisted of lectures which were first delivered in the principal American cities.

While Thackeray's writings were comparatively neglected in England, they enjoyed an extensive popularity in the United States. He was a keen student of human nature, quick to recognize and to denounce its weaknesses; yet he found his deepest pleasure in depicting its lovely features and recording its noblest manifestations. The character of Colonel Newcome is unsurpassed, if equaled, as a type of sterling manhood; the memory of it lingers in the reader's mind, softening and refining. Thackeray's humor was nimble rather than rich; but it is not, though commonly held to be, a very important component of his intellectual strength. He was a reformer who exposed and denounced social wrongs, not with rude force, but with polished satire. The selection which follows is taken from "The Newcomes."

LAST DAYS OF COLONEL NEWCOME

In a brief narrative, broken by more honest tears, Fred Bayham, as we paced up and down the court, told me what had happened. The old man must have passed a sleepless night, for on going to his chamber in the morning, his attendant found him dressed in his chair, and his bed undisturbed. He must have sat all through the bitter night without a fire; but his hands were burning hot, and he rambled in his talk. He spoke of some one coming to drink tea with him, pointed to the fire, and asked why it was not made; he would not go to bed, though the nurse pressed him. The bell began to ring for morning chapel; he got up and went toward his gown, groping toward it as though he could hardly see, and put it over his shoulders, and would go out, but he would have fallen in the court if the good nurse had not given him her arm; and the physician of the hospital, passing fortunately at this moment, who had always been a great friend

of Colonel Newcome's, insisted upon leading him back to his room again, and got him to bed. "When the bell stopped, he wanted to rise once more; he fancied he was a boy at school again," said the nurse, "and that he was going in to Dr. Raine, who was schoolmaster here ever so many years ago." So it was, that when happier days seemed to be dawning for the good man, that reprieve came too late. Grief, and years, and humiliation, and care, and cruelty had been too strong for him, and Thomas Newcome was stricken down. . . .

Clive used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days the fever which had attacked him left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend Dr. Goodenough came to him: he hoped too; but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him, — Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, — much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager, trembling hands, he would seek under his bed-clothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped,

was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways, and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel." "Tell little F—— that Codd Colonel wants to see him;" and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine, and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls — God's blessing on all honest boys, say I — painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again, — a youth all love and hope, — a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble, careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it: only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

Rosey's death had seemed to shock him for a while when the unconscious little boy spoke of it. Before that circumstance Clive had even forborne to wear mourning, lest the news should agitate his father. The Colonel remained silent and was very

much disturbed all that day, but he never appeared to comprehend the fact quite; and once or twice afterward asked why she did not come to see him? She was prevented, he supposed,—she was prevented, he said, with a look of terror; he never once otherwise alluded to that unlucky tyrant of his household, who had made his last years so unhappy.

The circumstance of Clive's legacy he never understood; but more than once spoke of Barnes to Ethel, and sent his compliments to him, and said he should like to shake him by the hand. Barnes Newcome never once offered to touch that honored hand, though his sister bore her uncle's message to him. They came often from Bryanstone Square; Mrs. Hobson even offered to sit with the Colonel, and read to him, and brought him books for his improvement. But her presence disturbed him; he cared not for her books; the two nurses whom he loved, faithfully watched him; and my wife and I were admitted to him sometimes, both of whom he honored with regard and recognition. As for F. B., in order to be near his Colonel, did not that good fellow take up his lodging in Cistercian Lane, at the "Red Cow"? He is one whose errors, let us hope, shall be pardoned, *quia multum amavit*. I am sure he felt ten times more joy at hearing of Clive's legacy, than if thousands had been bequeathed to himself. May good health and good fortune speed him!

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little

friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre,* little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend!

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "Toujours, toujours!" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling, "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while: then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I 'm in India;" and then, with a heart-rending voice he called out, "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel-bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

DICKENS

1812–1870

CHARLES DICKENS was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1812, and died June 9, 1870. His father was at one time a reporter of parliamentary debates, and the son adopted the same calling. He became attached to the *Morning Chronicle*, and in its columns first appeared "Sketches by Boz,"

afterwards published in book form, 1836-37. These Sketches had a very cordial reception, and their success induced a publisher to engage Dickens and the artist Seymour to prepare an illustrated narrative of the adventures of a party of Cockney sportsmen. The result of this contract was "The Pickwick Papers," which at once became the most popular book of the day. It was followed at short intervals by "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge." In 1842 Dickens visited America, where he had a very cordial reception. In his "American Notes"

and in "Chuzzlewit," both written soon afterwards, he dwelt with the severity which is inseparable from caricature (and Dickens was not only a literary artist and social reformer, but also a caricaturist) upon some of the obvious vanities and weaknesses of the American people.

In 1853 he began to give public readings from his own books, and was no less successful as a reader than he had been as a writer. In 1868 he visited America for the second time, and gave readings in the principal cities to immense and delighted audiences. During the last year of his life he was engaged on a novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which he left unfinished. His death was sudden, and the announcement of it caused grief throughout the English-speaking world. "The Pickwick Papers," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "David Copperfield," are generally esteemed the best of his books; the last is specially interesting as being largely autobiographical. His later novels, "Great Expectations" and "Our Mutual Friend," were less popular than their predecessors.

Among English novelists Dickens stands alone; he occupies a field that none other has cultivated. He was a man of strong sympathies, quick to feel and plead for the poor and oppressed, and in his books he has done great service in the work of social and legal reform. His most conspicuous characteristic is humor, — natural, rich, and seemingly inexhaustible. The secret of his success seems to have consisted in an intuitive apprehension of popular needs and tastes.

MR. PICKWICK'S DILEMMA

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation.

His landlady, Mrs. Bardell, — the relict[1] and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer, — was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy, — the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's.

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[1] widow; Lat. *relictus*, left behind

The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house, and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior, on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatanswill, would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation; but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it 's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it 's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of mat-

rimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger, — "la, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table, — "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it 's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That 's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye" (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) "I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, — "I do indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You 'll think it not very strange, now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning, — eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose, — a deliberate plan, too; sent her little boy to the Borough to get him out of the way. How thoughtful, how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you 're very kind, sir."

"It will save you a great deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and of course I should take more trouble to please

you then than ever. But it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you 'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I 'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy — " said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, — "a lively one, who 'll teach him, I 'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear — " said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh, you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado she rose from her chair and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick, "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman! Dear me, what a situation; pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't; if anybody should come — "

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically. "I 'll never leave you, dear, kind, good soul;" and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me!" said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there 's a good creature, don't."

But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing, for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition

or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him, and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians[1] was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick; "he 's mad."

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment). "Now help me to lead this woman downstairs."

"Oh, I 'm better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you downstairs," said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir, — thank you," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And downstairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I can not conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned, — "I can not conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing!"

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[1] the three gentlemen who had just entered

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It 's the man that I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick. "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

I HAVE not the least belief in the Noble Savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance and an enormous superstition. His calling rum fire-water, and me a pale-face, wholly fail to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage. I think a mere gent (which I take to be the lowest form of civilization) better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing savage.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him, as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance, in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands, — where his absence is a blessed relief and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of an influence that can exalt humanity, — how, even with the evidence of himself before them, they will either be determined to believe, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded into believing, that he is something which their five senses tell them he is not. — *From "American Notes"*

GEORGE ELIOT

1820–1881

GEORGE ELIOT (Marian Evans Lewes) was born at Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, in November, 1820, and died in London, in January, 1881. Of her early life little is publicly known. At the age of thirty she took up her residence in London, where she formed friendships with several men eminent

in letters and in public life. By these she was at once recognized as the possessor of exceptional genius.

The next five years of her life were years of laborious study and writing. She became an accomplished linguist, and translated several ethical works from the German. She contributed some notable essays to the *Westminster Review*. Then, in 1857, she published anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine* her "Scenes from Clerical Life." This was followed, the next year, by her first ambitious novel "Adam Bede," and its reception fully justified the anticipations of her literary sponsors. A few years later it was followed by

"The Mill on the Floss" and "Romola." All these were published over the pen-name which she had adopted, and by which she will always be remembered, of "George Eliot." With each production her fame increased, and for many years she held rank among the first novelists of this century. Her last novels, "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda," had an almost unprecedented popularity. Two volumes of poetry have come from her pen, both full of strength and beauty.

There is what may be called a lack of cosmopolitanism in the works of "George Eliot;" she dwells on ground that is familiar to her, — the details of country life, with which she made acquaintance in her youth, and the operations of the human heart and the delineation of character of which her studies and the associations of her later life made her an intelligent student. Her novels combine profound thought with vigorous, if not brilliant, imagination. The selection given below is from "Middlemarch."

DOCTOR LYDGATE

I.

A GREAT historian,[1] as he insisted on calling himself, who had the happiness to be dead a hundred and twenty years ago, and so to take his place among the colossi whose huge legs our living pettiness is observed to walk under, glories in his copious remarks and digressions as the least imitable part of his work, and especially in those initial chapters to the successive books of his history, where he seems to bring his arm-chair to the proscenium, and chat with us in all the lusty ease of his fine English. But Fielding lived when the days were longer (for time, like money, is measured by our needs), when summer afternoons were spacious, and the clock ticked slowly in the winter evenings. We belated historians must not linger after his example; and if we did so it is probable that our chat would be thin and eager, as if delivered from a camp-stool in a parrot-house. I, at least, have so much to do in unraveling certain human lots, and seeing how they were woven and interwoven, that all the light I can command must be concentrated on

[1] Henry Fielding, the novelist

this particular web, and not dispersed over that tempting range of relevancies called the universe.

At present I have to make the new settler Lydgate better known to any one interested in him than he could possibly be even to those who had seen the most of him since his arrival in Middlemarch. For surely all must admit that a man may be puffed and belauded, envied, ridiculed, counted upon as a tool, and fallen in love with, or at least selected as a future husband, and yet remain virtually unknown, — known merely as a cluster of signs for his neighbors' false suppositions. There was a general impression, however, that Lydgate was not altogether a common country doctor, and in Middlemarch at that time such an impression was significant of great things being expected from him. For everybody's family doctor was remarkably clever, and was understood to have immeasurable skill in the management and training of the most skittish or vicious diseases. The evidence of his cleverness was of the higher intuitive order, lying in his lady patients' immovable conviction, and was unassailable by any objection except that their intuitions were opposed by others equally strong. Nobody's imagination had gone so far as to conjecture that Mr. Lydgate could know as much as Dr. Sprague and Dr. Minchin, the two physicians who alone could offer any hope when danger was extreme, and when the smallest hope was worth a guinea. Still, I repeat, there was a general impression that Lydgate was something rather more uncommon than any general practitioner in Middlemarch. And this was true. He was but seven-and-twenty, — an age at which many men are not quite common, at which they are hopeful of achievement, resolute in avoidance, thinking that Mammon shall never put a bit in their mouths and get astride their backs, but rather that Mammon, if they have anything to do with him, shall draw their chariot.

He had been left an orphan when he was fresh from a public school. His father, a military man, had made but little provision for three children; and when the boy Tertius asked to have a medical education, it seemed easier to his guardians to grant his request by apprenticing him to a country practitioner than to

make any objections on the score of family dignity. He was one of the rarer lads who early get a decided bent, and make up their minds that there is something particular in life which they would like to do for its own sake, and not because their fathers did it. Most of us who turn to any subject with love remember some morning or evening hour when we got on a high stool to reach down an untried volume, or sat with parted lips listening to a new talker, or for very lack of books began to listen to the voices within, as the first traceable beginning of our love. Something of that sort happened to Lydgate. He was a quick fellow, and, when hot from play, would toss himself in a corner, and in five minutes be deep in any sort of book that he could lay his hands on: if it were Rasselas or Gulliver, so much the better; but Bailey's Dictionary would do, or the Bible with the Apocrypha in it. Something he must read when he was not riding the pony, or running and hunting, or listening to the talk of men. All this was true of him at ten years of age; he had then read through "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," which was neither milk for babes, nor any chalky mixture meant to pass for milk; and it had already occurred to him that books were stuff, and that life was stupid. His school-studies had not much modified that opinion; for though he "did" his classics and mathematics, he was not preëminent in them.

It was said of him that Lydgate could do anything he liked, but he had certainly not yet liked to do anything remarkable. He was a vigorous animal, with a ready understanding, but no spark had yet kindled in him an intellectual passion; knowledge seemed to him a very superficial affair, easily mastered. Judging from the conversation of his elders, he had apparently got already more than was necessary for mature life. Probably this was not an exceptional result of expensive teaching at that period of short-waisted coats, and other fashions which have not yet recurred. But, one vacation, a wet day sent him to the small home library to hunt once more for a book which might have some freshness for him: in vain! unless, indeed, he took down a dusty row of volumes with gray paper backs and dingy labels, — the volumes

of an old Cyclopedia which he had never disturbed. It would at least be a novelty to disturb them. They were on the highest shelf, and he stood on a chair to get them down. But he opened the volume he first took from the shelf: somehow, one is apt to read in a make-shift attitude, just where it might seem inconvenient to do so. The page he opened on was under the head of Anatomy, and the first passage that drew his eyes was on the valves of the heart. He was not much acquainted with valves of any sort, but he knew that *valvæ* were folding-doors, and through this crevice came a sudden light, startling him with his first vivid notion of finely adjusted mechanism in the human frame. A liberal education had, of course, left him free to read the indecent passages in the school classics, but beyond a general sense of secrecy and obscenity in connection with his internal structure, had left his imagination quite unbiased, so that for anything he knew, his brains lay in small bags at his temples, and he had no more thought of representing to himself how his blood circulated than how paper served instead of gold. But the moment of vocation had come, and before he got down from his chair, the world was made new to him by a presentiment of endless processes filling the vast spaces planked out of his sight by that wordy ignorance which he had supposed to be knowledge. From that hour Lydgate felt the growth of an intellectual passion.

We are not afraid of telling over and over again how a man comes to fall in love with a woman and be wedded to her, or else be fatally parted from her. Is it due to excess of poetry or of stupidity that we are never weary of describing what King James called a woman's "makdom and her fairnesse," never weary of listening to the twanging of the old Troubadour strings, and are comparatively uninterested in that other kind of "makdom and fairnesse" which must be wooed with industrious thought and patient renunciation of small desires? In the story of this passion, too, the development varies: sometimes it is the glorious marriage, sometimes frustration and final parting. And not seldom the catastrophe is wound up with the other passion sung by the Troubadours. For in the multitude of middle-aged men

who go about their vocations in a daily course determined for them much in the same way as the tie of their cravats, there is always a good number who once meant to shape their own deeds and alter the world a little. The story of their coming to be shapen after the average, and fit to be packed by the gross, is hardly ever told even in their consciousness; for perhaps their ardor for generous, unpaid toil cooled as imperceptibly as the ardor of other youthful loves, till one day their earlier self walked like a ghost in its old home and made the new furniture ghastly. Nothing in the world more subtle than the process of their gradual change! In the beginning they inhaled it unknowingly: you and I may have sent some of our breath toward infecting them, when we uttered our conforming falsities or drew our silly conclusions; or perhaps it came with the vibrations from a woman's glance.

Lydgate did not mean to be one of those failures, and there was the better hope of him because his scientific interest soon took the form of a professional enthusiasm; he had a youthful belief in his bread-winning work, not to be stifled by that initiation in make-shift called his 'prentice days; and he carried to his studies in London, Edinburgh, and Paris the conviction that the medical profession as it might be was the finest in the world; presenting the most perfect interchange between science and art; offering the most direct alliance between intellectual conquest and the social good. Lydgate's nature demanded this combination: he was an emotional creature, with a flesh-and-blood sense of fellowship which withstood all the abstractions of special study. He cared not only for "cases," but for John and Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth.

II.

Does it seem incongruous to you that a Middlemarch surgeon should dream of himself as a discoverer? Most of us, indeed, know little of the great originators until they have been lifted up among the constellations, and already rule our fates. But that Herschel, for example, who "broke the barriers of the heavens,"

— did he not once play a provincial church organ, and give music-lessons to stumbling pianists? Each of those Shining Ones had to walk on the earth among neighbors who perhaps thought much more of his gait and his garments than of anything which was to give him a title to everlasting fame; each of them had his little local personal history sprinkled with small temptations and sordid cares, which made the retarding friction of his course toward final companionship with the immortals. Lydgate was not blind to the dangers of such friction, but he had plenty of confidence in his resolution to avoid it as far as possible; being seven-and-twenty, he felt himself experienced.

Perhaps that was a more cheerful time for observers and theorizers than the present; we are apt to think it the finest era of the world when America was beginning to be discovered, when a bold sailor, even if he were wrecked, might alight on a new kingdom; and about 1829 the dark territories of Pathology [1] were a fine America for a spirited young adventurer. Lydgate was ambitious above all to contribute toward enlarging the scientific, rational basis of his profession. The more he became interested in special questions of disease, such as the nature of fever or fevers, the more keenly he felt the need for that fundamental knowledge of structure which just at the beginning of the century had been illuminated by the brief and glorious career of Bichat, who died when he was only one-and-thirty, but, like another Alexander, left a realm large enough for many heirs. That great Frenchman first carried out the conception that living bodies, fundamentally considered, are not associations of organs which can be understood by studying them first apart, and then, as it were, federally, but must be regarded as consisting of certain primary webs or tissues, out of which the various organs — brain, heart, lungs, and so on — are compacted, as the various accommodations of a house are built up in various proportions of wood, iron, stone, brick, zinc, and the rest, each material

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[1] the science which has for its object the knowledge of disease (Gr. *pathos*, suffering, disease)

having its peculiar composition and proportions. No man, one sees, can understand and estimate the entire structure or its parts, what are its frailties[1] and what its repairs, without knowing the nature of the materials. And the conception wrought out by Bichat, with his detailed study of the different tissues, acted necessarily on medical questions as the turning of gaslight would act on a dim, oil-lit street, showing new connections and hitherto hidden facts of structure which must be taken into account in considering the symptoms of maladies and the action of medicaments.

But results which depend on human conscience and intelligence work slowly, and now most medical practice was still strutting or shambling along the old paths, and there was still scientific work to be done which might have seemed to be a direct sequence of Bichat's. This great seer did not go beyond the consideration of the tissues as ultimate facts in the living organism, marking the limit of anatomical analysis; but it was open to another mind to say, Have not these structures some common basis from which they have all started, as your sarcenet, gauze, net, satin, and velvet from the raw cocoon? Here would be another light, as of oxyhydrogen, showing the very grain of things, and revising all former explanations. Of this sequence to Bichat's work, already vibrating along many currents of the European mind, Lydgate was enamored; he longed to demonstrate the more intimate relations of living structure, and help to define men's thought more accurately after the true order. The work had not yet been done, but only prepared for those who knew how to use the preparation. What was the primitive tissue? In that way Lydgate put the question, — not quite in the way required by the awaiting answer; but such missing of the right word befalls many seekers. And he counted on quiet intervals to be watchfully seized for taking up the threads of investigation, — on many hints to be won from diligent application, not only of the scalpel,[2] but of the microscope, which research had begun

[1] weaknesses (from Lat. *fragilitas*, through O. Fr. *fraileté*)

[2] from Lat. *scalpellum*, a little knife

to use again with new enthusiasm of reliance. Such was Lydgate's plan of his future: to do good small work for Middlemarch, and great work for the world.

He was certainly a happy fellow at this time; to be seven-and-twenty, without any fixed vices, with a generous resolution that his action should be beneficent, and with ideas in his brain that made life interesting, he was at a starting-point which makes many a man's career a fine subject for betting, if there were any gentlemen given to that amusement who could appreciate the complicated probabilities of an arduous purpose, with all the possible thwartings and furtherings of circumstance, all the niceties of inward balance, by which a man swims and makes his point, or else is carried headlong. The risk would remain, even with close knowledge of Lydgate's character; for character, too, is a process and an unfolding. The man was still in the making, as much as the Middlemarch doctor and immortal discoverer, and there were both virtues and faults capable of shrinking or expanding. The faults will not, I hope, be a reason for the withdrawal of your interest in him. Among our valued friends is there not some one or other who is a little too self-confident and disdainful, whose distinguished mind is a little spotted with commonness, who is a little pinched here and protuberant there with native prejudices, or whose better energies are liable to lapse down the wrong channel under the influence of transient solicitations? All these things might be alleged against Lydgate; but then they are the periphrases[1] of a polite preacher, who talks of Adam, and would not like to mention anything painful to the pew-renters. The particular faults from which these delicate generalities are distilled have distinguishable physiognomies, diction, accent, and grimaces; filling up parts in very various dramas. Our vanities differ as our noses do; all conceit is not the same conceit, but varies in correspondence with the minutiæ[2] of mental make in which one of us differs from another.

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[1] wordinesses, circumlocutions

[2] smallest details (from Lat. *minuere*, to lessen)

Lydgate's conceit was of the arrogant sort, never simpering, never impertinent, but massive in its claims, and benevolently contemptuous. He would do a great deal for noodles, being sorry for them, and feeling quite sure that they could have no power over him; he had thought of joining the Saint Simonians[1] when he was in Paris, in order to turn them against some of their own doctrines. All his faults were marked by kindred traits, and were those of a man who had a fine baritone, whose clothes hung well upon him, and who even in his ordinary gestures had an air of inbred distinction. Where, then, lay the spots of commonness? says a young lady enamored of that careless grace. How could there be any commonness in a man so well bred, so ambitious of social distinction, so generous and unusual in his views of social duty? As easily as there may be stupidity in a man of genius if you take him unawares on the wrong subject, or as many a man who has the best will to advance the social millennium might be ill inspired in imagining its lighter pleasures, — unable to go beyond Offenbach's music, or the brilliant punning in the last burlesque. Lydgate's spots of commonness lay in the complexion of his prejudices, which, in spite of noble intention and sympathy, were half of them such as are found in ordinary men of the world: that distinction of mind which belonged to his intellectual ardor did not penetrate his feeling and judgment about furniture, or women, or the desirability of its being known (without his telling) that he was better born than other country surgeons. He did not mean to think of furniture at present; but whenever he did so, it was to be feared that neither biology[2] nor schemes of reform would lift him above the vulgarity of feeling that there would be an incompatibility in his furniture not being of the best.

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[1] followers of St.-Simon (1760–1825) the French socialist

[2] the science of life and its forces

AMERICAN NOVELISTS

COOPER — HAWTHORNE

IRVING, Cooper, and Hawthorne have long been the classic names of American fiction, and no fourth has been added to their number in the quarter of a century since Hawthorne's death. To the question, why the best American novels belong to this earlier time, no very satisfactory answer has been given. If we except Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the weird tales of Poe, it is perhaps equally remarkable that what remains of notable American fiction has made its appearance within the last decade.

Of stories for the young, the best are Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" and "Little Men," Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Thomas B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." George W. Cable has published several striking novels of Louisiana character. Bret Harte has written stories of life in the Far West which, like the novels of Henry James, Jr., have enjoyed greater popularity in England than at home. The several romances of Francis M. Crawford are highly original and imaginative.

William D. Howells, the most popular of our recent writers of fiction, seems imbued with the spirit of social reform; though the ends he aims at have not taken definite shape in his work, nor perhaps in his thought. It is therefore regrettable that in his several essays in criticism Howells should have set up, for the guidance of the novel-writer, an ethical standard of which he himself has fallen short, and especially that he should have thought it necessary to decry the far more influential work of such masters as Dickens and Thackeray.

COOPER

1789–1851

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER the novelist was born in New Jersey in 1789, and died at Cooperstown, New York, in 1851. The best of his works are "The Spy," "The Prairie," "The Pilot," and "The Last of the Mohicans." His fame is owing mainly to the excellence of his delineation of Indian life

and of maritime adventure. In this no writer has yet excelled him. His style is dramatic, and pure and scholarly in construction.

No American writer has received more cordial treatment at the hands of foreign critics. Victor Hugo went to the extreme of pronouncing him a greater novelist than Scott; the London *Athenæum* called him "the most original writer that America has yet produced;" and the *Revue de Paris* said: "Who is there writing English among our contemporaries, if not of him, of whom it can be said that he has a genius of the first order?" These panegyrics would not be accepted by literary authorities of the present day,

when English literature is far stronger and richer than at their date. But Cooper's title to a high place among our writers is undisputed. In the assignment of his rank he should have the benefit of the consideration that he was a pioneer in a specialty of authorship that before his time was hardly approached by American writers, and which for many years he occupied without a rival. Our selection is from "The Prairie," a story of Indian life.

THE INDIAN ADOPTION

I.

A LOW, feeble, and hollow voice was heard rising on the ear, as if it rolled from the inmost cavities of the human chest, and gathered strength and energy as it issued into the air. A solemn stillness followed the sounds, and then the lips of the aged man were first seen to move.

"The day of Le Balafré is near its end," were the first words that were distinctly audible. "He is like a buffalo on whom the hair will grow no longer. He will soon be ready to leave his lodge to go in search of another that is far from the villages of the Siouxes; therefore what he has to say concerns not him, but those he leaves behind him. His words are like the fruit on the tree, ripe and fit to be given to chiefs.

"Many snows have fallen since Le Balafré has been found on the war-path. His blood has been very hot, but it has had time to cool. The Wahcondah gives him dreams of war no longer; he sees that it is better to live in peace.

"My brothers, one foot is turned to the happy hunting-grounds, the other will soon follow; and then an old chief will be seen looking for the prints of his father's moccasins, that he may make no mistake, but be sure to come before the Master of Life by the same path that so many good Indians have already traveled. But who will follow? Le Balafré has no son. His oldest has ridden too many Pawnee horses; the bones of the youngest have been gnawed by Konza dogs. Le Balafré has come to look for a young arm on which he may lean, and to find a son, that when

he is gone his lodge may not be empty. Tachechana, the skipping fawn of the Tetons, is too weak to prop a warrior who is old. She looks before her, and not backwards. Her mind is in the lodge of her husband."

The enunciation of the veteran warrior had been calm, but distinct and decided. His declaration was received in silence; and though several of the chiefs who were in the counsels of Mahtoree turned their eyes on their leader, none presumed to oppose so aged and venerated a brave in a resolution that was strictly in conformity to the usages of the nation. The Teton himself was content to await the result with seeming composure, though the gleams of ferocity that played about his eye occasionally betrayed the nature of those feelings with which he witnessed a procedure that was likely to rob him of that one of all his intended victims whom he most hated.

In the mean time Le Balafré moved with a slow and painful step towards the captives. He stopped before the person of Hard-Heart, whose faultless form, unchanged eye, and lofty mien he contemplated with high satisfaction. Then, making a gesture of authority, he waited until his order had been obeyed, and the youth was released from the post and his bonds by the same blow of the knife. When the young warrior was led nearer to his dimmed and failing sight, the examination was renewed with strictness of scrutiny.

"It is good," the wary veteran murmured, when he found that all his skill in the requisites of a brave could detect no blemish; "this is a leaping panther. Does my son speak with the tongue of a Teton?"

The intelligence which lighted the eyes of the captive betrayed how well he understood the question; but still he was far too haughty to communicate his ideas through the medium of a language that belonged to a hostile people. Some of the surrounding warriors explained to the old chief that the captive was a Pawnee-Loup.

"My son opened his eyes on the 'waters of the wolves,'" said Le Balafré, in the language of that nation, "but he will shut them

in the bend of the 'river with a troubled stream.' He was born a Pawnee, but he will die a Dahcotah. Look at me. I am a sycamore that once covered many with my shadow. The leaves are fallen, and the branches begin to drop. But a single sucker is springing from my roots; it is a little vine, and it winds itself about a tree that is green. I have long looked for one fit to grow by my side. Now have I found him. Le Balafré is no longer without a son; his name will not be forgotten when he is gone. Men of the Tetons! I take this youth into my lodge."

No one was bold enough to dispute a right that had so often been exercised by warriors far inferior to the present speaker; and the adoption was listened to in grave and respectful silence. Le Balafré took his intended son by the arm, and leading him into the very center of the circle, he stepped aside with an air of triumph in order that the spectators might approve of his choice. Mahtoree betrayed no evidence of his intentions, but rather seemed to await a moment better suited to the crafty policy of his character. The more experienced and sagacious chiefs distinctly foresaw the utter impossibility of two partisans so renowned, so hostile, and who had so long been rivals in fame, as their prisoner and their native leader, existing amicably in the same tribe. Still, the character of Le Balafré was so imposing, and the custom to which he had resorted so sacred, that none dared to lift a voice in opposition to the measure. They watched the result with increasing interest, but with a coldness of demeanor that concealed the nature of their inquietude. From this state of embarrassment the tribe was relieved by the decision of the one most interested in the success of the aged chief's designs.

II.

During the whole of the foregoing scene, it would have been difficult to have[1] traced a single distinct emotion in the lineaments of the captive. He had heard his release proclaimed, with

[1] *would have . . . to have:* Correct the form of expression.

the same indifference as the order to bind him to the stake. But now that the moment had arrived when it became necessary to make his election,[1] he spoke in a way to prove that the fortitude which had brought him so distinguished a name had in no degree deserted him.

"My father is very old, but he has not yet looked upon everything," said Hard-Heart, in a voice so clear as to be heard by all present. "He has never seen a buffalo change to a bat; he will never see a Pawnee become a Sioux!"

There was a suddenness and yet a calmness in the manner of delivering this decision which assured most of the auditors that it was unalterable. The heart of Le Balafré, however, was yearning towards the youth, and the fondness of age was not so readily repulsed. Reproving the burst of admiration and triumph to which the boldness of the declaration and the freshened hopes of revenge had given rise, by turning his gleaming eye around the band, the veteran again addressed his adopted child as if his purpose was not to be denied.

"It is well," he said; "such are the words a brave should use, that the warriors may see his heart. The day has been when the voice of Le Balafré was loudest among the lodges of the Konzas. But the root of a white hair is wisdom. My child will show the Tetons that he is brave, by striking their enemies. Men of the Dahcotahs, this is my son!"

The Pawnee hesitated a moment, and then, stepping in front of the chief, he took his hard and wrinkled hand and laid it with reverence on his head, as if to acknowledge the extent of his obligation. Then recoiling a step, he raised his person to its greatest elevation, and looked upon the hostile band by whom he was environed with an air of loftiness and disdain, as he spoke aloud in the language of the Siouxes, —

"Hard-Heart has looked at himself within and without. He has thought of all he has done in the hunts and in the wars. Everywhere he is the same. There is no change; he is in all

[1] choice, from Lat. *eligere*, to choose out

things a Pawnee. He has struck so many Tetons that he could never eat in their lodges. His arrows would fly backwards; the point of his lance would be on the wrong end; their friends would weep at every whoop he gave; their enemies would laugh. Do the Tetons know a Loup? Let them look at him again. His head is painted, his arm is flesh, his heart is rock. When the Tetons see the sun come from the Rocky Mountains and move toward the land of the Pale-faces, the mind of Hard-Heart will soften and his spirit will become Sioux. Until that day he will live and die a Pawnee."

A yell of delight, in which admiration and ferocity were strangely mingled, interrupted the speaker, and but too clearly announced the character of his fate. The captive waited a moment for the commotion to subside, and then, turning again to Le Balafré, he continued in tones conciliating and kind, as if he felt the propriety of softening his refusal in a manner not to wound the pride of one willing to be his benefactor.

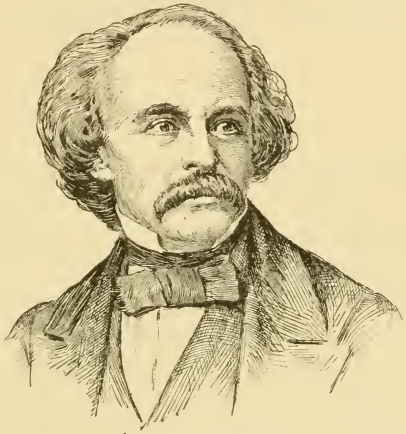
"Let my father lean heavier on the fawn of the Dahcotahs," he said; "she is weak now, but as her lodge fills with young she will be stronger. See!" he added, directing the eyes of the other to the earnest countenance of the attentive trapper; "Hard-Heart is not without a gray-beard to show him the path to the blessed prairies. If he ever has another father, it shall be that just warrior."

Le Balafré turned away in disappointment from the youth, and approached the stranger who had thus anticipated his design.

HAWTHORNE

1804–1864

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in Salem in 1804, and died in 1864. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, being a classmate of Longfellow. He began to write at an early age, but his first efforts received little encouragement. Modest, retiring, and sensitive, he patiently awaited the recognition of his claims to literary honors. During the early years of his manhood



Nath'l Hawthorne
Salem December 19th 1861.

he filled offices in the custom-houses of Boston and Salem; but he gave his thought and heart to literary labors. His first book, "Twice-Told Tales," found few readers; ten years after its publication his name would hardly have found a place in a catalogue of American writers. From the publication of "The Scarlet Letter," however, his reputation steadily and rapidly increased. In 1853 he was appointed consul to Liverpool by his friend and classmate, President Pierce, and held that office several years. During his residence in England he gathered material for "Our Old Home," — a record of travel and observation. At the expiration of his term of office he proceeded to Italy, where he lived for some time, and, as the fruit of this sojourn, gave to the world "The Marble Faun." During the last years of his life the condition of his health obliged him to abstain from active

literary work; but he left behind him several chapters of "The Dolliver Romance" which warrant the opinion that the completed work would have been his masterpiece. Several years after his death there was discovered among his papers the manuscript of "Septimius Felton," a weird and characteristic story. Hawthorne died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, while on a journey with Ex-President Pierce.

Hawthorne must be esteemed one of the foremost American writers of prose; and it would not be easy to select a name that is more closely and honorably associated with the marriage of fine thoughts to fine language. His psychological insight was great, and gave a distinguishing and inimitable character to all his writings. The dark side of things especially attracted him; he dwelt broodingly and with the devotion of an enthusiast upon abnormal manifestations of human nature, and delighted in delineating the intricacies of human passion. His style is remarkable for its purity and gracefulness.

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE

We stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord, — the river of peace and quietness, — for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered imperceptibly towards its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it, before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free mountain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle, or affording even water-power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks.

The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright, pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow-grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder-bushes and willows, or the roots of elm and ash trees, and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad, flat leaves on the margin:

and the fragrant white pond-lily abounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's bank that it cannot be grasped, save at the hazard of plunging in. It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing, as it does, from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel, and speckled frog, and the mud-turtle, whom continual washing can not cleanse. It is the same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its rank life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results — the fragrance of celestial flowers — to the daily life of others.

The Old Manse! — we had almost forgotten it, but will return thither through the orchard. This was set out by the last clergyman, in the decline of his life, when the neighbors laughed at the hoary-headed man for planting trees from which he could have no prospect of gathering fruit. Even had that been the case, there was only so much the better motive for planting them, in the pure and unselfish hope of benefiting his successors, — an end so seldom achieved by more ambitious efforts. But the old minister, before reaching his patriarchal age of ninety, ate the apples from this orchard during many years, and added silver and gold to his annual stipend by disposing of the superfluity.

It is pleasant to think of him walking among the trees in the quiet afternoons of early autumn, and picking up here and there a windfall, while he observes how heavily the branches are weighed down, and computes the number of empty flour-barrels that will be filled by their burden. He loved each tree, doubtless, as if it had been his own child. An orchard has a relation to mankind, and readily connects itself with matters of the heart. The trees possess a domestic character; they have lost the wild nature of their forest kindred, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants.

I have met with no other such pleasant trouble in the world as that of finding myself, with only the two or three mouths

which it was my privilege to feed, the sole inheritor of the old clergyman's wealth of fruits. Throughout the summer there were cherries and currants; and then came Autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders as he trudged along. In the stillest afternoon, if I listened, the thump of a great apple was audible, falling without a breath of wind, from the mere necessity of perfect ripeness. And, besides, there were pear-trees, that flung down bushels upon bushels of heavy pears; and peach-trees, which in a good year tormented me with peaches, neither to be eaten nor kept, nor, without labor and perplexity, to be given away.

The idea of an infinite generosity and inexhaustible bounty, on the part of our mother Nature, was well worth obtaining through such cares as these. That feeling can be enjoyed in perfection, not only by the natives of summer islands, where the bread-fruit, the cocoa, the palm, and the orange grow spontaneously, and hold forth the ever-ready meal, but, likewise, almost as well, by a man long habituated to city life, who plunges into such a solitude as that of the Old Manse, where he plucks the fruit of trees that he did not plant, and which, therefore, to my heterodox taste, bear the closer resemblance to those that grew in Eden.

Not that it can be disputed that the light toil requisite to cultivate a moderately sized garden imparts such zest to kitchen vegetables as is never found in those of the market-gardener. Childless men, if they would know something of the bliss of paternity, should plant a seed, — be it squash, bean, Indian corn, or perhaps a mere flower, or worthless weed, — should plant it with their own hands, and nurse it, from infancy to maturity, altogether by their own care. If there be not too many of them, each individual plant becomes an object of separate interest.

My garden, that skirted the avenue of the Manse, was of precisely the right extent. An hour or two of morning labor was all that it required. But I used to visit and revisit it a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny, with a love that nobody could share or conceive of who had never taken part in the process of creation.

THE SONNET

THE sonnet (Italian *sonetto*, diminutive of *suono*, "a sound") is a unique and specific poetic form. It always consists of fourteen lines of ten syllables each, and is arranged in rhymes. The order and number of these rhymes vary, giving rise to several types of sonnet; but these, in their main outlines, are reducible to two, —

1. The Elizabethan, used by Shakespeare, Drayton, and Daniel; and

2. The Contemporary, used by Milton, and, with little modification, by Wordsworth, Rossetti, Longfellow, and the sonneteers of the present day.

In the first of these types, lines 1 to 12 contain six rhymes (1 with 3, 2 with 4, 5 with 7, 6 with 8, 9 with 11, and 10 with 12), and the last two lines are a rhymed couplet. (See Shakespeare's Sonnets, page 31).

In the second, or contemporary, type, lines 1, 4, 5, 8, are rhymed on one sound; lines 2, 3, 6, 7, on another; while the last six lines admit of variation in arrangement.

A good idea of the two principal types of sonnet rhymes may be got from the following comparison: —

Elizabethan

(*Shakespeare's Sonnet LXV., p.* 32)

Line		
1	sea	*a*
2	power	*b*
3	plea	*a*
4	flower	*b*
5	out	*c*
6	days	*d*
7	stout	*c*
8	decays	*d*
9	alack	*e*
10	hid	*f*
11	back	*e*
12	forbid	*f*
13	night	*g*
14	bright	*g*

Contemporary

(*Keats's Homer, p.* 509)

Line		
1	gold	*a*
2	seen	*b*
3	been	*b*
4	hold	*a*
5	told	*a*
6	demesne	*b*
7	serene	*b*
8	bold	*a*
9	skies	*c*
10	ken	*d*
11	eyes	*c*
12	men	*d*
13	surmise	*c*
14	Darien	*d*

In the accepted sonnet of to-day the rhyme-sounds of the first eight lines (or *octave*, as it is called) are always arranged as in the second column above. The rhymes in the last six lines (or *sestet*) may be on more than two sounds, and may be arranged in a variety of ways.

The sonnet must be complete in itself; it must develop one thought or one emotion only; the continuity of thought must be unbroken; and the close of the sonnet should be more impressive than the opening.

A GROUP OF BRITISH SONNETS

I. On Milton[1]

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
O, raise us up, return to us again!
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

William Wordsworth

---

[1] To which of the types of sonnet does this poem belong? In what respect are its rhymes different from those of both of the models shown on the previous page?

II. Night and Death

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus,[1] with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,[2]
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Joseph Blanco White[3]

III. On First Looking into "Chapman's Homer"

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo[4] hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:[5]
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
— Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;

---

[1] the evening star [2] detect, imagine

[3] This sonnet, pronounced by Coleridge "the finest in our language," is remarkable from the fact that to White, who was born and educated in Spain, our language was acquired rather than native.

[4] the fabled protector of the Muses [5] exclusive domain

Or like stout Cortez,[1] when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS

IV. ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art —
For there thy habitation is the heart —
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard[2]! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON

V. WHEN WE ARE ALL ASLEEP

WHEN He returns, and finds all sleeping here, —
Some old, some young, some fair, and some not fair, —
Will He stoop down and whisper in each ear,
"Awaken!" or, for pity's sake, forbear,

---

[1] mistaken by the poet for Balboa

[2] François Bonnivard, a patriot who was confined in the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva, in the early part of the sixteenth century, by the tyrannical Duke of Savoy.

Saying, "How shall I meet their frozen stare
Of wonder, and their eyes so woe-begone?
How shall I comfort them in their despair
If they cry out, 'Too late! let us sleep on'?"
Perchance He will not wake us up, but when
He sees us look so happy in our rest,
Will murmur, "Poor dead women and dead men!
Dire was their doom, and weary was their quest.
Wherefore awake them into life again?
Let them sleep on untroubled — it is best."

ROBERT BUCHANAN

VI. The Grasshopper and the Cricket

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel[1] of June,
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When e'en the bees lag at the summoning brass;[2]
And you, warm little housekeeper,[3] who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
O, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,[4]
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,
In doors and out, summer and winter, — Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT

---

[1] *feel*, sensation, consciousness

[2] bell, noonday gong; hence, midday

[3] *warm little housekeeper; i. e.* the cricket, — hence, "housekeeper" here means "you who keep indoors"

[4] What pronunciation does the rhyme require?

VII. Immortality

If I had lived ere seer or priest unveiled
A life to come, methinks that, knowing thee,
I should have guessed thine immortality;
For Nature, giving instincts, never failed
To give the ends they point to. Never quailed
The swallow, through air-wilds, o'er tracts of sea,
To chase the summer; seeds that prisoned be
Dream of and find the daylight. Unassailed
By doubt, impelled by yearnings for the main,
The creature river-born doth there emerge;
So thou, with thoughts and longings which our earth
Can never compass in its narrow verge,[1]
Shalt the fit region of thy spirit gain,
And death fulfil the promptings of thy birth.

Westland Marston

VIII. How do I love Thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

---

[1] borders, bounds

IX. "Retro Me, Sathana!"[1]

Get thee behind me! Even as, heavy-curled,
Stooping against the wind, a charioteer
Is snatched from out his chariot by the hair,
So shall Time be; and as the void car, hurled
Abroad by reinless steeds, even so the world:
Yea, even as chariot-dust upon the air,
It shall be sought and not found anywhere.
Get thee behind me, Satan! Oft unfurled,
Thy perilous wings can beat and break like lath
Much mightiness of men to win thee praise.
Leave these weak feet to tread in narrow ways.
Thou still, upon the broad vine-sheltered path,
Mayst wait the turning of the phials of wrath
For certain years, for certain months and days.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

X. The Buoy-Bell

How like the leper, with his own sad cry
Enforcing his own solitude, it tolls!
That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals,
To warn us from the place of jeopardy!
O friend of man! sore vexed by Ocean's power,
The changing tides wash o'er thee day by day;
Thy trembling mouth is filled with bitter spray,
Yet still thou ringest on from hour to hour;
High is thy mission, though thy lot is wild —
To be in danger's realm a guardian sound:
In seamen's dreams a pleasant part to bear,
And earn their blessing as the year goes round;
And strike the key-note of each grateful prayer,
Breathed in their distant homes by wife or child.

Charles Tennyson-Turner

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[1] *Saint Luke* iv. 8

XI. The First Kiss

If only in dreams may man be fully blest,
Is heaven a dream? Is she I claspt a dream? —
Or stood she here even now where dew-drops gleam
And miles of furze shine golden down the West?
I seem to clasp her still — still on my breast
Her bosom beats — I see the blue eyes beam: —
I think she kissed these lips, for now they seem
Scarce mine: so hallowed of the lips they pressed.
Yon thicket's breath — can that be eglantine?
Those birds — can they be morning's choristers?
Can this be Earth? Can these be banks of furze?
Like burning bushes fired of God they shine!
I seem to know them, though this body of mine
Passed into spirit at the touch of hers!

Theodore Watts

XII. Ozymandias[1]

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lips, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

---

[1] The rhymes of this famous poem are not, as will be seen, arranged upon the plan of either of the principal types of sonnet.

XIII. "Timor Mortis conturbat Me" [1]

Could I have sung one Song that should survive
The singer's voice, and in my country's heart
Find loving echo — evermore a part
Of all her sweetest memories; could I give
One great Thought to the people, that should prove
The spring of noble action in their hour
Of darkness, or control their headlong power
With the firm reins of justice and of love;
Could I have traced one Form that should express
The sacred mystery that underlies
All beauty, and through man's enraptured eyes
Teach him how beautiful is holiness, —
I had not feared thee. But to yield my breath,
Life's purpose unfulfilled! — This is thy sting, O Death!

Sir Noel Paton

XIV. The Dead

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still.
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill;
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mold
In which their strong, imperishable will, —
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfill —
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold,
Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's traveling light survives its star!
So may we hold our lives, that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment-bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

Mathilde Blind

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[1] Lat. "The fear of death troubleth me."

XV. Substance and Shadow

They do but grope in learning's pedant round
Who on the phantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found,
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground;
As if such shapes and modes, which come and go,
Had aught of truth or life in their poor show,
To sway or judge, and skill to sain [1] or wound.
Son of immortal seed, high-destined Man!
Know thy dread gift, — a creature, yet a cause:
Each mind is its own center, and it draws
Home to itself, and molds in its thought's span,
All outward things, the vassals of its will,
Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

John Henry Newman

XVI. Don Quixote

Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,[2]
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe,
And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!
To make wiseacredom,[3] both high and low,
Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go)
Dispatch its Dogberrys [4] upon thy track:
Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possest!
Yet would to-day, when Courtesy grows chill,

---

[1] sanctify, bless, protect

[2] overworked horse

[3] the whole body of would-be wise people

[4] Dogberry is the stupid constable of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing"

And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest — were it but a mill.

AUSTIN DOBSON

XVII. SORROW

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal[1] calmness: Grief should be,
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE

XVIII. GUNS OF PEACE

(*Sunday night, March* 30, 1856[2])

GHOSTS of dead soldiers in the battle slain,
Ghosts of dead heroes dying nobler far
In the long patience of inglorious war,
Of famine, cold, heat, pestilence, and pain, —
All ye whose loss makes up our vigorous gain, —

---

[1] from Lat. *marmor*, marble

[2] the close of the Crimean war

This quiet night, as sounds the cannon's tongue,
Do ye look down the trembling stars among,
Viewing our peace and war with like disdain?
Or, wiser grown since reaching those new spheres,
Smile ye on those poor bones ye sowed as seed
For this our harvest, nor regret the deed?
Yet lift one cry with us to Heavenly ears —
"Strike with Thy bolt the next red flag unfurled,
And make all wars to cease throughout the world!"

DINAH MARIA CRAIK (MISS MULOCK)

XIX. On His Blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account,[1] lest he returning chide, —
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.[2]

JOHN MILTON

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[1] *And that one talent . . . true account,* an allusion to *Saint Matthew* xxv. 14–30

[2] How do the rhymes of the sestet differ from those used by Keats and by Wordsworth?

SOME AMERICAN SONNETS

I. The Street [1]

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago:
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love,
They cast their hope of human-kind away,
With heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered, — and their spirits turned to clay.
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We, only, truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

James Russell Lowell

II. Return

Here on the steps I sit, as long ago.
Some little change there seems: the vine its leaves
O'erhead flings broader, thicker darkness weaves,
And heavier branches sweep the path below;
While from its fragrant shade I watch the slow
Long shadows of the elms creep o'er the grass,
And hear the tinkling cow-bells as they pass,
Like one who dreams, but neither joys nor grieves.—
And still the same, but yet the same no more,
As when a girl I looked out through the years.

[1] The rhymes of Lowell's sonnets conform to the Elizabethan model.

Some hopes I see fulfilled, and ah! some fears,
Since last I sat in this familiar door.
I would not be a girl again, and yet
With sudden tears my folded hands are wet.

LILLAH CABOT PERRY

III. MAZZINI[1]

THAT he is dead the sons of kings are glad;
And in their beds the tyrants sounder sleep.
Now he is dead his martyrdom will reap
Late harvest of the palms he should have had
In life. Too late the tardy lands are sad.
His unclaimed crown in secret they will keep
For ages, while in chains they vainly weep,
And vainly grope to find the roads he bade
Them take. O glorious soul, there is no dearth
Of worlds! There must be many better worth
Thy presence and thy leadership than this.
No doubt on some great sun to-day thy birth
Is for a race the dawn of Freedom's bliss,
Which but for thee it might for ages miss.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

IV. ORPHEUS[2]

EACH Orpheus[3] must unto the depths descend, —
For only thus the poet can be wise;
Must make the sad Persephone[4] his friend,
And buried love to second life arise;

---

[1] Italian patriot and political philosopher (1805–1872)

[2] What is the type of sonnet?

[3] poet and musician of ancient mythology; hence, "Each poet —"

[4] The goddess Persephone (Lat. *Proserpina*) was, according to the fable, doomed to pass half of each year in the regions of the dead.

Again his love must lose through too much love,
Must lose his life by living life too true —
For what he sought below is passed above,
Already done is all that he would do;
Must tune all being with his single lyre,
Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain,
Must search all Nature with his one soul's fire,
Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain.
If he already sees what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shining view.

MARGARET FULLER

V. "FULL MANY NOBLE FRIENDS"

FULL many noble friends my soul hath known,
Women and men, who in my memory
Have sown such beauty as can never die;
And many times, when I seem all alone,
Within my heart, I call up one by one
The joys I shared with them, the unlaced hours
Of laughing thoughts, that came and went like flowers,
Or higher argument, Apollo's own;
Those listening eyes that gave nobility
To humblest verses writ and read for love,
Those burning words of high democracy,
Those doubts that through the vague abyss would rove
And lean o'er chasms that took away the breath —
When I forget them, may it be in death!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

VI. NIGHT

AM I not all alone? The world is still
In passionless slumber; not a tree but feels
The far-pervading hush, and softer steals
The misty river by. Yon broad bare hill

Looks coldly up to heaven, and all the stars
Seem eyes deep fixed in silence, as if bound
By some unearthly spell, — no other sound
But the owl's unfrequent moan. Their airy cars
The winds have stationed on the mountain peaks.
Am I not all alone? A spirit speaks
From the abyss of night: "Not all alone:
Nature is round thee with her banded powers,
And ancient genius[1] haunts thee in these hours;
Mind and its kingdom now are all thine own."

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

VII. HOLY LAND

THIS is the earth He walked on; not alone
That Asian country keeps the sacred stain;
'T is not alone the far Judæan plain,
Mountain and river! Lo, the sun that shone
On him shines now on us; when day is gone,
The moon of Galilee comes forth again
And lights our path as his; an endless chain
Of years and sorrows makes the round world one.
The air we breathe, he breathed, — the very air
That took the mold and music of his high
And godlike speech. Since then shall mortal dare
With base thought front the ever-sacred sky,
Soil with foul deed the ground whereon he laid
In holy death his pale, immortal head?

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

VIII. AT LAST

IN youth, when blood was warm and fancy high,
I mocked at Death. How many a quaint conceit

---

[1] *ancient genius*, the primeval guardian spirit

I wove about his veiléd head and feet,
Vaunting aloud, "Why need we dread to die?"
But now enthralled by deep solemnity,
Death's pale, phantasmal shade I darkly greet;
Ghostlike it haunts the hearth, it haunts the street,
Or drearier makes drear midnight's mystery.
Ah, soul-perplexing vision! oft I deem
That antique myth is true which pictured Death
A masked and hideous form all shrank to see,
But at the last slow ebb of mortal breath,
Death, his mask melting like a nightmare dream,
Smiled, — heaven's high-priest of Immortality!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

IX. To a Friend [1]

(With Shakespeare's Sonnets)

What can I give him, who so much hath given,
That princely heart, so over-kind to me,
Who, richly guerdoned [2] both of earth and heaven,
Holds for his friends his heritage in fee?
No costly trinket of the golden ore,
Nor precious jewel of the distant Ind.
Ay me! These are not hoarded in my store,
Who have no coffers but my grateful mind.
What gift then? Nothing? Stay, this Book of Song
May show my poverty and thy desert,
Steeped, as it is, in love and love's sweet wrong,
Red with the blood that ran through Shakespeare's heart.
Read it once more, and, fancy soaring free,
Think, if thou canst, that I am singing thee.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

---

[1] Is the sonnet Elizabethan, or Contemporary?
[2] rewarded, endowed; see etymology of *reward*

X. Science

Science! true daughter of old Time thou art,
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jeweled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana[1] from her car,
And driven the Hamadryad[1] from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad[1] from her flood,
The Elfin[1] from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind-tree?

Edgar Allan Poe

XI. "There never yet was Flower"

There never yet was flower fair in vain,
Let classic poets rhyme it as they will;
The seasons toil that it may blow again,
And summer's heart doth feel its every ill;
Nor is a true soul ever born for naught;
Wherever any such hath lived and died,
There hath been something for true freedom wrought,
Some bulwark leveled on the evil side:
Toil on, then, Greatness! thou art in the right,
However narrow souls may call thee wrong;
Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou wilt in all the world's ere long;
For worldlings can not, struggle as they may,
From man's great soul one great thought hide away.

James Russell Lowell

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[1] The goddess of the chase, a wood nymph, a sea-nymph, and the elf of the glade, — creatures of the fancy, as opposed to material realities

NOTABLE CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

I. BRITISH AUTHORS

William Mitford, 1744–1827, historian; "A History of Greece."

Jeremy Bentham, 1748–1832, political philosopher; "Principles of Morals and Legislation." Founder of the so-called Utilitarian school of philosophy.

Frances Burney, 1752–1840, novelist; best known by the tale "Evelina."

William Godwin, 1756–1836, political philosopher and writer of didactic fiction; famous for his "Caleb Williams."

Saml Rogers

William Beckford, 1759–1844, orientalist and scholar; author of a remarkable Arabian tale, "The History of Vathek."

William Lisle Bowles, 1762–1850, English clergyman and poet; "Village Verse Book," and numerous sonnets.

William Cobbett, 1762–1835, political agitator; many reform pamphlets; familiar to the present generation by his "English Grammar."

Samuel Rogers, 1763–1855, poet; "Pleasures of Memory."

Ann Radcliffe, 1764–1823, romancist; her "Mysteries of Udolpho," a preposterously weird tale, had once great popularity.

Sir James Mackintosh, 1765–1832, philosopher and historian; "A History of the Revolution of 1688."

Isaac Disraeli, 1766–1848, miscellaneous writer, father of Benjamin Disraeli; "Curiosities of Literature," "Calamities of Authors."

Maria Edgeworth, 1767–1849, novelist; "Belinda," "Rosamond," "Moral Tales."

James Hogg, 1770–1835 (*The Ettrick Shepherd*), Scottish poet; numerous poems of Nature.

Thomas Hope, 1771–1831, orientalist and author; famous for his Eastern tale "Anastatius."

Michael Scott, 1771–1835, novelist; author of "Tom Cringle's Log," "The Cruise of the Midge," and other powerful tales of the sea.

John Lingard, 1771–1851, eminent historian; "History of England."

David Ricardo, 1772–1823, the greatest political economist of his time; "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation."

Robert Southey

James Mill, 1773–1836, historian and philosopher; a disciple of Jeremy Bentham; father of John Stuart Mill; "History of British India," "Analysis of the Mind."

Robert Southey, 1774–1843, poet-laureate; numerous poems, "Life of Nelson."

Matthew Gregory Lewis (*Monk Lewis*), 1775–1818, romancist and dramatist; best known from his novel "The Monk."

Jane Austen, 1775–1817, novelist; "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility."

Jane Porter, 1776–1850, novelist; "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Scottish Chiefs."

Thomas Campbell, 1777–1844, lyrical poet; author of "The Pleasures of Hope," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and many shorter poems, familiar among which are his "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England," and "Lochiel's Warning."

Henry Hallam, 1777–1859, historian and critic; "Constitutional History of England."

William Hazlitt, 1778–1830, essayist and critic; "Table-Talk," "The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays."

Sir Humphry Davy, 1778–1829, chemist and natural philosopher; "Last Days of a Philosopher."

John Galt, 1779–1839, Scottish author; "The Annals of the Parish."

Thomas Moore

Henry, Lord Brougham, 1779–1868, statesman and historian; "Statesmen of the Time of George III.," "England under the House of Lancaster."

Thomas Moore, 1779–1852, Irish poet, friend and biographer of Byron; author of "Lalla Rookh," "Irish Melodies," and many songs and minor poems.

George Croly, 1780–1860, Irish author, Anglican clergyman; best known by his "Salathiel," a romance, and "Catiline," a poem.

John Abercrombie, 1781–1844, Scottish physician; "Philosophy of the Moral Feelings."

Sir David Brewster, 1781–1868, Scottish physicist; "Life of Newton," "More Worlds than One."

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826, Anglican bishop; "Bampton Lectures," "Life of Jeremy Taylor," and many religious poems.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, 1784–1859, poet and essayist; "Story of Rimini," and many minor poems, and Lives of Wycherley and Congreve.

James Sheridan Knowles, 1784–1862, Irish dramatist and novelist; "Virginius," "William Tell," "The Hunchback."

John Wilson (*Christopher North*), 1785–1854, Scottish poet and essayist, editor of *Blackwood's Magazine;* "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

Thomas De Quincey, 1785–1859, essayist, critic, and miscellaneous writer; "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," "The Flight of the Kalmuck Tartars."

Sir William F. P. Napier, 1785–1860, military commander and historian; "History of the Peninsular War."

Mary Russell Mitford, 1786–1855, writer of descriptive tales; "Our Village."

Richard Whately, 1787–1863, Anglican archbishop of Dublin, metaphysician and philosopher; "Elements of Logic," "Elements of Rhetoric," "Lectures on Political Economy."

Theodore Edward Hook, 1788–1841, humorous novelist; "Sayings and Doings," "Maxwell."

Sir William Hamilton, 1788–1856, Scottish metaphysician and philosopher; "Discussions on Philosophy."

George Combe, 1788–1858, Scottish writer; "Essays on Phrenology," "The Constitution of Man."

Richard Harris Barham, 1788–1845, divine and humorist; "The Ingoldsby Legends," in prose and verse.

Sir Francis Palgrave, 1788–1861, historian; "History of the Anglo-Saxons," "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth."

The Countess of Blessington, 1789–1849, Irish writer; "Belle of a Season," "Idler in Italy."

John Ramsay McCulloch, 1789–1864. Scottish political economist; "Elements of Political Economy," "Dictionary of Commerce."

Frances Trollope, 1790–1863, mother of Anthony Trollope; novels and books of travel; "The Abbess," "The Widow Barnaby."

Bryan Waller Procter (*Barry Cornwall*), 1790–1874, poet; "A Pauper's Funeral," and many short poems.

Charles Knight, 1791–1873, historian and critic; editor of Knight's "Shakespeare," "Popular History of England."

Michael Faraday, 1791–1867, eminent chemist and naturalist; "Researches in Electricity," "The Chemistry of a Candle."

Patrick Frazer Tytler, 1791–1849, Scottish historian and biographer; "History of Scotland," "Life of Raleigh."

B. W. Procter

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792–1822, poet; "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam," "Prometheus Unbound," and numerous odes and sonnets.

Frederick Marryatt (Captain R. N.), 1792–1848, novelist; "Jacob Faithful," "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy;" many tales of the sea.

Sir John F. W. Herschel, 1792–1871, astronomer and philosopher; son of Sir William Herschel; "Outlines of Astronomy," "Sound and Light."

Sir Archibald Alison, 1792–1867, Scottish historian and essayist; "History of Europe," "Life of Marlborough."

Felicia Dorothea Hemans, 1794–1835, poet: "Hymns for Childhood," "The Graves of a Household," many lays, lyrics, and songs.

George Grote, 1794–1871, historian; famous for his "History of Greece."

John Gibson Lockhart, 1794–1854, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott; Scottish critic and essayist; "Life of Napoleon," "Life of Scott," "Adam Blair," a novel.

William Whewell, 1794–1866, philosopher and author; "History of the Principles of the Inductive Sciences."

Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, 1795–1854, jurist, essayist, and poet; "Life of Charles Lamb," "Ion," a tragedy.

Thomas Arnold, 1795–1842, Head-Master of Rugby School (father of Matthew Arnold), historian; "Lectures on Modern History."

William Howitt, 1795–1879, author of many narratives and sketches; "Two Years in Victoria," "Rural Life in England." Mary Howitt, his wife, aided him in his works.

John Keats, 1796–1821, poet; "Hyperion," "Endymion," "Ode to a Grecian Urn," and beautiful odes and sonnets.

Hartley Coleridge, 1796–1849, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; many essays and poems.

George Robert Gleig, 1796–1888, Scottish divine and author; "The Subaltern," a novel; historic narratives, the most notable of which is his "Battle of Waterloo."

Agnes Strickland, 1796–1874, historian; "Lives of the Queens of England and Scotland" (assisted by her sister Elizabeth).

Mary Godwin Shelley, 1797–1851, wife of the poet Shelley, daughter of William Godwin; celebrated for her tale "Frankenstein."

Samuel Lover, 1797–1868, Irish novelist; "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy," and many other novels.

Connop Thirlwall, 1797–1875, Anglican bishop and historian; "History of Greece."

Thomas Hood, 1798–1845, humorist, essayist, and poet; "Eugene Aram," "Bridge of Sighs," "Song of the Shirt."

John Banim, 1798–1842, Irish novelist; "The O'Hara Tales," "The Smuggler."

Robert Pollok, 1799–1827, Scottish poet; "The Course of Time."

George P. R. James, 1801–1860, novelist; many historical romances.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed, 1802–1839, lawyer and writer; numerous essays and poems.

Hugh Miller, 1802–1856, geologist and author; "Old Red Sandstone," "Testimony of the Rocks."

Alexander W. Kinglake, 1802–1891, historian; "History of the Crimean War."

Robert Chambers, 1802–1872, Scottish author and publisher; "Annals of Scotland," "History of the Rebellion of 1745." With his brother William he founded and published "Chambers's Journal."

Harriet Martineau, 1802–1876, essayist, novelist, and economist; "The Hour and the Man," an historic novel; "History of the Thirty Years' Peace," "The Laws of Man's Nature and Development." (Sister of Rev. James Martineau.)

Douglas William Jerrold, 1803–1857, humorist and playwright; author of the "Caudle Lectures," published in London *Punch*; "Black-eyed Susan" is his best-known play.

George Borrow, 1803–1881, traveler and novelist; "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye," tales of the Gypsy race.

Sir James Emerson Tennent, 1804–1869, traveler and descriptive writer; "Ceylon," "Modern Greece."

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, 1805–1881, statesman and novelist; "Vivian Grey," "Coningsby," "Lothair."

James Martineau, 1805– , Unitarian clergyman; "Studies on Christianity."

Charles James Lever, 1806–1872, Irish novelist; "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley."

Sir George Cornewall Lewis, 1806–1863, statesman and political philosopher; "Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," "Credibility of Early Roman History."

J. S. Mill

John Stuart Mill, 1806–1873, logician, political economist, and philosopher; "Logic," "Political Economy," "Liberty," "Representative Government," and a fascinating "Autobiography." (Son of James Mill.)

Samuel Warren, 1807–1877, novelist; "Diary of a Physician," "Ten Thousand a Year."

Richard Chenevix Trench, 1807–1886, philologist and poet, Anglican archbishop of Dublin; "The Study of Words," "English, Past and Present," "Synonyms of the New Testament."

Charles Merivale, 1808– , English historian; "The Romans under the Empire," "Fall of the Roman Empire."

Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, 1809–1885, poet; "Life of Keats."

Charles Robert Darwin, 1809–1882, great naturalist and scientist; "Origin of Species," "Descent of Man." From him Darwinism and the Darwinian school of scientific thought take their names.

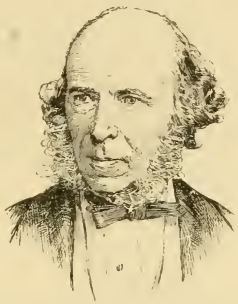
Martin Farquhar Tupper, 1810–1888, poet; "Proverbial Philosophy," "The Crock of Gold."

Robert Browning, 1812–1888, poet; "Paracelsus," "The Ring and the Book;" many shorter poems and lyrics,—"The Lost Leader," "In a Balcony," "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," etc. Husband of the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Charles Mackay, 1812–1889, Scottish poet; "Town Lyrics" and many spirited poems of high merit.

John Forster, 1812–1876, biographer and critic; "Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth," "Life of Goldsmith," "Life of Landor," "Life of Dickens."

Charles Reade, 1814–1887, novelist, "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," "Very Hard Cash," and many other novels of great excellence.



Herbert Spencer

Anthony Trollope, 1815–1882, novelist, "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "Framley Parsonage," "Last Chronicle of Barset," and numerous other novels of English social life.

Grace Aguilar, 1816–1847, poet and miscellaneous writer; "Home Influence," "Mother's Recompense."

Samuel Smiles, 1816– , Scottish author; "Life of George Stephenson," "Self-Help," "A Scotch Naturalist."

Sir Arthur Helps, 1817–1875, English historian and essayist; "Friends in Council," "History of the Spanish Conquest of America."

George Henry Lewes, 1817–1878, essayist and philosopher; "History of Philosophy," "Life of Goethe," "Physiology of Common Life."

Austen Henry Layard, 1817– , archæologist and historian; "Nineveh and its Remains."

Alexander Bain, 1818– , Scottish metaphysician; "The Senses and the Intellect," "The Emotions and the Will."

Charles Kingsley, 1819–1875, English clergyman, novelist, historian, and poet; "Alton Locke," "Hypatia."

Herbert Spencer, 1820– , philosopher; author of "Elements of Psychology," "Elements of Biology," "Social Statics," "First Principles of Philosophy," which, with other works, are comprehended in his "System of Synthetic Philosophy;" and of numerous essays, ethical, political, and scientific.

David Masson, 1822– , Scottish biographer and critic; "Life of Milton," "British Novelists and their Styles."

Matthew Arnold, 1822–1888, poet, essayist, and critic; various sonnets; essays on Byron, Wordsworth, and Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Henry Thomas Buckle, 1822–1862, historian and essayist; author of the remarkable "History of Civilization in England," unfinished at the time of his death.

Alfred Russel Wallace, 1822– , naturalist and philosopher; propounded simultaneously with Darwin the theory of natural selection.

Thomas Hughes, 1823– ; "Tom Brown's School Days," "Tom Brown at Oxford."

Goldwin Smith, 1823– , historical critic and biographer; "Three English Statesmen."

Frederick Max Müller, 1823– , philologist; "Lectures on the Science of Language," "Chips from a German Workshop."

Edward Augustus Freeman, 1823– , historian; "History of the Norman Conquest."

Charlotte M. Yonge, 1823– , novelist; "The Heir of Redclyffe," and very many tales and miscellanies.

Charlotte Brontë (*Currer Bell*), 1824–1855, novelist; "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette."

William Wilkie Collins, 1824–1889, novelist; "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "No Name," "The Moonstone."

George Macdonald, 1824– , Scottish novelist and poet; "Alec Forbes," "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood."

Richard Doddridge Blackmore, 1825– , lawyer and novelist; "Lorna Doone," "Cripps the Carrier."

Dinah Maria Craik (Miss Mulock), 1826–1887, novelist; "John Halifax, Gentleman," "The Ogilvies," "A Noble Life."

George Meredith, 1828– , novelist and poet; "Love in the Valley," and other poems.

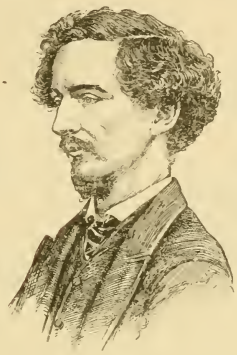
Justin McCarthy, 1830– , Irish journalist and politician; "History of Our Own Times."

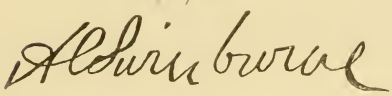
Edmund H. Yates, 1831– , novelist and editor; "Black Sheep," "Dr. Wainwright's Patient."

Sir Edwin Arnold, 1832– , poet; "The Light of Asia," "The Light of the World," and many beautiful shorter poems.

Sir John Lubbock, 1834– , naturalist and essayist; "The Pleasures of Life," "Origin of Civilization."

Mary E. Braddon, 1837– , novelist; "The Lovels of Arden," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter."





John Richard Green, 1837–1883, historian; "History of the English People," "The Making of England."

Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1837– , poet and critic: "Atalanta in Calydon," "Mary Stuart," many rondels and sonnets.

John Morley, 1838– , essayist, politician, and biographer; "Life of Burke," "Life of Voltaire," "Life of Cobden."

William E. H. Lecky, 1838– , philosophical historian: "History of European Morals." "History of England in the Eighteenth Century."

F. A. Guthrie ("F. Anstey"), 1839– , humorist and writer of fiction; "Vice Versâ," "The Giant's Robe." "The Fallen Idol."

Robert Buchanan, 1841– , Scottish lyric poet; "Undertones," "London Lyrics."

William Black, 1841– , novelist; "A Princess of Thule," "White Wings: a Yachting Romance," "A Daughter of Heth."

Robert Louis Stevenson, 1850– , novelist; "The Master of Ballantrae," "The Black Arrow," "The Treasure Island," "The Strange Case of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and many short stories of a high order of excellence.

II. AMERICAN AUTHORS

Noah Webster, 1758–1843, lexicographer; author of "Webster's Dictionary."

Washington Allston, 1779–1843, poet and painter; "Sylphs of the Season," sonnets and short poems.

John James Audubon, 1780–1851, naturalist and traveler; "The Birds of America."

William Ellery Channing, 1780–1842, theologian and essayist; "Lectures on Milton," "Self-Culture," "Evidences of Revealed Religion."

Henry Wheaton, 1785–1848, publicist and diplomatist; "Treatise on International Law," "History of the Northmen."

Samuel Woodworth, 1785–1842, poet; numerous short poems, of which the most familiar is "The Old Oaken Bucket."

John Pierpont, 1785–1866, clergyman and poet; "Airs of Palestine," many hymns, odes, and lyrics, among them "The Pilgrim Fathers" and "Passing Away."

Jared Sparks, 1789–1866, historian and biographer; "Life of Washington," "Life and Works of Franklin."

Catherine M. Sedgwick, 1789–1867, author of many novels and descriptive tales: "Hope Leslie," "The Linwoods," "Means and Ends."

Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790–1867, poet; "Marco Bozzaris," "Fanny," "Green be the Turf above Thee."

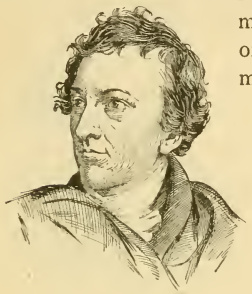
George Ticknor, 1791–1871, historian and biographer; "History of Spanish Literature."

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1791–1865, poet; "Pocahontas," "To-morrow," "The Dying Infant."

L. H. Sigourney.

Henry C. Carey, 1793–1879, political economist; "Laws of Wealth," "Social Science."

Samuel G. Goodrich, 1793–1860 (*Peter Parley*), voluminous writer of tales and miscellanies.



J. G. Percival

James Gates Percival, 1795–1856, poet and geologist; "The Coral Grove," "Seneca Lake," numerous short poems.

Joseph Rodman Drake, 1795–1820, poet; "The Culprit Fay," and many short poems.

John G. Palfrey, 1796–1881, divine and historian; "History of New England."

Francis Wayland, 1796–1865, clergyman, metaphysician, and political economist; "Moral Science," "Political Economy."

Albert Barnes, 1798–1870, clergyman and Biblical scholar; "Notes on the Gospels."

Rufus Choate, 1799–1859, jurist, advocate, and essayist; numerous essays and addresses.

Theodore Dwight Woolsey, 1801–1889. President of Yale College, theologian and jurist; "Treatise on International Law."

R. Choate

Geo. P. Marsh.

George P. Marsh, 1801–1882, philologist; "Man and Nature," "History of the English Language."

Lydia Maria Child, 1802–1880; many works of fiction, biography, and history.

Jacob Abbott, 1803–1879; very many juvenile books, "The Rollo Books."

John Lloyd Stephens, 1805–1852, traveler and author; "Travels in Central America and Yucatan," "Egypt and Arabia."

John S. C. Abbott, 1805–1877, biographer; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte."

William Gilmore Sims, 1806–1870; poet, historian, and novelist; "Beauchamp," "Atalantis," "Martin Faber."

M. F. Maury

Charles Fenno Hoffman, 1806–1884, poet and fiction-writer; "Winter in the West," "Moonlight on the Hudson."

Matthew F. Maury (Captain U. S. N.), 1806–1873, astronomer and hydrographer; "Physical Geography of the Sea," "Treatise on Navigation."

Nathaniel P. Willis, 1806–1867, poet and editor; "Better Moments," "The Death of Absalom," "The Belfry Pigeon," and many lyrics.

N. P. Willis

Richard Hildreth, 1807–1865, historian; "History of the United States," "Japan as it Was and Is."

Theodore Parker, 1810–1860, theologian and scholar; "Experience as a Minister."

Horace Greeley, 1811–1872; editor, political economist, and politician; founder of the *New York Tribune*.

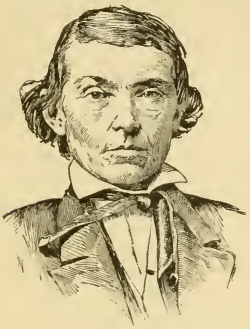
Henry James, 1811–1882, philosophical writer; "Substance and Shadow," "The American" (father of Henry James the novelist).

Charles Sumner, 1811–1874, statesman

and lawyer; many public addresses, "The True Grandeur of Nations," "The Law of Human Progress."

John W. Draper, 1811–1882, physiologist and chemist; "Intellectual Development of Europe."

Noah Porter, 1811– , metaphysician and lexicographer; president of Yale College; "Books and Reading," "The Human Intellect," editor of several editions of Webster's Dictionaries.



Alexander H. Stephens

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811– , novelist; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Minister's Wooing."

Alexander H. Stephens, 1812–1883, statesman and historian; "The War between the States," "Compendium of United States History."

Epes Sargent, 1812– , dramatist and poet; "Poems of the Sea."

Henry Ward Beecher, 1813–1887, clergyman and author; "Star Papers," "Life Thoughts."

Benson J. Lossing, 1813– , historian and biographer; "Field Book of the Revolution," "The War of 1812."

Henry T. Tuckerman, 1813–1871, essayist and critic; "New England Philosophy," "Thoughts on the Poets."

Henry N. Hudson, 1814–1886, essayist and critic; editor of Shakespeare.

Joel T. Headley, 1814– , historian and biographer; "Letters from Italy," "Napoleon and his Marshals."

H. T. Tuckerman

Richard Henry Dana, Jr., 1815–1882, lawyer and author; best-known for his "Two Years Before the Mast."

John Godfrey Saxe, 1816–1888, humorous poet; "I 'm growing Old," "Rhyme of the Rail," and many poems and fugitive pieces.

Richd. H. Dana Jr.

Henry David Thoreau, 1817–1862, traveler, philosopher, and author; "Life in the Maine Woods," "Walden."

John Bigelow, 1817– , diplomatist and biographer; "Life of Franklin," "Life of Tilden."

Emma D. E. N. Southworth, 1818– , author of numerous works of fiction.

Walt Whitman, 1819– , poet; "Leaves of Grass," and other poems.

Josiah G. Holland, 1819–1881 (*Timothy Titcomb*), editor and miscellaneous writer; "Bitter-sweet," a poem, "Letters to Young People."

Herman Melville, 1819– , author of many books of travel and tales of adventure; "Typee," "Omoo," "Moby Dick," "The Piazzi Tales."

William Wetmore Story, 1819– , sculptor and poet; "Nature and Art," "Ginevra da Siena."

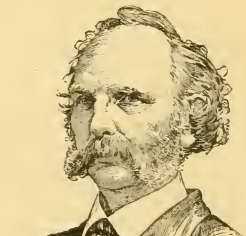
James T. Fields, 1820–1881, poet and miscellaneous writer; "The Captain's Daughter," and short poems.

Alice Carey, 1820–1871, poet; "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Charity," by Alice and Phœbe Carey, sisters.

Ephraim G. Squier, 1821–1888, archæologist and traveler; "Peru," "Nicaragua."

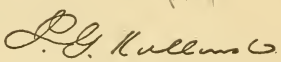
Richard Grant White, 1822–1885, philologist and critic; editor of Shakespeare.

Thomas Buchanan Read, 1822–1872, poet; "Lays and Ballads," "The New Pastoral," "The House by the Sea," "Sylvia."



John G. Saxe

Edward Everett Hale, 1822– , clergyman and author; author of "The Man Without a Country," and many other excellent short stories.

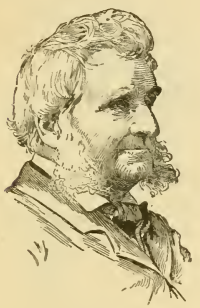


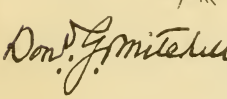
Donald G. Mitchell (*Ik Marvel*), 1822– , essayist and miscellaneous writer; "My Farm at Edgewood," "Reveries of a Bachelor," "English Lands, Letters, and Books."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1823– , essayist and historian; "Young Folks' History of the United States."

Francis Parkman, 1823– , historian and traveler; "Pioneers of France in the New World."

George H. Boker, 1823–1890, poet and dramatist; "Anne Boleyn," "Calaynos."





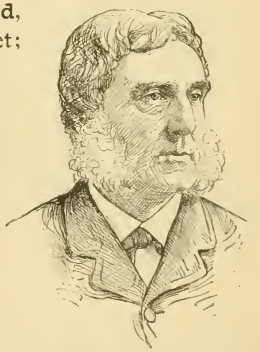
George William Curtis, 1824– , essayist, editor, and novelist; "Nile Notes," "Trumps," "The Potiphar Papers."

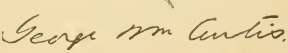
Bayard Taylor, 1825–1878, traveler and author; "Views Afoot," "The Story of Kennett," and a translation of Goethe's "Faust."

Richard Henry Stoddard, 1825– , editor, critic, and poet; "The Burden of Unrest," "Leonatus," "Songs of Summer."

John T. Trowbridge, 1827– , miscellaneous writer and poet.

Henry Timrod, 1829–1867, poet; "A Common Thought," "A Mother's Wail," and many short poems.





Charles Dudley Warner, 1829– , editor and miscellaneous writer; "Being a Boy," "Backlog Studies," "My Summer in a Garden."

Charles Nordhoff, 1830– , journalist and miscellaneous writer; "Politics for Young Americans," "Communistic Societies of the United States."

Louisa M. Alcott, 1833–1888, writer

of fiction and miscellanies; "Little Women," "Little Men."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, 1833– , poet, essayist, and critic; "The Victorian Poets," "Poets of America," "Poems, Lyrical and Idyllic."

William Swinton, 1834– , journalist, philologist, and historian; "History of the Army of the Potomac," "Decisive Battles of the Civil War," "Studies in English Literature," "Rambles Among Words," "Outlines of the World's History."

Samuel L. Clemens (*Mark Twain*), 1835– , humorist; "Innocents Abroad," "Huckleberry Finn," and many humorous sketches.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1836– , poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer; "Story of a Bad Boy," "Marjorie Daw."

John Fiske, 1837– , historian and philosopher; "The Destiny of Man," "The Idea of God," "Cosmic Philosophy," "History of the American Colonies."

William Dean Howells, 1837– ; magazine writer, author of several novels, and of some ventures in the field of literary criticism.

Francis Bret Harte, 1838– , writer of fiction and verse; "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Thankful Blossom," "Condensed Novels."

Henry James, Jr., 1843– , novelist; "Daisy Miller," "The American," "Tales of Three Cities."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, 1844– ; tales and miscellanies; "Gates Ajar," "Men, Women, and Ghosts."

George W. Cable, 1844– , novelist; "Old Creole Days," "Doctor Sevier," "The Grandissimes."

Francis Marion Crawford, 1845– , novelist; "Mr. Isaacs," "Doctor Claudius," "Zoroaster," "Paul Patoff."

Frances Hodgson Burnett, 1849– , novelist; "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe."

Bayard Taylor

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